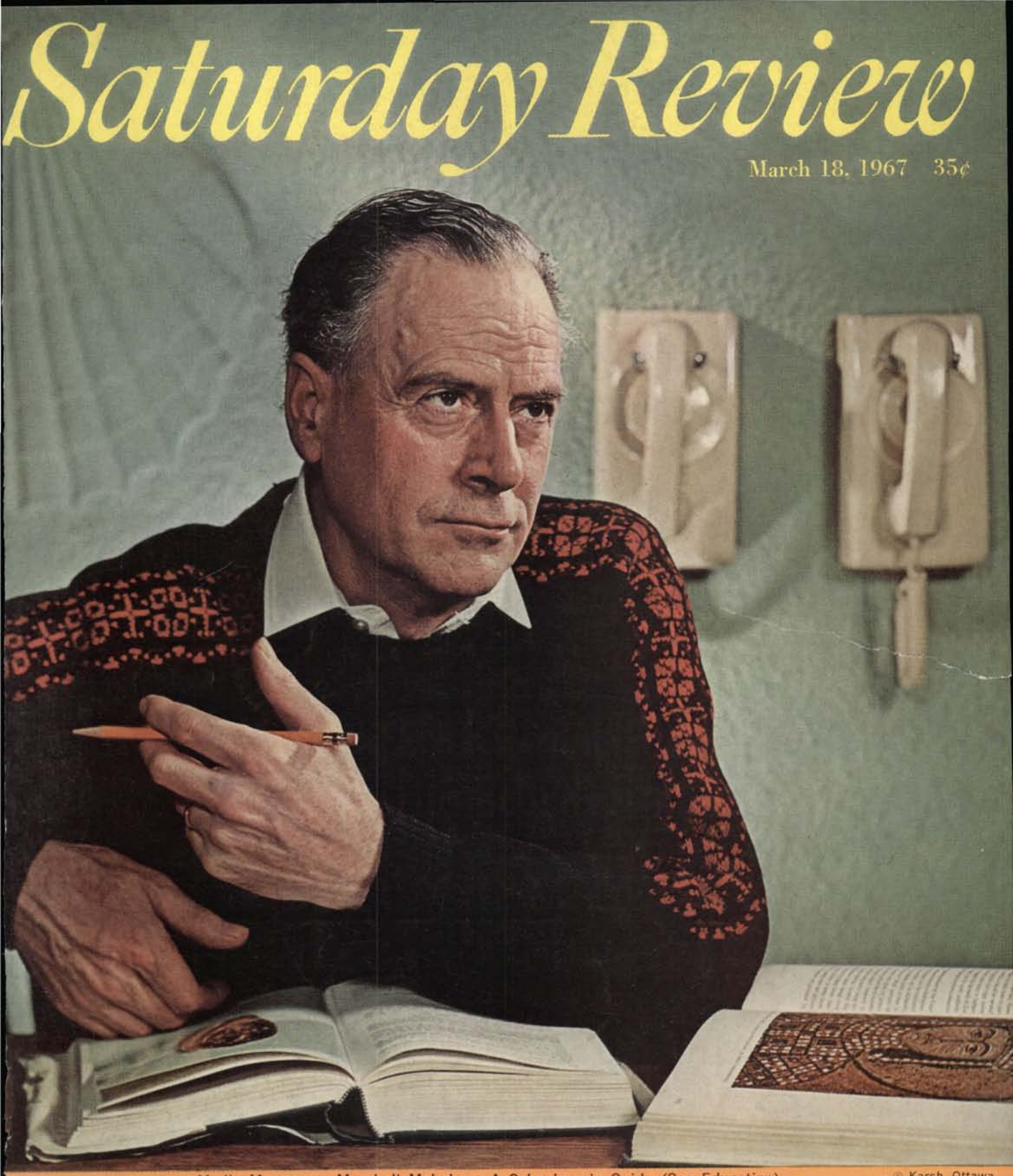
Saturday Review

March 18, 1967 35¢



Media Messenger Marshall McLuhan—A Schoolman's Guide (See Education). © Karsh, Ottawa.

EDUCATION

THE THREE Rs IN CALIFORNIA—REAGAN, THE REGENTS, AN[illegible]

By William Trombley

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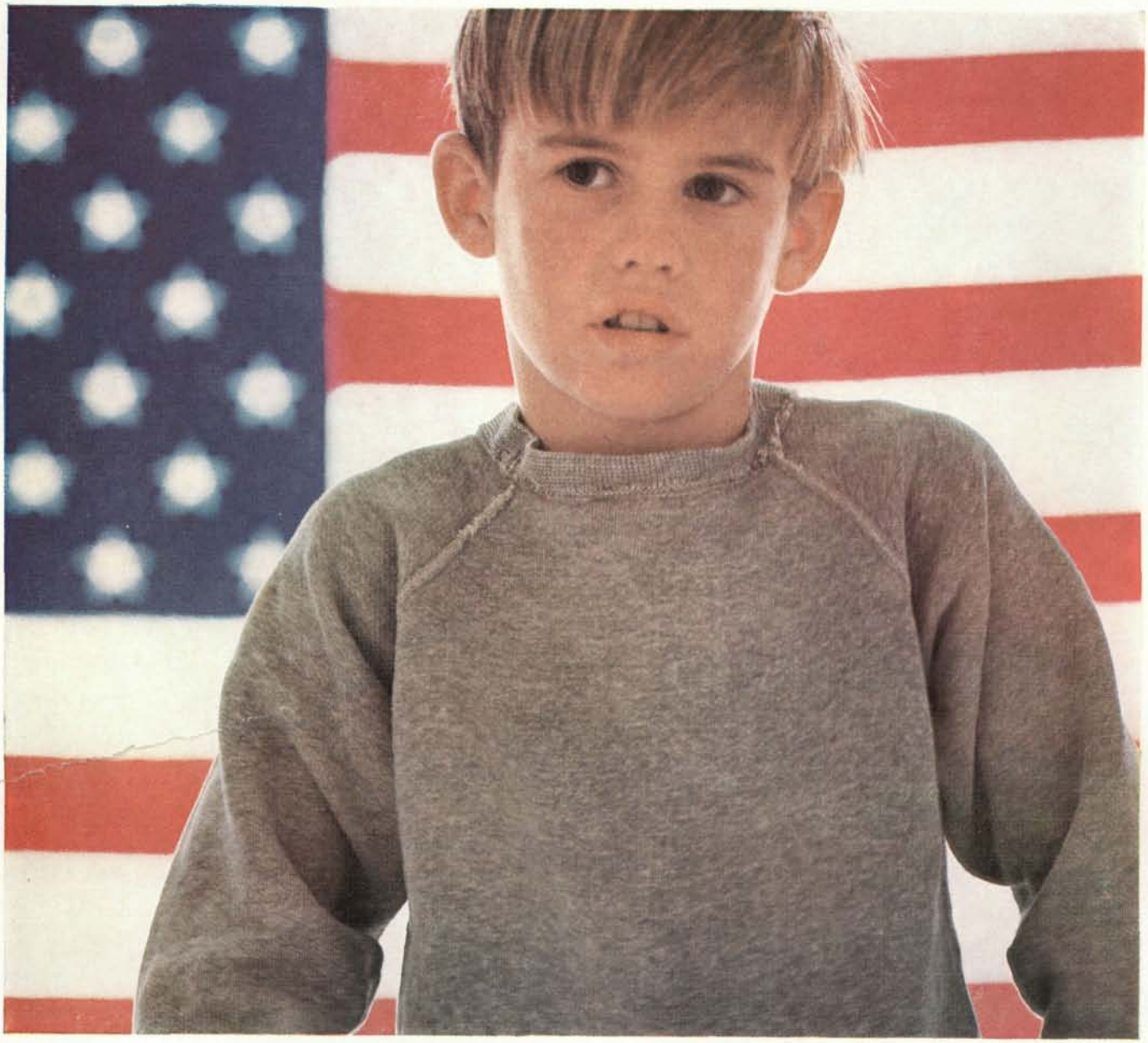

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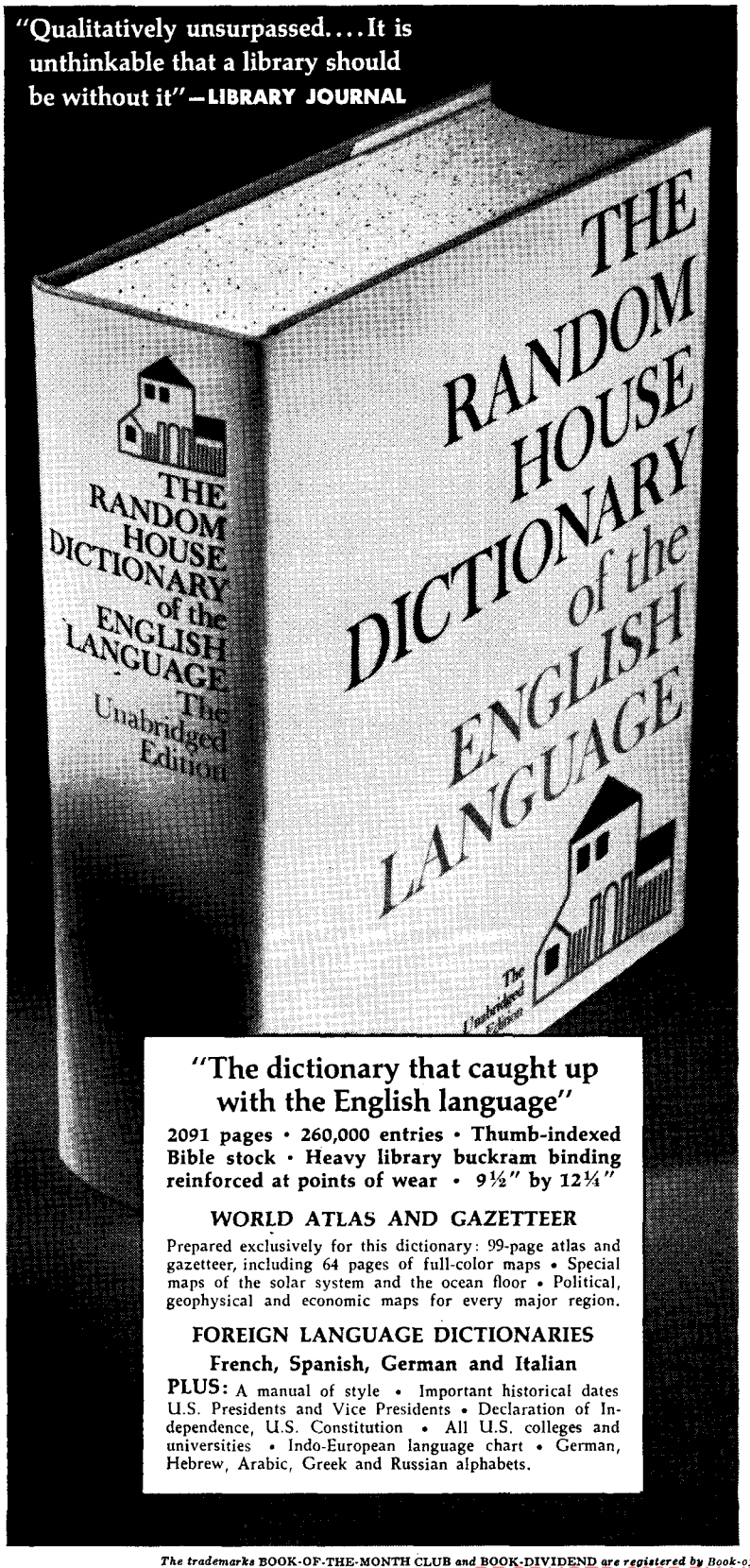
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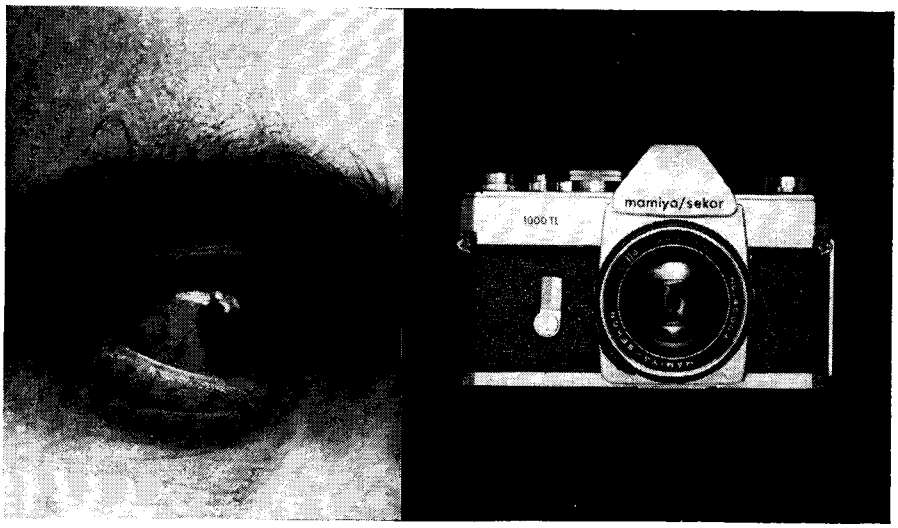

Saturday Review

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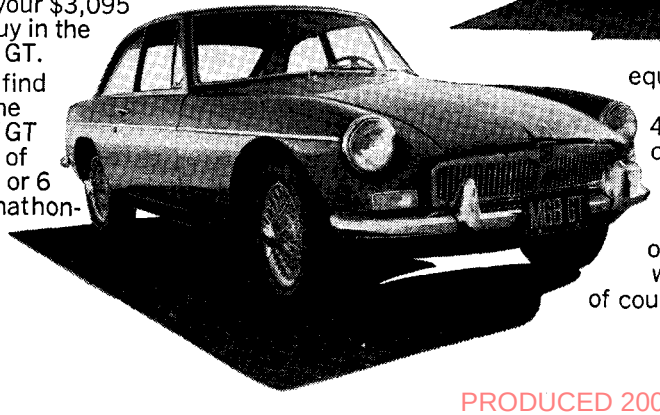

We're not saying there are no options for the MGB/GT. There are a few—like electric overdrive, air conditioner, radio, and heater. But the point is that you don't have to depend on the list of options to have yourself a car.

So go ahead and price-shop all you want. But don't stop there. Compare performances from the driver's seat. See if you can find anything that compares with the MGB/GT. At anything near $3,095.

MG AUSTIN HEALEY

MGB/GT: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.

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Inside Information

A Tax on Peristalsis: A Proposal

GOVERNMENT is the one indispensable enterprise. Government needs money. That means taxes. But we are running out of things to tax. Hence this suggestion:

Why not a tax on peristalsis? Peristalsis, like respiration, is an involuntary function. It is doubtful that many individuals would attempt to curtail their peristaltic activity just to avoid paying a tax. It is possible, of course, that as a result of this tax some people might not derive as much pleasure from swallowing as they formerly did, but offsetting this is the undeniable fact that the tax might even lead to weight reduction, thus putting a tax on peristalsis on the same popular footing as Metrecal.

Consider the basic advantages. Peristalsis is both general and particular. Every man has it. It knows no distinctions according to income or social status. It is not like a private swimming pool or a villa on the Riviera or a thousand shares of Xerox bought at 32. It has nothing to do with luck or the slings of outrageous fortune. It is built in.

Most important of all: Peristalsis is dependable. An individual may overdraw his bank account but his peristalsis carries on—perhaps at an accelerated rate. He may lose his *sang-froid* but his peristalsis stays with him—a monument to the universal order and an easy mark for the tax collector.

Now, how would the tax be applied? Should individual metabolic rates be used as a base for the tax? I think not. It is a well known fact that some people swallow harder and more frequently than others. They ought not be penalized. It would be far more equitable to go at the problem in terms of mass averages. That is, the normal individual has a peristaltic rate of 27.6 per hour, if we average out the highs and lows during a twenty-four-hour period. This means that he accumulates 6,624 vulnerable units of peristalsis a day, or 198,720 v.u. a month. Let us suppose that he is taxed for only 1 per cent of these units at, say, two mills per v.u. This would come to only $3.97 per month—an absurdly small amount and clearly within the reach of all to pay. Even if we exempt children, that would leave a reservoir of 200 million cadres, each replete with v.u.'s.

In short, peristalsis offers a potential tax nut of $7.5 billion a year, with a hypothetical further nut of $400 million for nonresidents and visitors. This is a much bigger nut than the tobacco nut.

—CULL PEPPER.

A Single Destiny

WHEN BRAVE THOMAS, the young tikki bird, was six weeks old, his mother began his formal education. She taught him to distinguish members of his own family, to dislike robins, to dance the mating dance, and to clean the teeth of the hippopotamus in the nearby river.

Thomas had no trouble with the dance, but the sight of his first hippopotamus was frightening. He saw an enormous cylinder, like a black sewer, with a wide-open orifice colored pink and set out with a pair of ivory columns. These columns, pre-Doric in style, were actually the hippopotamus's teeth. "It is your duty," his mother told him, "to hop in there and to cleanse them of small bugs, bits of weed, and other dessicated insect and vegetable matter, which in turn will reward you with delicious meals."

Brave Thomas shuddered and hid his head under his wing. "The hippopotamus will devour me," he exclaimed in a faint voice. "I would be crazy to go within a mile of him."

"Not at all," replied his mother. "On the contrary. The hippopotamus would be crazy if he were to swallow you, for that would upset the natural order of things. The hippopotamus was born for just one thing: to stand with his mouth open in order to have his teeth cleaned. And we tikki birds were born to clean them."

Reassured, Brave Thomas hopped into the monster's mouth, and for thirteen months attended to the hippopotamus's orthodontics. In all that time, the large, patient animal kept his mouth open, for he also understood what nature expected of him.

It was during this period that Brave Thomas became aware of impulses of a religious nature; he began to think of the hippopotamus's mouth as a temple, around whose ivory columns he, as a votary, practiced his pious services. And because the hippopotamus's mouth had become a temple, the hippopotamus himself, in time, took on the semblance of deity—because of his size, his power, and because Thomas could not think of anything else for him to be.

"It is wonderful to think," he told his friend Doubting Peter, a black-billed crane, "that I stand every day, as it were, in God's hand."

Peter pointed out that Thomas stood—if anywhere—in God's mouth rather than in His hand. "For that sort of thing," he remarked thoughtfully, "one must have a vocation. Without a vocation, I should hesitate to place myself in such jeopardy."

But Thomas was not impressed. "There is nothing better in the world," he said, "than to know what one has to do, and to do it. I am not only upheld spiritually by the performance of my duties—which were taught to me at an early age by my mother—but I am also materially fed."

The little tikki bird was unable to imagine a world without duty and divinity, the one leading inevitably to the other, and vice versa. "Put them together," he declared, "and they add up to delight. It is impossible to believe in one without the other—any more than one could imagine a tikki bird without a hippopotamus."

One day, as Brave Thomas was busy in his temple, cleaning the detritus from the base of the ivory columns, the hippopotamus was suddenly seized with an overwhelming desire to sneeze. Realizing the effect of such a catastrophic convulsion upon his tiny votary, and not wishing to get a throatful of feathers, he struggled to control himself, meanwhile uttering such warnings through his nose as he was able. Thomas, hearing these unaccustomed sounds, took them to be divine in essence and bowed his head in reverence—at which moment, unable to control himself any longer, the hippopotamus sneezed. His cavernous mouth closed with a snap, and Thomas found himself in darkness.

"Damn!" said the hippopotamus. And he added, "I am sorry about that."

The little tikki bird did not hear him. As he slid down the hippopotamus's gullet, Brave Thomas remarked sadly, "Mother was wrong."

At the same time, he was obliged to admit that his had been a happy and meaningful life, while it had lasted.

—ROBERT NATHAN.

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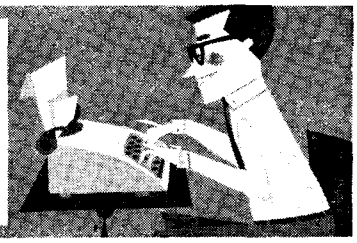
Top of My Head



The New Lit

HAVE YOU read any bad books lately? I don't mean "bad" literally. Or do I? I mean naughty bad; in the sense that the characters are constantly and somehow tirelessly in and out of beds not necessarily their own. And any similarity between these beds and their own is purely fictitious.

These are the books that sell so well that they invariably wind up in the Topless Ten.

It was only a matter of time after the New Math that there should follow the New Lit. Two highly successful examples of the New Lit in the past year are *The Adventurers* and, of course, the leader and still champ, *The Valley of the Dolls*. *The Adventurers* did not carry the usual disclaimer that "the characters are entirely fictitious and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely," etc. But the *V of Ds* carefully explained in a disclaimer that people you thought were being written about were not actually the people you were sure they were.

However, the attendant publicity, advertising, and rumors about both books indicated slyly that the characters were not fictitious and that if the "in" reader wanted to apply any resemblance to anyone living or dead, he could feel free to do so. So when you bought a book, you automatically got a built-in Double-Crostic for the same price.

A new example of the New Lit is a book titled *The Symbol*. A full-page advertisement describes this one as the story of Wanda Oliver, an orphan child who became one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars—beautiful, sexy, and red-haired; whose success was legendary, but whose personal life was chaotic and whose suicide, was tragic.

Well, that was an easy one. Of course the glamorous star who lighted up the marquee of my small screen up there was a blond. I dismissed the red hair as legal doubletalk to keep the writer out of the courts.

Then as I read further I began to have doubts. "She was married and divorced three times," the ad continued. "Her first husband was a young aircraft mechanic, her second a football hero, and her third a famous painter." My girl was indeed married three times, but her second husband was a baseball hero and her third a famous playwright.

This so obfuscated the picture that after carefully putting together the fragments of the puzzle in some sort of twisted order, I came up with Minnie Mouse. Of course, some of the ad's narration didn't quite fit Minnie. But that's the author's problem.

This business of giving fictitious names to people who may be recognizable to readers of gossip columns is the basic ploy of the New Lit. It may be entertainment for the reader. But one wonders about the reactions of the recognizable people who read the lurid antics through which the novelist has put them. Despite disclaimers of "living or dead," one wonders which they would choose.

Barbara W. Tuchman put it succinctly in the February 25 issue of *SR*: "Writers who dislike their fellow men have taken over the literary world." Also they have taken over the attention and purchasing power of readers who choose their literature from the weekly charts of books most read.

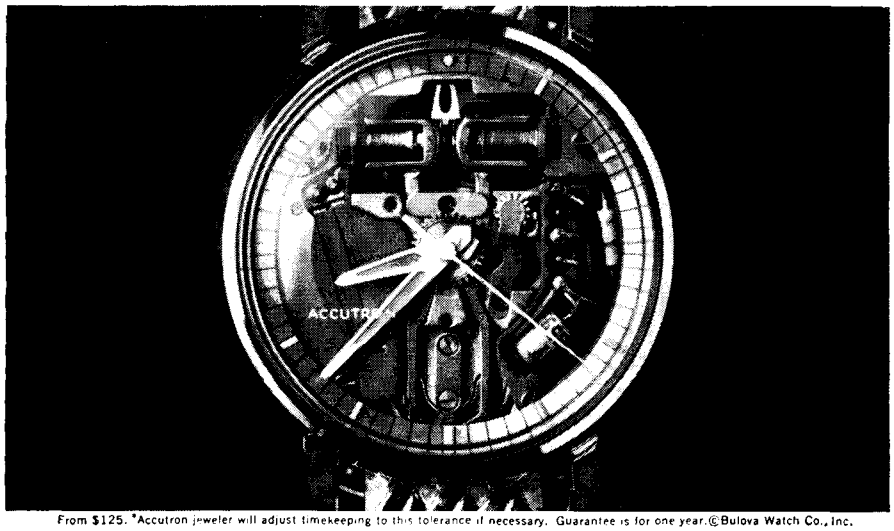
The Symbol has not yet reached the rarefied heights of the Topless Ten. It should have. The critical reviews gave it short shrift enough to make it No. 1. Obviously, the nefarious gimmicks that put a book up there were not diligently employed. But all is not lost. There are always the paperbacks.

The number of paperbacks sold in 1966 was 310 million. Titles in print came to 42,500, an increase of 6,000 over the year before. This was a record in the twenty-eight-year history of the paperback industry. Book publishing has become a matter of dollars and sex. The New Lit sells as well abroad as it does here.

This global proliferation of our new cultural level is something we overlook. We are prone to think of our calamities as only national. This pollution of our literature is like air pollution—it goes far beyond our country's boundaries.

In Tokyo, for instance, fifty-seven tons of dust and soot hover over the capital of Japan every month of the year. Of course, they manufacture their pollution much more cheaply than we do. And there is an added attraction. It spells out MADE IN JAPAN just before it gently falls upon the citizens. Living or dead.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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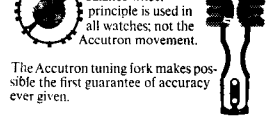
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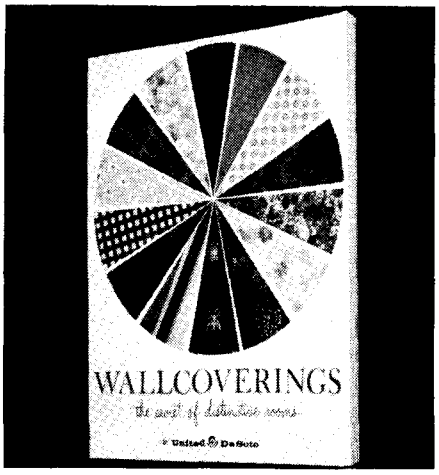

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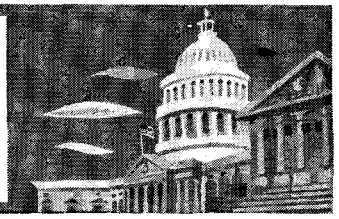

Time for the Delicate Touch

WASHINGTON.

VARIOUS NEGOTIATIONS now under way are bound to usher in a new stage in the relationship between the United States and Europe. The period when Washington tried to set the pace within the alliance is largely over; it passed with the departure of George Ball, the Under Secretary of State, who pursued a clear and tight concept for a united Europe within the Atlantic Alliance. This concept began to crumble when General de Gaulle vetoed Britain's entry into the Common Market and when President Johnson withdrew from the Multilateral Nuclear Fleet idea.

Since then important changes have created a new situation and American diplomacy is beginning to adjust to it. General de Gaulle has forced NATO out of France and into a much weaker position; the Erhard government has been replaced by Chancellor Kiesinger's coalition government (combining the Christian Democratic Party and the Socialists), which is more Europe- than Atlantic-minded; and in London the Labor Government has decided to examine the prospects of joining the Common Market. Thus Europe has been more preoccupied with its own future, and the United States has been able to resume an earlier preoccupation—a lessening of tension with the Soviet Union.

In the last few years two major themes have dominated American diplomacy: 1) the creation of a firm and close relationship with Western Europe to make certain that Europe will not be dominated by the Soviet Union; and 2) some sort of rapprochement with the Soviet Union itself. Just as Britain always tried to prevent a coalition on the European continent which could endanger its own security, so the United States today is anxious to make certain that Europe will not turn against it and threaten American security. The rapprochement with the Soviet Union has been spurred by the belief that this is the best assurance against a nuclear war.

The first conceptual approach having failed, the Johnson Administration has decided, for the time being at least, to let events take their course in Europe. After all, the German Federal Republic's efforts to resume diplomatic relations with Eastern Europe falls within the American policy of bridge-building with the East, and the British are now actively engaged in getting into the Common Market, another policy the United States has long recommended. More or less, the West Germans and the British are now doing what the United States has wanted them to do for a long time; hence, there is less need for American initiatives. Indeed, the feeling in the White House is that the less the United States seems to be pressing London and Bonn the better. The idea of President Johnson's visiting Europe has therefore been postponed.

Activists argue that the United States can do much more now to improve relations with the Soviet Union. The signal that new opportunities were opening became clear after the Kremlin's decision not to let the Vietnamese war be an impediment in negotiations with the West. In September 1965 Premier Kosygin still argued that he could not come to London because the British supported the United States in the Vietnamese war. Only last autumn he told Prime Minister Wilson and George Brown, the British Secretary of State, that it was no use talking to the Soviet Union about negotiations with Hanoi; it was for the United States to talk directly to the North Vietnamese Government. But last month Mr. Kosygin not only paid a visit to London; he did not mind letting it be known that he had tried to use his influence in Hanoi.

SINCE the Johnson Administration believes that only Russian intervention with the North Vietnamese will ultimately bring an end to the war, the United States, for its part, is now seeking to demonstrate its own desire for improved Russo-American relations. President Johnson has been putting strong pressure on Congress to obtain ratification of a consular convention, and he has given orders to Secretary of State Rusk, who long resisted a treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, to pursue such a treaty vigorously. Those favoring the treaty have argued that this may be the best time to seek this treaty because the President is, as one White House official suggested, hitting the Communists hard in Vietnam; nobody can therefore accuse him of being "soft" on Communism.

This treaty has now become the most important American initiative in Europe. Thus, quite apart from its basic

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purpose, which is to curtail the spread of nuclear weapons, it has assumed a broader political significance. It is an indication that, for the time being at least, President Johnson's emphasis is on developing a new relationship with the Soviet Union that will ensure against a big war. In Moscow the inclination seems to be similar, partly, no doubt, because the threat from Communist China is growing and the Kremlin must want to make certain that its European frontiers are secure, partly because the internal pressures for more consumer goods are rising. More trade is what the Soviet Union is looking for, but trade with the United States will develop only if Moscow helps to bring the war in Vietnam to an end. Only then will Congress approve an expansion of East-West trade.

Behind-the-scene negotiations, meanwhile, have brought the United States and Russia close to agreement on a nonproliferation treaty. This and the secret approaches to a possible freeze of an antimissile defense system, however, have perturbed the Germans and, to some extent, the French. The fear is that an eventual general American-Soviet understanding will place them in a subordinate position and limit their freedom of diplomatic maneuver. The Germans are particularly concerned because they suspect that one of the objectives of an American-Soviet understanding is to keep Germany at bay.

We are also entering a transition period when the Americans, the British, and, to some extent, the Russians are likely to withdraw a substantial number of troops from Germany; the Americans and the British primarily for financial reasons, and the Russians, if intelligence reports are correct, because of their need to reinforce their endless frontier against China.

Any period of transition is a time for the delicate touch in diplomacy. The reduction of troops in Germany, the shifts in military strategy, a growing sense of detachment both here and in Europe—all are bound to lead to a redefinition of the relationship between the United States and Europe. General de Gaulle's withdrawal from NATO caused a traumatic shock in Washington, and there is a danger that unless this redefinition is carried out gradually and with consummate care, it will have a shock effect in Germany that may be lasting.

Current American diplomacy has developed partly by circumstance and only partly by design. Therefore its dual purpose becomes an extremely difficult balancing act between what Walt Rostow, the President's special adviser, called an "integrated defense system in the West" and "an imaginative and creative approach to the East."

—Henry Brandon.

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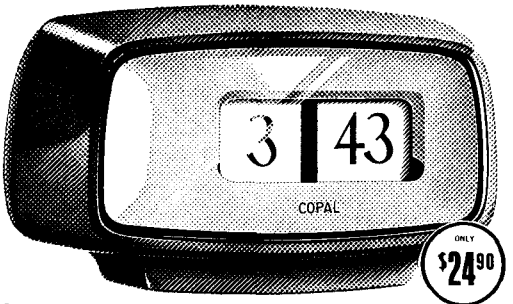

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The numbers of this plug-in electric clock can be read at a good 50-paces. A silent electric motor flips the plastic plates into view faster than the eye can see. **One second it's 3:43 and then, suddenly, it's 3:44.** Don't worry. The change is silent. Not even a "click".

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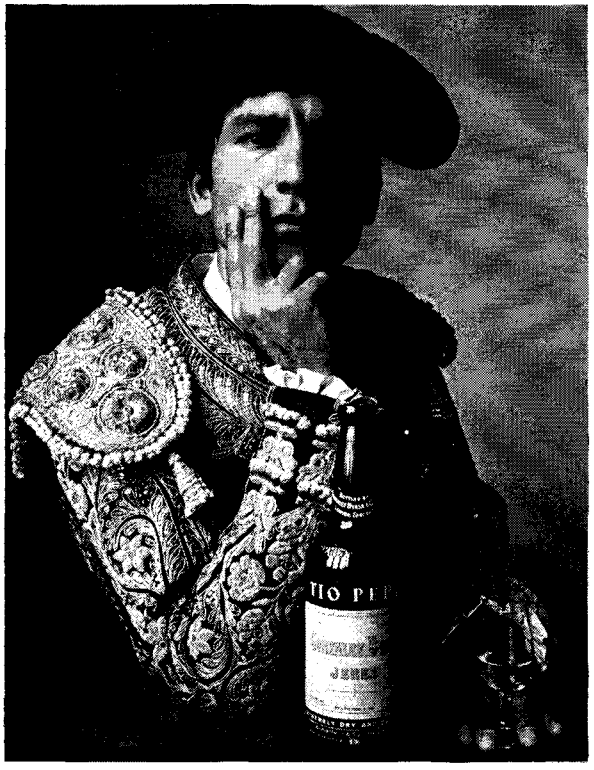
Bullfighters drink Tio Pepe before bullfights. After would be too late.



You don't drink the world's lightest, driest sherry after anything. You drink it before things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

Just like you don't drink sweet cream sherries before anything. You drink them after things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

Unless you're really a bullfighter. In which case you might drink Tio Pepe before, and cream sherry in the hereafter.

Schieffelin & Co., New York

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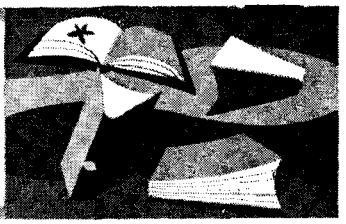
Trade Winds



From C. C. B., who prefers not to be further identified, in response to my comments [TRADE WINDS, Feb. 18] regarding Cardinal Spellman's visit to the Far East: "I am a patriotic American—served willingly in the last war—and do not believe we should be in Vietnam. I am a regular Democrat, but do not like Mr. Johnson. I am a good Catholic, but am not enthusiastic about Cardinal Spellman. I am an occasional picker-upper of *SR*, and find it interesting. I have noted only a few of your columns, and find them agreeable. But what in the world made you spoil the last column by defending the Cardinal's Christmas remarks in Vietnam? Most everybody else disagreed, including the Vatican. Continue your policy, and you will lose as many readers as *The Reporter*."

First, what is said here represents always a personal viewpoint, has nothing to do with magazine policy. Next, I assume C. C. B. refers to *The Reporter*'s stand in support of the American position in Vietnam. That it has lost circulation I cannot say, but hope not, because if magazines like the independent *Saturday Review* and the liberal, non-Catholic *Reporter* cannot express opinions contrary to those of some of their readers without losing readers, we have come to a miserable day. It is the liberal-Catholic *Commonweal*, I believe, that editorially has *opposed* the American position. That, too, is fine with me, and I hope *it* hasn't lost any readers.

Responsible publications base their judgments on facts at their command, frequently the identical facts, and yet honestly reach opposite conclusions. My irritation stems primarily from the unkempt, seemingly irresponsible groups—of the kind that greeted the Cardinal on his return to New York—who strike me as having nothing better to do than protest *any*thing. What I've just said is not reasonable, I know, because some of my close friends are thoroughly kempt and well-to-do and intelligent, and they also are forever eager and ready to write letters, and march, and carry placards, in behalf of whatever it is *they* consider liberal. They are, it seems to me, *professional* liberals; and if they irk me, everything comes out even, because I drive *them* crazy, too.

Prospect for higher education. A recent form letter mailed over the signature of Paul T. Richman, head of the department of education at the University of California in Santa Barbara, begins: "Dear Perspective Enrollee."

My request [TRADE WINDS, Jan. 21] for names of book editors considered great has brought these names, the only ones to be mentioned more than twice: Pascal Covici, John Farrar, Jack Goodman, and Maxwell Perkins. I have no comment, because of the group I have known only Farrar and Goodman and then only casually. It's a short list with which to inaugurate a Hall of Fame. Let's leave it for another day.

Collected by his wife, submitted by Rex Roberts of Groton, Massachusetts, the following sentences are from letters to the Welfare Department from applicants for aid:

I am forwarding my certificate and my 6 children I had seven but one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper.

I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is now dead.

This is my 8 child, what are you going to do about it?

In answer to your letter I gave birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my 3 children which was a mistake as you can see.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference.

Please send money at once as I have fallen in error with my landlord.

In accordance with instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

From Hugh Craig of Arlington, Virginia: "For a long time the antics of a pair of over-amorous dolphins had embarrassed visitors to the zoo, till the zookeeper hit on a way to discourage their dalliance—satiate them with sea gulls, a favorite food. One day, as the keeper was carrying a basket of these delicacies to the fenced-in pool, he encountered an old lion, newly escaped from its cage, lying across the gateway. The beast appeared tranquil, so the keeper stepped over it to deliver the food. When he

Which was 18th century England's favourite pastime: Rugby or Gordon's?
Sporting Englishmen first played Rugby around 1870. Which means Gordon's had the field to itself for over a century. Since 1769, to be precise. The year Mr. Gordon made his silky-smooth, icy-dry discovery. The gin that's still England's biggest seller. Not to mention America. And all the rest of the fun-loving world. Next time you're in a sporting mood, try Gordon's. Every bit as exhilarating as Rugby. But not so exhausting.
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A profound appraisal of modern man's relentless search for a life with meaning

How the leading thinkers of our time have confronted existence and how their points of view are invaluable to everyone who seeks meaning and purpose in his own life. Includes the ideas of Malraux, Koestler, Steinbeck, Kazantzakis, T. S. Eliot, Fromm, Sartre, Camus, Beckett and many others. "Professor Friedman is one of the serious and relevant thinkers of our age."—ELISEO VIVAS

TO DENY OUR NOTHINGNESS

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Robert Penn Warren

has won the Bollingen Prize in Poetry of the Yale University Library, for

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emerged, a detective from the vice squad was waiting to arrest him. The charge: transporting gulls across a staid lion for immoral porpoises."

From Meyer A. Zelig's *Friendship and Fratricide* (Viking), I was surprised to learn that Whittaker Chambers translated several books from the German, including the delightful *Bambi* by Felix Salten.

From Stanley Joseloff, of Westport, Connecticut:

MY ACHING BACCALAUREATE

Arthritis sits upon the wheel you keep
your shoulder to,
And grindstones blunt the noses life's
sweet smells are wafted through;
The loins you gird are oft interred at
expedited pace,
Stiff upper lips invite large drips of egg
upon the face.
A hernia's the price of pulling hardest
in the haul;
Astigmatism takes its toll of eyes kept
on the ball.
Bursitis strikes the outstretched hand
and outstuck chins get hit;
False dentures soon replace the teeth
that manfully you grit.
So in your modern office when next
vigor spurs you on,
Lie down on some convenient couch
until the surge is gone.
And as through sealed-up window you
seek daylight to explain
Life's mystery . . . you'll look, and see
it's just a great big pane.

A $5,000 award is being offered by the Edward L. Bernays Foundation for a program to improve understanding between peoples of the United Kingdom and the United States. Submissions must not exceed 5,000 words, be date-marked not later than June 30. A distinguished jury will determine the winner. For further information, write to Mr. Bernays, 7 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1718)

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In the eleventh century, the love of war and the love of God became increasingly confused. Chivalry, once it was strong, organized, and conscious of its own worth, tried to set up its own vision of the world, and consequently its own religion.

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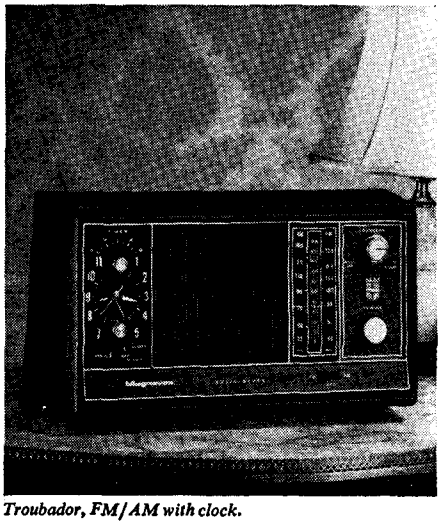

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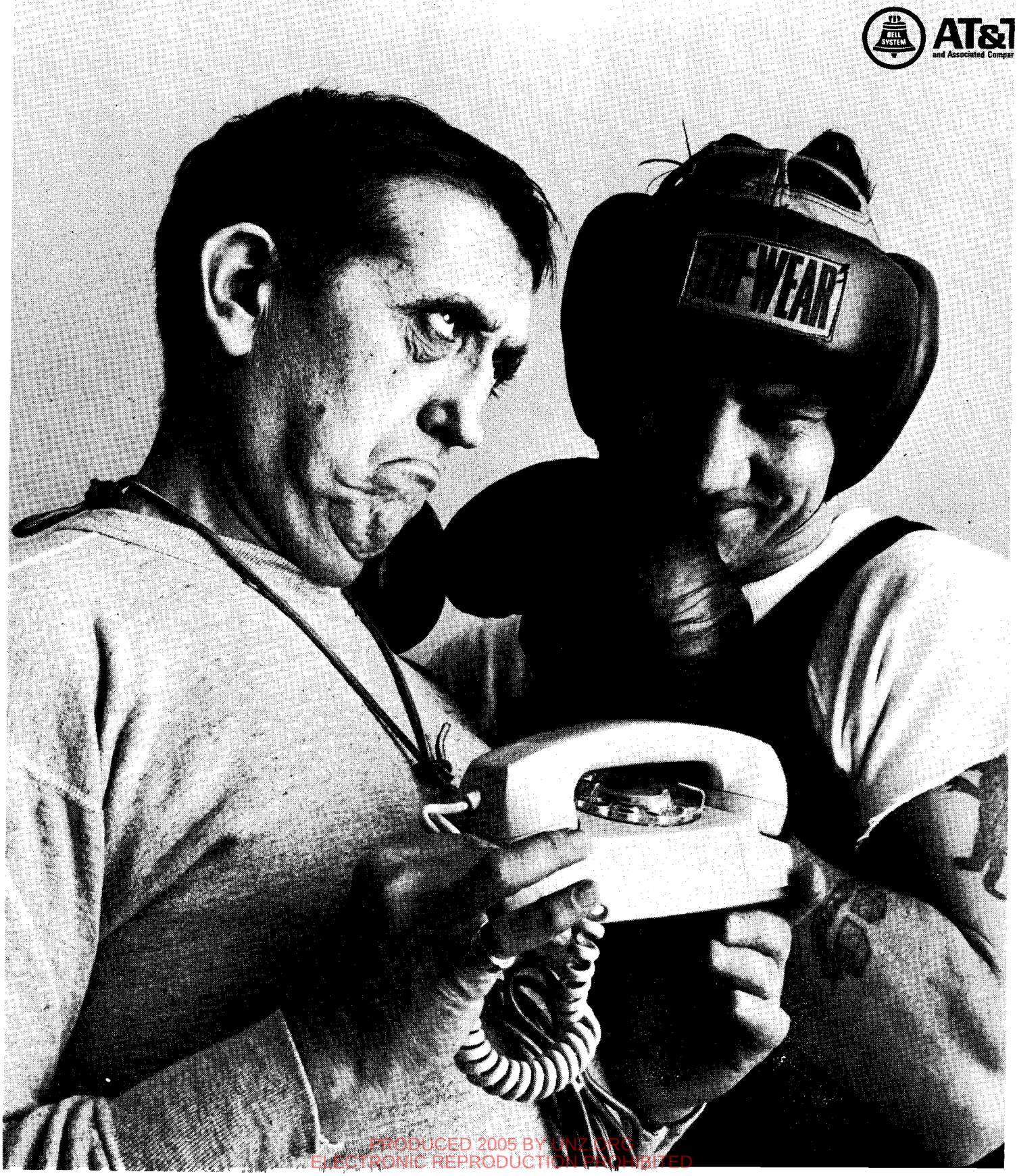
It even amazes us how we can botch up the easy jobs while doing the hard ones so well. But it also distresses us. Installing the right phone in the right place is as important to us as developing the first solar battery, the first transistor, or the first communications satellite. S as good as our service is most of the time, we'll kee working to make it perfect every time. We may be the onl phone company in town, but we try not to act like i



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Saturday Review
March 18, 1967

The Coming Era of Ecumenopolis

Within the next century, says an internationally eminent planner, 30 billion people may live in a universal city that covers the earth. Will we build wisely?

By C. A. DOXIADIS

WE MUST FACE the fact that modern man has failed to build adequate cities. In the past his problems were simpler, and he solved them by trial and error. Now human forces and mechanical ones are mixed and man is confused. He tries and fails. We say he will become adapted. Yes, he is running the danger of becoming adapted, since adaptation is only meaningful if it means the welfare of man. Prisoners, too, become adapted to conditions! For man to adapt to our present cities would be a mistake, since he is the great prisoner. Not only is man unsafe in his prison, but he is facing a great crisis and heading for disaster.

Confused by the danger, man behaves unwisely. He takes the new conditions of a hostile habitat for granted, and, for example, builds new cities in the image of those that failed or, in the countryside, builds air-conditioned schools with no windows because he is accustomed to doing it in industrial areas. Sometimes he attempts to turn to the past, or dreams of Utopias which have no place in our world. What man needs is an Entopia, an "in-place" which he *can* build, a place which satisfies the dreamer and is acceptable to the scientist, a place where the projections of the artist and the builder merge.

How can man achieve this?

Man and the space surrounding him are connected in many ways within a very complex system. Man's space is just a thin layer on the crust of the earth, consisting of the five elements which shape man and are shaped by him: nature, in which he lives; man himself; society, which he has formed; the shells (or structures) which he builds; and the networks he constructs. This is the real world of man, the *anthropocosmos* halfway between the electron and the universe. But only one subject is of primary importance: man as an individual. The subjects of secondary importance are nature and society. Shells and networks come last. Every element of the anthropocosmos has to serve man; otherwise our endeavor would have no justification.

So how can we best serve our basic subject, man? What is our goal? At this point we have to admit that we have no goals. We are developing a technology that is changing our life, yet we have set no goal for it. No businessman would buy machinery at random when building a factory, no housewife would collect furniture at random for her home. Yet this is exactly what we are doing in the case of our cities, the physical expressions of our life. For them we are producing and collecting at random.

WHAT will our goal be? Aristotle said that the aim of the city is to make man happy and safe. I can find no better definition. So if, in the chaos of our present situation, we can accept this, then we have something firm to stand on, provided we can define what we mean by man, happiness, safety, and city.

I shall begin with man, so close to us and still "man the unknown." But which man are we talking about? Which one is it who best represents the nature of man? Is it primitive man, to whom some romantics want us to return, or the ancient Greek? The medieval or Renaissance man, or the modern technocrat? The only possible answer is the contemporary man. He is our starting point.

Which man, then, is our ideal? To answer we have to look at man from every possible angle. We have to look at the body, and, when we see people stretching or youngsters rock 'n' rolling, realize that their bodies are revolting against the inactivity we have condemned them to. We have to realize how ignorant we are as to whether the taller, larger people which our children are becoming are more resistant to the hardships of life than are their shorter, smaller forebears. And we must look beyond the body. Man transcends this sphere by many other concentric ones defined by his senses. No sensation can be overlooked: a sweet or bitter taste, the caressing of a marble carving or a loved one, walking on sand with bare feet, the smells, the sounds, the sights—all physical sensations, and then all metaphysical ones such as faith and religion.

The mind of man carries him into areas which cannot be reached through the senses. So does his soul, by way of sentiments, for sentiments, too, are shaping factors. Body, senses, mind, and soul are only partial aspects of man, but they cannot be separated; they all operate together in health and in sickness. A dancer may find his motivation through stimulation of his senses, or mind, or sentiments. The mind can be stimulated through the rhythmical movement of the body walking or swimming. We must not forget the example of the peripatetic philosophers.

Science is beginning to merge the separate images of man that it had set up and see him again as a whole. Common man finds perfection in the *complete*

Dr. C. A. Doxiadis, internationally prominent city planner and student of the future, heads the Athens Technological Institute, its Athens Center for Ekistics, and Doxiadis Associates, in Athens, Greece. He also has offices in Washington, D.C. This article grows out of a talk at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, where Dr. Doxiadis was presented with the Aspen Award.

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nan. When, for example, one is contemplating marriage, not one aspect of the prospective mate is overlooked. And history demonstrates how in his great eras man believed in developing all his capacities harmoniously.

At present we are at a disadvantage since we have not been studying man properly and have formed no concept of our ideal man. Because of this, man's body and soul are developing in a nonharmonious way, according to the mind rather than the senses. And even the mind is not developing harmoniously in all its areas, but only in some, which are expanding much more than before, while others become atrophic. What kind of creature is this man going to be? The risks we are running by allowing the present trends to continue are very great. We may be turning out monsters without proper balance between their different parts, monsters who may annihilate one another or mankind.

Confronted with such a threat, I think we have a twofold obligation: first, to study man as a whole, without rejecting anything that he has learned throughout his history unless we can prove scientifically that it is harmful. This we can achieve not by coordinating existing sciences—man does not consist of externally coordinated parts, since he forms a whole—but by Anthropics, the Science of Man. Second, in the absence of any proof that we can produce a better man by changing the relationship between the body, the senses, the mind, and the soul, we should work toward a complete man with a harmonious development of all his elements, a total man whom I cannot name anything but *human man.*

NOW I turn to the second term in Aristotle's definition, happiness. I beg the skeptics to forgive me, but I cannot omit dealing with this aspect of life. Happiness cannot be measured, but it is still happiness that the common man dreams of and which represents the fulfillment of his goals, the satisfaction of his interests.

One can be unhappy if one's trousers are too tight, the ceiling too low, or the temperature uncomfortable—also because of other similar physiological reasons. But one can be equally unhappy if the senses suffer—in a room painted red, for example, since one's eyes are not used to it, or through noise, smell, coarse clothes, or bad food. Also through stresses on his mind or soul. Man's happiness depends on the alleviation of the stresses he is subject to within his social environment or within himself.

These stresses can be relieved. There is, for example, the story about the man who always wore tight shoes so that when he'd take them off at home the physical relief would help him put up with an unhappy home life. But man can also learn to enjoy these stresses. As the balance between man and his environment changes continuously, his chances for happiness change, too. So what is of major importance is man's capacity for happiness. This capacity man is either born with—we could perhaps express it by an HQ, or Happiness Quotient—or he acquires or loses it by training. A proper science of Anthropics can develop a scientific HQ which will be of the greatest importance to man.

By such approaches man can hope not only to alleviate or enjoy stresses, as the case might be, but also to work toward his further betterment by drawing from within himself something better than himself. This can be gradually achieved when he begins to understand how to coordinate his internal rhythm with that of his environment by changing one or the other. He will have a variety of choices, ranging from harmony with the physical world (matching his footsteps to the pavement slabs) to harmony with nature (swimming along with the waves) to harmony with others (in the rhythmical marching of parades or in work for the amelioration of his society) to harmony with external influences (dancing to a certain tune) to the complete freedom of climbing a mountain or lying on its slopes as it pleases his internal personal rhythm.

The next term in Aristotle's definition—safety—is a concept just as difficult to understand as is happiness, and just as indispensable. Civilization started when man first felt safe within his city. Today, for the first time in history since then, he is no longer safe, and this constitutes the greatest problem to be faced by him and his civilization.

How can the city be made safe once more? This question has to be answered through an analysis of all five elements of the anthropocosmos, since the neglect of any one would upset the whole system. Nature has to be preserved, since without the proper development of all its resources there can be no hope for man's safety. The survival of man depends on his evolutionary resources and on his inborn diversity; consequently, he needs a free democratic society which will allow for the survival of the greatest variety of individuals, since we don't yet know which type is going to lead to a better total human man.

Every individual must feel and be safe, which means that personal safety within a safe society can regulate personal and group conflicts. The question is, at what cost can this be achieved? A man would be much safer if he never left his home, but he wouldn't be happy and he wouldn't develop further. We cannot sacrifice happiness and evolution in the cause of safety, nor safety in the cause of happiness. So we come to the

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conclusion that what we need is a safety which can guarantee a basis from which to begin our endeavors toward happiness and the fulfillment of our duties to society. This leads to the concept of a system which will allow for different environments offering all degrees of safety, ranging from the absolute one, if possible, for newborn babies and invalids, to a completely natural environment which young people will have to conquer; ranging from sterilized rooms to jungles. In such a habitat we can hope for the best balance between controlled and uncontrolled environment that will offer man the maximum safety and allow the dynamic balance of man and environment which is indispensable for lasting happiness, which is the only goal.

We can now turn to the city of man, but not with preconceived notions about limiting the operation of forces which are independent of man, as people very often do. We must understand that, unlike Utopia, our Entopia depends on forces which are dynamic and which are either uncontrollable or controllable only in the long run. It is these forces which create a new frame for the city to come.

The dynamic forces of developing humanity show that we must be prepared for a continuing increase of population which may well reach 20 to 30 billion people by the end of the next century, at which time it may level off. This will mean a universal city, Ecumenopolis, which will cover the earth with a continuous network of minor and major urban concentrations of different forms. This means that urbanization will continue and that eventually farming may be carried out from urban settlements. This also means that the pressure of population on resources will be such that important measures will have to be taken so that a balance can be retained between the five elements of the anthropocosmos in a universal scale.

But, more than with all separate phenomena, we should be concerned with the survival of man, who, long before the earth has exhausted its capacity for production, will be subjected to great forces pressing him to the point of extinction—forces caused by the elimination of human values in his settlements. If we realize only that at that point the average urban area will have twenty to thirty times more people and a hundred times more machines, and that difficulties grow much faster than the forces causing them, we will understand that this new frame is going to be inhuman in dimensions. If we understand how far the dynamic forces reach, we will see that our real challenge lies not in changing these historical trends—something we cannot do anyway—but in using them for the benefit of man by shaping this universal city in such a way that not only will it not crush man, but so that it will provide him with a human settlement much better than those of today. In order to do this we have to build the city of inhuman dimensions on the measure of man. We don't have to invent the human solutions, since they already exist—we have to understand them and use them within the new frame.

"Arise, Sir or Madame . . ."

As an example, a careful study of the cities of the past proves that the maximum distance from their centers was ten minutes, and the average one six minutes meaning that people walking for a total of thirty minutes a day could visit the center or other places two or three times. This shows that there was a human dimension influencing social and other contacts, and it also gives one example of how it may be possible to measure a fundamental aspect of the human city—on the basis of the time dimension and not that of physical dimensions, since we now have new means of transportation and communications.

Up to now, measurements in cities have been based on economic criteria, but these define feasibility more than goals. It is time for man to define goals and their feasibility at the same time. Man's most precious commodity, the one which cannot be replaced and which we don't yet know how to expand, is his own life, which is expressed by its length, or lifetime. This is the basic commodity as qualified by the satisfaction and safety man enjoys and as limited by economic considerations, upon which our formula for the city will have to be based.

Man, in this case the average American citizen, spends 76 per cent of his lifetime at home (males 69 per cent and females 83 per cent), and 24 per cent away from it. He spends 36 per cent sleeping, 20 per cent working, and 10 per cent eating, dressing, and bathing. He is left with 34 per cent, or one-third of his life, for leisure, pleasure, thought, etc. It is this one-third which constitutes the basic difference between man and animal. But males ages twenty to fifty-nine have only 20 per cent of free time, of which one-third is spent in commuting. This means ninety minutes; but for some people it means three hours, or two-thirds of their free time.

On the basis of such calculations we can develop a time budget which is more important than any other budget for man, and estimate how much time each man can afford to spend on each of his activities. We can then qualify the satisfaction that man gets at every time-length. Is it better for him, for example, to walk for twenty minutes, drive in a Volkswagen for ten, or in a Cadillac for two hours? We can also try to measure the degree of safety at every time length. In principle, then, total satisfaction would be the product of time multiplied by satisfaction. A happy life would be

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the product of time multiplied by satisfaction multiplied by safety. If we now insert into the picture the factor of economic feasibility for satisfaction, we have the formula of feasible happiness, which is leading to the human city that we can build, our common Entopia which should include all our personal Entopias in a balanced whole, the Entopia which is the common denominator of our feasible dreams.

If we have managed to define human man, natural happiness, and reasonable safety, and measure them, we can define the human city. It will be very big, but it will consist of two categories of parts, the cells and the networks. The cells are going to be the size of the cities of the past—no larger than 50,000 inhabitants, no larger than 2,000 by 2,000 yards, no larger than a ten-minute average walk. They will be built on a human scale on the basis of human experience. The networks are going to be absolutely mechanical and automatic, interconnecting the cells by transportation and communications, forming enormous organisms with the cells as basic units. Their vehicles will reach speeds of many hundreds of miles an hour; their arteries will be underground, not highways but deepways, as they are in the bodies of all mammals. The higher the speed the deeper they will go. In the cells man will be offered all choices, from isolation and solitude to very intense participation in social and politic[illegible]e. (The fact that we need TV shou[illegible]ot lead us to the elimination of the marketplace. We don't need only one-way communications, we need a natural human dialogue as well.)

The surface of the city will allow the flora to spread again, beginning from small gardens within the cells, to major zones of forests above the tunnels of the networks, to big farming areas and natural reserves where man will find the rough conditions which he also needs. Society will operate much more efficiently, and people will come together in a multitude of both natural and artificial ways.

Houses will be the natural environment, not formally specified, since there the individual will want to express himself. Normal multi-story residence buildings will need much greater areas per floor so that a whole community will be able to operate at each level—a community with its shopping center, playgrounds, and public squares. Automated factories will be placed within the earth, especially in hills and mountains.

Man will be free to move over the surface of the whole city, and even though the buildings will be as pleasant as possible, he will have many chances of walking or staying out without shelter or protection, since his whole organism must be kept fit for all sorts of adjustments that the future may necessitate. In this city we can hope that man, relieved of all stresses that arise from his conflict with the machine, will allow his body to dance, his senses to express themselves through the arts, his mind to dedicate itself to philosophy or mathematics, and his soul to love and to dream.

It has often been said that man may exterminate himself through science. What we must also say is that man's hopes for a much better evolution lie in science, which, after all, is the only acquisition of a proved universal value that he can transmit from generation to generation. The whole difference between extermination and evolution lies in the goal that science will set.

The task is hard. People must learn to recognize that they must be very conservative when dealing with man, and very revolutionary when dealing with new systems and networks. The task is also hard because many expect magical solutions overnight, or formulas for the immediate solution of the problems. They actually like to talk about sufferings, and they do not understand that cities face such acute problems because man does not have a system of values with which to define what a good life is. Personally, I am convinced that the root of all problems in our cities lies in our minds, in our loss of belief in man and in his ability to set goals and to implement them.

We can never solve problems and tackle diseases unless we conceive the whole. We cannot build a cathedral by carving stones but only by dreaming of it, conceiving it as a whole, developing a systematic approach, and only then working out the details. But dreaming and conceiving are not enough. We have to carve the stones and lift them.

Giacometti's Dog

By Robert Wallace

LOPES in bronze:
scruffy,
thin. In

the Museum of Modern Art
head
down, neck long as sadness

lowering to hanging ears
—he's eyeless—
that hear

nothing, and the sausage
muzzle
that leads him as

surely as eyes:
he might
be

dead, dried webs or clots of flesh
and fur
on the thin, long bones—but

isn't, obviously,
is obviously
traveling intent on his

own aim: legs
lofting
with a gayety the dead aren't known

for. Going
onward in one place,
he doesn't so much ignore

as not recognize
the well-
dressed Sunday hundreds who passing, pausing make
his bronze
road

move. Why
do they come to admire
him?

They wouldn't care for real dogs
less raggy
than he

is? It's his tragic
insouciance
bugs them? or is

it that art can make us
cherish
anything—this command

of shaping and abutting space—
that makes us love
even mutts,

even the world, accept
even
the starry wheels by which we're
hurled

toward death, having
the rocks and
wind for comrades?

It's not this starved hound,
but Giacometti seeing
him we see.

We'll stand in line all day
to see one man
love anything enough.

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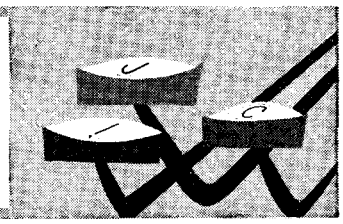
Manner of Speaking



Long Water Going: There is a man at a ship's rail looking down, and one by a waterfall looking up, and another on one bank of a long water looking out. They will not stay there forever, though someone will always take the places they leave. No matter how many times man leaves his place by running water, it will be there again and fresh and first for any man's return to it. A man is deeper to himself when he stands there, partly lost when he leaves, and always closer to his own first of things when he comes again.

Always there is something about the unchanging changefulness and about the changing constancy of water that lures him. Water, perhaps, was the first timekeeper. Or, perhaps, it was the first real metaphor for time. Or, perhaps, it is the most endless reminder (along with the stars) that time is longer than anything that enters time.

This talk of the long waters is toward magic, of course, for we do live, in part, by magic, though we have lost most of the vocabulary for it. We have been taught unreasonable vocabularies of reason—unreasonable because they are not languages our feelings can live by even when our proprieties try to. Watching water go, we touch magic again, and are left dumb by it.

I know a stream in one seam of Bread Loaf Mountain in Vermont. In that stream there is a boulder I have been watching for twenty-five Augusts now, and for twenty-five years the same roil of water, about the size of a lock of hair in a curler, has been standing off the east lip of the boulder.

A statistician could study the gradient of the streambed, the stream's drainage area, the mean annual precipitation, and the angle at which the boulder meets the flow. He could compute then—perhaps, he could—how many millions or billions of gallons of mountain water go annually into keeping that one roil in constant position. I shouldn't be surprised to have a statistician tell me that all of Lake Champlain (which is to say, as much water as there is in all of Lake Champlain) has gone into and through that one roil since the glacier dumped my boulder and the stream shifted it into place.

But why should I care? Statisticians are dull fantasizers. They make a busy profession of gathering fact, but only to change it into something irrelevant or unreal. I prefer to take that one unchanging roil of the long waters as its own mystery of fact, equal entirely to itself, and therefore equal to nothing else. It waits for me there—which is to say I wait for it—year after year, a constancy beyond all else.

I am, of course, fantasizing as recklessly as any statistician. When I say I have been watching one unchanging roil for twenty-five years, I mean only that for twenty-five years, always in the same two weeks of August, the roil has been in place exactly as I remember having left it. For all I know, my roil may be drowned in spring, or it may sink away from the rock during a drought, or be frozen shut in winter. I must go there sometime in winter to see if the water freezes in the shape of my roil. I doubt that it does, but it would please me to learn that it did.

As water flows, twenty-five years is not, of course, any measure of constancy. Mark Twain returning to the Mississippi after something like twenty-five years was almost ready to think he had found a new river. And perhaps he had. But not a new water and not a new force and principle. The flow still came from a first of things, changing what tried to contain it, but never itself. A man had only to look over the rail to see the long principle going, always the same and forever shifting.

Even Niagara Falls has lost much of its edge, the rim rocks of the American Falls slanting to talus and threatening to change the falls into a chute and the chute into rapids, unless the engineers get titanically busy and restore the sheer drop the explorers discovered there. But even as a gat-toothed and stone-choked thing the cataract keeps its power over the tourist. His reasons for going there may be as tawdry as his jokes about not having (thank God) to pay the water bill, but no one can stand there unstirred. A man may resist the mood of such water; he cannot escape it.

There is a gypsy song whose English version, as I recall it, begins, "The world is old tonight, the world is old." That song, in its own florid and over-trilled way, tries to say what the long waters say to all of us with something like the first and last simplicity. Standing by those waters, a man cannot help being deepened to a sense of how long everything has been going on.

Somehow that deepening serenes him, though simply to be reminded that we are ephemera is hardly an experience in serenity. The serenity, I think, grows out of a sense of unchanging principle. Small we may be, but the long waters tell us we are attuned to something like a permanence, and somehow that sense of attunement is one our emotions can rest in, even when we notice how the waters are eating away the bounds that keep us.

And however much the inland waters may change banks and slopes, there is always the sea, always constant to its changeless changes. A man watching the sea from anything that floats is forever at his own first again.

In a small way I was playing this watch-the-sea-game not long ago as I rode the Newport-Jamestown Ferry across Naragansett Bay. It was a raw and a rainy day, however, and I was doing my watching through a window of the upper deck cabin. It is only a twenty-minute crossing there, but this mood comes at once. I watched, instantly hypnotized by the same restlessness of green water men have known from their first day's sailing.

Then a piece of sodden cardboard drifted by, then a bottle, then another piece of cardboard, then some sort of paper wrapper. I began to look for any stretch of clean water and could find none. Failing, I tried a game. Holding my head still, I kept my eyes on just that flow of water that came and went within the frame of one windowpane. I would win my game if at any time in the entire passage, my windowpane framed a piece of sea in which there was no floating refuse.

I LOST my game. We all lost it. As we are all losing our game with the first of things.

What can any man, or all of mankind, do with a dirty sea? By the time we have finished poisoning every first thing, and thereby ourselves, all games will be over. Will it be any solace then to know that in time the waters will purify themselves again? The waters can only lose for a while. But we can lose forever, damned by our own flow of refuse.

Were you to go look at your own chosen water flowing, what would you see there? Will it be the first of things again, or the last coming? Will it be elements or slops?

I know that if the day comes when I walk my stream down Bread Loaf Mountain and find my chosen roil frothing detergents or clotted by the junk of someone's picnic, on that day I shall swear a damnation on the human race as unfit to occupy any planet.

Not that my damnation will matter except as it gives me a release of feeling. The race will have damned itself. As it may already have done.

—John Ciardi.

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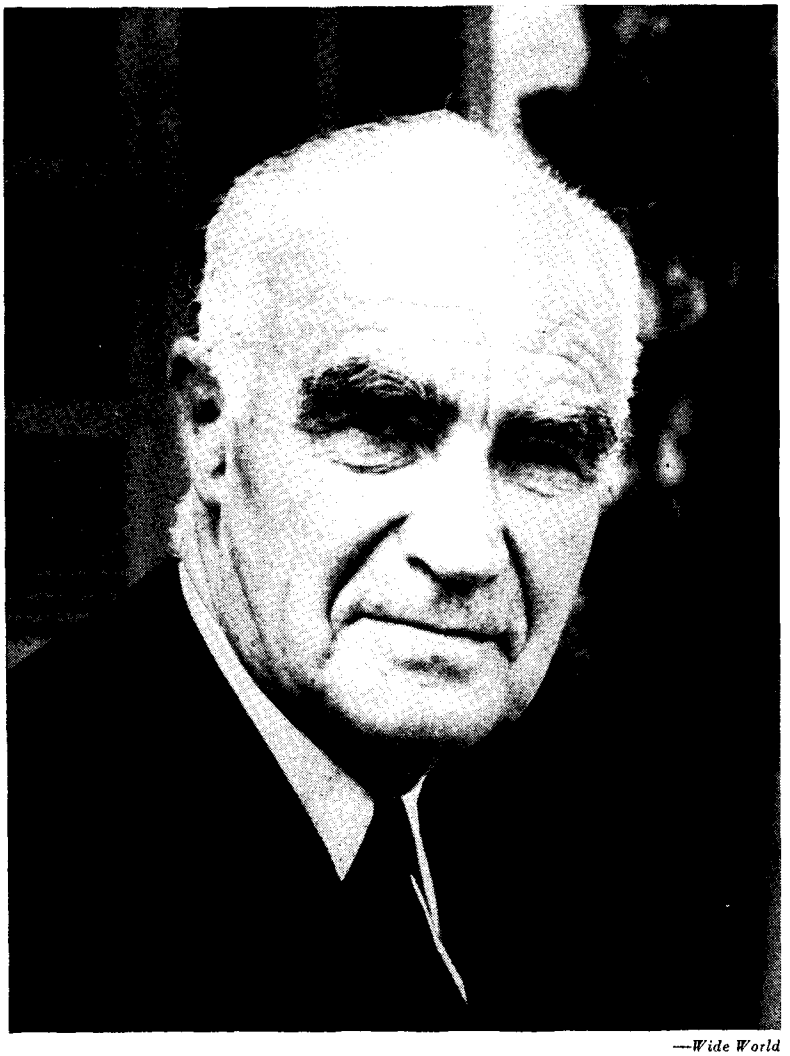

—*Wide World*

HENRY R. LUCE

1898—1967

By HERBERT R. MAYES

HENRY R. LUCE brought a new light to publishing, and cast no shadows on it. No man in our time made as forceful an impact on magazine journalism as he did. His principal achievements—*Time, Life, Fortune* and *Sports Illustrated*—entitle him to recognition as one of a small handful of publishing geniuses.

As a fellow editor, I have not always been enchanted with the occasional unobjective presentation of news in *Time*. But I have never failed to read it or to be stimulated by it. *Life* wasn't the first to offer itself as a picture magazine—Germany and Italy had published highly successful visual periodicals for many years—but *Life*'s approach to pictorial journalism has been unequalled anywhere in the world. *Fortune* revolutionized the reporting of business to business; the writing is incisive and the visual concept magnificent. *Sports Illustrated* ultimately confounded its skeptics and became profitable.

Saturday Review (then *The Saturday Review of Literature*) was originally published by Time, Inc. Both magazines shared a small office atop the remains of an old brewery at 236 East 39th Street. The relationship grew out of the fact that Henry Luce (known as "Harry" to his friends) had been a student in Henry Seidel Canby's literature class at Yale University. When Dr. Canby and his associates decided to publish their New York *Evening Post* weekly literary supplement as an independent magazine, Canby went to young Luce, who immediately offered to share *Time*'s modest publishing, subscription, and distribution facilities. Amy Loveman said that the serious young editor of *Time* made himself available at all times for *SRL*'s problems, but his consuming preoccupation was with his own magazine. After a year, each magazine went its own way.

Not every venture launched by Henry Luce remained in the family or was robustly successful. He was not unacquainted with frustration and occasional failure. He introduced *Tide*, a magazine directed to the affairs of the advertising business. He sold it. He began publica-

Herbert R. Mayes, *SR* editor-at-large, was a contemporary of Henry R. Luce in his career in magazine editing and publishing. Mr. Mayes is former editor of *McCall's* Magazine and former president of the McCall Corporation.

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tion of *Letters*, an idea that grew out of *Time*'s inability to publish more than a small fraction of the interesting letters it received from readers. *Letters*, cut off from the central stimulus, was quickly dropped. *Architectural Forum* was a reflection of his deep interest in architecture, but was ultimately suspended, then revived by Urban America, Inc. *House & Home* was sold.

But the biggest ventures in his life made publishing history. People who worked for Henry Luce, whether they applauded or were dismayed by the editorial policies of his magazine, described him as unfailingly generous and considerate. It is doubtful, in fact, if any magazine publishing concern paid higher salaries in general or offered its writers more advantages. He brought together the ablest, most experienced editorial and publishing staffs in the country. He personally selected his staff.

Almost any member of his *third* echelon could, single-handedly, take on a major publishing enterprise. And any publishing organization today that requires help looks first of all to the organization that Mr. Luce structured. It isn't easy to hire writers, editors, or business people away from Time, Inc. The few who leave generally do so because of irresistible offers.

Mr. Luce was the boss. In effect, financially, he owned the company. He could have assumed any title, beginning with chief executive. The only title he wanted or would accept was that of editor. He believed the most important job on any magazine was the editor's. He also believed in maximum authority for editors. As a matter of policy, his business departments were obliged to stay rigorously on their own side. Mr. Luce did not brook business department interference. As editor, he brooked only his own. When in 1964 he stepped down officially as editorial chief, he declared that editorial determinations thereafter would be made by others. "But if the editors now decide to support candidate A for President," I once asked him "and you are for candidate B, which candidate will the magazines support?" "That's simple," Mr. Luce responded after a long interval of a tenth of a second. "They will support candidate B."

The fact is that, regardless of title, or in what part of the world he might have been, or to whom authority had been delegated, the pervasive influence of Henry Luce was there until the morning of February 28, 1967, when he died. Extraordinary as their competence and dedication are, the people who were around Henry Luce are going to miss him. The whole publishing fraternity is going to miss him.

He was, to the extent I knew him, shy. He enjoyed bridge, but was inept at it. Charles Goren, with whom he played rarely, said, "When Harry picks up a hand, he goes into a trance. The best time to play with him is when you're dead tired, because you can always take a nap while Harry counts his points. I think he would be a better player if he wasn't so awfully afraid of making a mistake. He's too proud."

Several years ago, in a public talk, I made a reference to Harry Luce that was intended to be complimentary. Mr. Luce found offense. I wrote a quick note of apology. He responded with a note of his own that remains the most thoughtful and gracious I have ever received.

His sense of humor, I thought, was wry. When I induced Clare Booth Luce to produce a monthly column for *McCall's*, her husband congratulated me. "I wish," he said, "*I* could afford to have her write for me." He added, "By the way, don't try to outsmart her— she's smarter than I am." At the conclusion of a conference in Florida, Mr. Luce said, "I will remember your talk longer than you will remember mine, but that's because I paid more attention. The trouble with you young editors" (I was a whole year younger) "is that you don't concentrate on the thing in hand. I listened to every word you said. But," he continued, "send me a copy of your speech—it couldn't possibly be as good as it sounded. If it is, next time you can write mine."

ONE evening he asked for my impression of *Life*. "Do you think it can be improved?" he asked. Then he added, "Don't tell me—I'll tell you, but don't quote me. As a matter of fact, when I get to the office tomorrow I'll quote myself." On another evening, when that other publishing phenomenon, DeWitt Wallace, was present, I asked both men if they believed a *Time* and a *Reader's Digest* could be launched *now* and be assured of success. "If you'll start *Reader's Digest*," Mr. Wallace said to Mr. Luce, "I'll start *Time*." "Don't bother, Wally," Mr. Luce said, "I'll start both."

He had enormous imagination and daring. Even at age sixty-eight he would have been willing, I think, to undertake still another magazine venture, of whatever magnitude. His book division, begun only a few years ago, achieved almost immediate inordinate success. His influence on the printing industry was profound. His opinions were sought by men of consequence in government and commerce. He was known the world over. For all his mental stature and imposing physical appearance, he assumed no airs, seeming never to forget he was the son of a modest clergyman and that the fantastic near-billion-dollar business he built was begun with $86,000 that he needed to borrow.

Over the years, friends have observed that Henry Luce would have made a superb ambassador to China, the country where he was born, of American parents, and in which he maintained an abiding interest. I myself think he would have made a superb President. I am content, however, that he gave himself entirely to publishing. If there have been those who complained about his lack of fairness, charging bias in his news columns, it seldom much bothered those other than politicians. In addition to generosity toward his enemies—and Mr. Luce had much of the former and many of the latter—a man of purpose may be entitled to a little bias toward his friends. Who of us is altogether and unvaryingly objective? In any event, *Time* was not established for the partially literate or for those who cannot read between the quotes and the quips.

I liked him. From him I learned a great deal, including the notion that a man has the right to indulge a few prejudices. Some of my contemporaries will not agree. They will hold that the public print is sacrosanct and that the news never must be tempered by personal impression. If I think that Henry Luce tempered the news now and then, I do not believe that he tampered with the facts, ever.

I am myself prejudiced. In favor of Mr. Luce and the magazines he brought into being.

Miss him a lot we will.

Tourist's Great Britain

By Lenore Marshall

IN Cardinal Wolsey's palace between lace curtains
Is a pink celluloid duck on the window sill.
In Sir Christopher Wren's restoration where busts of Nero
Tiberius and others garnish niches, statues of the Griffen of Wales,
Of unicorns, goats and lions line up on pedestals.

Henry the Eighth's wine cellar is not as it used to be.

If a general dies and leaves a widow,
Or someone like that, if they get on hard times they can apply, maybe,
Live here, with windows giving out on green sward, stone Romans,
In Cardinal Wolsey's palace rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren
Where a pink celluloid duck may be seen between clean lace curtains.

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Saturday Review

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Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher
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Managing Editor
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Science Editor
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Dangerous Delay on the Hill

A U.S. SENATOR who represents a highly industrialized state along the Atlantic seaboard with a constituency of several million voters, awoke one morning recently at 6:45 in his Washington apartment, dressed rapidly, and boarded a cab at his corner for a 7:30 campaign breakfast at the Hay-Adams. There his administrative assistant met him in the lobby with a list of fourteen appointments on the Hill and elsewhere in the District ranging through the morning, lunch, a packed afternoon, dinner, and well into the evening. At least, the Senator thought to himself, he wouldn't have to take a late afternoon plane for an evening rally in his home state, to be followed by a midnight plane back to Washington, in time for a few hours' sleep before a repeat of this morning's breakfast meeting. The dozen or so formal appointments in and out of the halls of Congress would, this Senator knew, be part of his daily routine so long as he sat on the Hill representing the people of his state, and he could never avoid the flood of mail, the deluge of phone calls, and the endless committee work in an archaic legislature.

The Senator had been asked in recent weeks to do an astonishing number of acts for individual voters—from making personal pleas on the floor of the House for someone's private profit to booking airplane and hotel reservations for visiting firemen, even to replacing china and matching draperies. He knew he would be commanded continually by letter and phone, and in person when voters from his state happened to be in Washington, to prosecute the war in Vietnam, to end the war in Vietnam by tomorrow morning, to spend more money, to spend less money, to take care of small business problems, as well as local water pollution and diplomatic relations with South America. The Senator knew that a fellow Congressman had spoken the truth when he said: "When you're home you can't even go to church in safety. There simply isn't time enough left to legislate properly."

The Senator also knew that simple measures of Congressional reform, long proposed but always procrastinated against, would have helped him live through his terrifying daily schedule. He was keenly aware, as a member of that ad hoc group, that more than six months had elapsed since the final report of the Joint Committee on the Reorganization of Congress had been sent to both Houses with a hope that immediate steps would be taken to remedy major defects in our federal legislative procedures. Since absolutely nothing final had been accomplished along these lines, it was reasonable to suppose that yet another futile report might be filed and forgotten with other reform proposals, though he hoped this was not to be the case.

The recommendations for Congressional reform make sense to the busy Senator whose schedule we have outlined, and to most of his colleagues, and the pity is that half a year has already gone by without so much as one comma being adopted. There are various reasons for this inaction, and for Congress's overall production problems. Among these reasons is the appalling fact of the Congressman's schedule itself; it simply leaves no time to legislate. Personal demands from his constituents overwhelm him, committee and subcommittee details swamp him, and it is also true that Congressmen and Senators must pass too much time in their districts back home fence-mending and fulfilling the desires of politicians. Congressional procedures are so cumbersome that effective legislation comes almost as an afterthought.

Another reason why Congressional action is slow is that the committee chairmen rise, in general, through seniority rule. This means that long-term hacks, particularly Democrats from the Deep South—men virtually appointed to office by local political bosses—eventually become chairmen of the most powerful committees in Congress. The men are often not only inadequately trained in their committee specialities but are also apt to be conservative to the point of reaction, a bad qualification for any creative committee chairmanship.

Yet another serious problem involves the appointment of postmasters and candidates for the military academies and other government agencies, by tradition the role of members of Congress. The nation could bypass politics in these instances by placing all post office appointments under Civil Service and letting Civil Service examinations take care of the nominations to the various academies and government agencies now enshrouded in patronage.

Still another item in everyone's blueprint for a stronger Congress is the effectiveness of existing laws relating to Congressional lobbies. Another area requiring attention is the strengthening of the Congressional power of the purse and a better job of coordinating Congressional performance in raising and appropriating public funds. What a Congressman is actually asked to do day by day, month by month, is to deal with individual appropriations bills with little or no personal knowledge of the overall revenue-expenditure picture—or, for that matter, anything but a smattering of ignorance from the departments themselves. Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey puts it this way: "We are asked to do the family shopping week after week without adequate information on what the annual income will be or what total family expenses may amount to."

ALL in all, nothing is more important to Congress than modernizing itself so it can cope with an atomic world, a world which demands instantaneous decisions at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. This will require a streamlined legislature, and the members of Congress know this. Some sort of Congressional reform bill is possible at this session, but the urgency of reform isn't yet apparent on the Hill. —R. L. T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Crash-Proofing Bargaining

I FIND A. H. Raskin's article, "Collision Course on the Labor Front" [*SR*, Feb. 25], provocative of serious thought. I was particularly struck by the paragraph which begins: "In general, the mechanics of bargaining require recasting to get rid of the explosive notion that the world stops on the date the contract runs out."

Some time ago, as a starting point for discussion, I submitted a suggestion to the two Senators from New Jersey, Clifford Case and Harrison Williams. I proposed the abolition of the strike deadline and the indefinite continuation of negotiations until an agreement is reached.

Since labor may claim that this gives a tremendous advantage to management, which may stall and keep on stalling forever, I proposed that as soon as negotiations start, the employer be required to start paying into an escrow fund a given weekly percentage of the increase demanded by the union. If the controversy hinges on other matters, the escrow payment would be set by arbitrators. Upon the signing of a new contract this fund would be turned over to the union.

The union would be assured of an extra bonus as long as the bargaining continues; the employer would not find it advantageous to stall; the consumer would be protected; and the national or local economy would not suffer as it does now.

MARIO PEI, Professor of Romance Philology,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.

Decline and Fall of Fiction?

BARBARA TUCHMAN, in "The Historian's Opportunity" [*SR*, Feb. 25], celebrates a mysteriously "given" decline of the novel, poetry, and drama and the turning of the public interest "toward the literature of actuality." Is there more actuality in official documents and even authorized biography than in Monsieur Meursault? Does more of "the truer image of man and society" emerge from the pages of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* than from *Lord of the Flies*?

Whatever increased interest there is in history might better be explained by a public turning more and more to escape literature; to the works of myth-makers who play openly upon our idolatry; to those of the academics who have practiced their scholarship so diligently as to leave their reader as antiseptically uninvolved as they found him; and to the works of the non-academics who have recognized the sham of a historical epistemology and abandoned themselves to being readable.

DAVID F. KELLUM, Assistant Professor of History,
State University College.
Oneonta, N.Y.

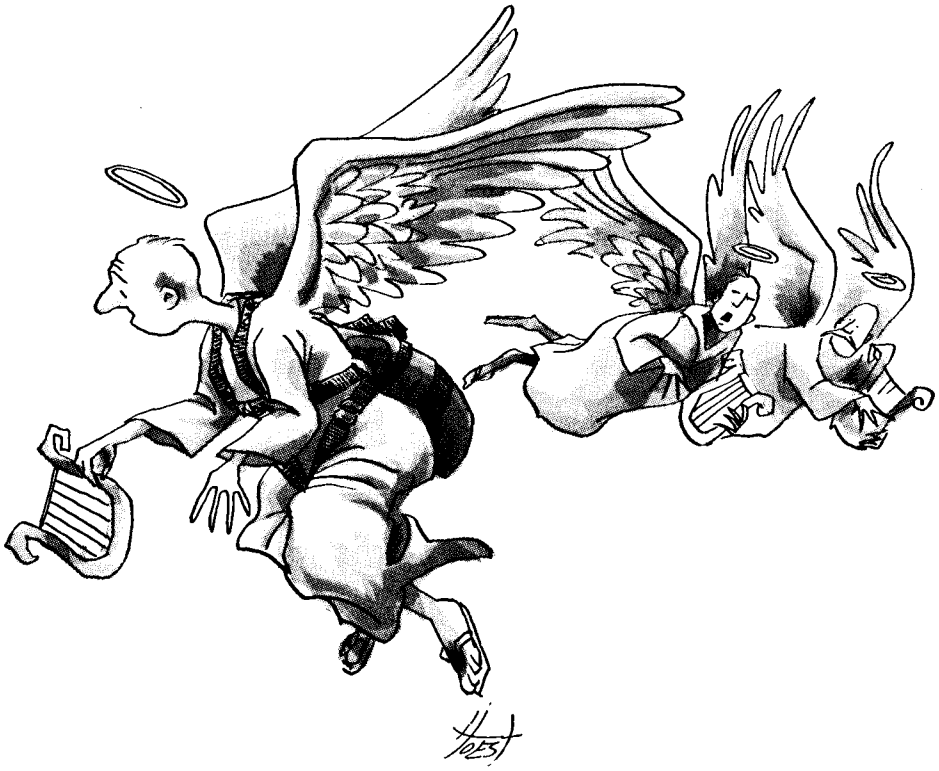
ETV: Carnegie or Ford?

IT WAS MOST DISAPPOINTING to read Robert Lewis Shayon's column on the educational TV situation [*SR*, Feb. 18], for it grossly misrepresents the relation between the proposals of the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Commission. Far from its being necessary to choose *either* the Ford *or* Carnegie proposal, there is no reason not to have *both*.

The Ford Foundation proposed *only* to provide that a domestic communication satellite be operated by a nonprofit corporation which would: a) give free interconnection to ETV stations; and b) turn over to ETV any profits accruing from charges to commercial networks for satellite use. The Carnegie Commission proposes to establish a wholly new public television system—including full interconnection (free, if possible). The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare would provide capital and operating funds that far exceed the estimated annual profits of the Ford satellite. A Corporation for Public Television would receive, in addition, an approximately equal amount from private and federal sources to furnish programs to the system. The Ford nonprofit satellite system is *not* a programing agency; the Corporation for Public Television is.

Mr. Shayon believes the Carnegie proposal is too modest financially. But it advocates lifting the present ETV annual budget from $60,000,000 to $150 million at once and to $270 million later. That is four to eight times the estimated profits of a satellite. We all hope ETV will prove to be worth much more someday—but why not get a start on the upward path now?

L. A. DUBRIDGE, Member, Carnegie Commission; President, California Institute of Technology.
Pasadena, Calif.



"Harry was always rather conservative."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Shayon comments, "I am happy that Dr. DuBridge believes that a combination of the proposals is feasible. That was precisely the point I was making."*

Short-Distance Ordeals

IN REGARD TO N.C.'s editorial, "The Ordeal of the Short Distance" [*SR*, Feb. 11], there is no real reason why passenger terminals must be located contiguous with the physical support facilities at any airport.

At present, passengers arriving or departing at Dulles International Airport are shuttled from the terminal to the plane by buses specially designed for the purpose. A logical extension would be to have the shuttle run from a central city terminal directly to an underground station at the end of the runway.

WILLIAM J. BEAN.
Washington, D.C.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL calls to mind the anachronistic practice of jet service and instant eating aboard our major airlines.

Every day at 5, when a jet takes off from Cleveland for New York, the scene resembles a Mack Sennett comedy. Passengers have to eat dinner as though they were shoveling coal in a blast furnace. Stewardesses with food trays charge down the aisle like sprinters training for the Olympics.

This is just a minor incident, but it mirrors the absurdity of situations in which technology outstrips human imagination and operates in a vacuum of folly.

DENNIS G. KUBY, Minister,
The Unitarian Society of Cleveland.
Cleveland, O.

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What's Going On Up There?—A Report from General Dynamics

When a broadcaster calmly announces that the launch rocket has been jettisoned, the capsule is in orbit 115 miles above the earth and that the crew is in excellent shape, ever wonder...

Who told *him?*

How does *anyone* know what is happening to that one particular speck, invisible in the vastness of space and moving at five miles per second?

He knows because the facts do come back—through a communication system as essential to space research as any satellite.

Some day man may colonize the planets, but first a vast amount of information is needed.

Every space flight today, manned or not, is basically a fact-finding mission—whether to learn more about cosmic radiation, the ability of a human to function in zero gravity, or scores of little-known aspects of space.

"Needle in a haystack":

To collect the information in the first place, earthbound mission controllers must stay in touch with the spacecraft from the instant of launch, know where it is and where it is going.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration does the job through a worldwide network of stations—many parts of which have been built by General Dynamics—that track and collect information from the space vehicles. This network is tied into control centers which, depending on the mission, may be in Florida, Texas, California—or aboard an instrumentation ship on the high seas.

From the moment a space shot starts, a transmitter follows the programmed path of the space vehicle, beaming a continuous-wave radar signal on a specific assigned frequency. A transponder aboard the spacecraft receives the signal, changes it to a different frequency, and transmits it back to earth.

As the spacecraft moves, the length of time for the signal's round trip changes. The differences are continually measured and computed against the original program, with the spacecraft's position, speed and path displayed visually for the controllers.

If the spacecraft is straying, mission controllers can order the vehicle to make the necessary corrections that will put it back on the right path.

Collecting the facts:

More than direction is involved.

Even before launch and on through flight, literally hundreds of sensors in and on the launch vehicle and its payload—in a manned flight even on the astronauts' bodies—are measuring as many different kinds of data.

Some sample the goings-on outside the spacecraft: radiation, meteorite contact, temperature. Others keep track of conditions inside: fuel consumption, engine operation. Still others may report on crew members' heartbeats and skin temperatures, or on cabin conditions such as oxygen content.

Each of these measurements is converted into electrical signals to be radioed back to earth. The more complex the spacecraft and its launching vehicles, the more information must be sent. Ground stations must receive and digest millions of "bits" of information every second. Printed, this would be enough to fill ten average Sunday newspapers every minute.

All this information is sent down a single radio beam. The process is similar to the multiplexing which allows scores of individual telephone conversations to go over a single wire or microwave beam simultaneously.

Command function:

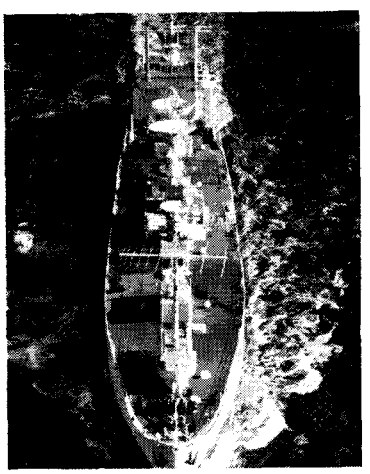
Picture an eight-lane highway, packed solid with cars, interrupted by a one-lane bridge. At the entry to the span, a policeman alternately directs one car from each highway lane in sequence to keep a solid stream flowing across the bridge. At the other end, another policeman directs each car back into the same lane it started from.

Now multiply the speed of the process a millionfold. Instead of eight lanes, more than 200 sensors; instead of a bridge, one radio beam; instead of the policeman, a commutator which alternates the input from the sensors in the proper sequence.

Although all data sent from the spacecraft are stored for later detailed analysis, much of it must be immediately available—visibly, while the event is occurring—for the controllers to exercise their command function.

Suppose an orbiting spacecraft begins to tumble, jeopardizing the mission. Sensor measurements radioed to earth indicate changes. Controllers watching the computer printouts and data displays find anomalies, analyze the problem and order corrective action. Orders are transmitted to the spacecraft whose on-board receptors pass them to the system involved. Main engines or verniers fire as necessary to put the spacecraft back on course.

The rates vary at which data is sent. During launch phase, tracking data



Filling the Holes in the Network

Requirement: Orbiting satellites are temporarily "lost" when they pass over oceans out of "sight" of land tracking stations. In view of the complexity of the forthcoming Apollo moon-shot program—particularly the critical need for uninterrupted contact with the Apollo vehicle and its three-man crew—this ocean gap had to be filled.

Solution: Three *floating* tracking stations, called Apollo Instrumentation Ships, built by General Dynamics for the U.S. Navy and NASA. The ships are fully equipped to track, maintain two-way radio contact with and receive telemetered data from orbiting satellites.

The three ships will be deployed this summer under U.S. Air Force operational command to positions in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans. There, integrated into NASA's worldwide network of land tracking stations, they will begin their tracking and telemetry work.

In addition to their communication role, the Apollo Instrumentation Ships have been given mission control responsibility. If communication should be broken between NASA's control center in Houston and the ship then in contact with the Apollo capsule, the basic "go/no go" decisions will be made aboard the Apollo ship.

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may be required every fraction of a second; after the payload is in orbit, once an hour may be enough. Heartbeat and respiration of an astronaut might be monitored constantly. But a weather satellite may "store" all the information it acquires in a full orbit, discharge it all at once upon command to a specific receiving station.

A whisper from space:

But how can this information possibly get across the hundreds, or in some cases millions, of miles of space?

One problem is that the size of the spacecraft severely limits the power available to it for radio transmitters and receivers. Commercial radio stations use as much as 50,000 watts of broadcast power. The space ship may have as little as five watts.

Receiving antennas on the ground must be able to sort out one specific whispered signal from among those coming from hundreds of other spacecraft, from other space noise including solar radiation, from the mass of radio signals bouncing around within the atmosphere—and interpret its special signal with absolute correctness.

To do this, receivers have to be big. Movable antennas built by General Dynamics have diameters up to 30 feet and can pick up a 5-watt signal from the moon. NASA uses some as big as 85 feet in diameter which have received space signals from as far as 134,000,000 miles away.

Weak ears, big voice:

The concave surface of the antenna, tuned to the specific frequency of the spacecraft it is receiving, collects and focuses the signal to a smaller hyperbolic reflector which, in turn, sends it to a series of amplifiers that boost its intensity.

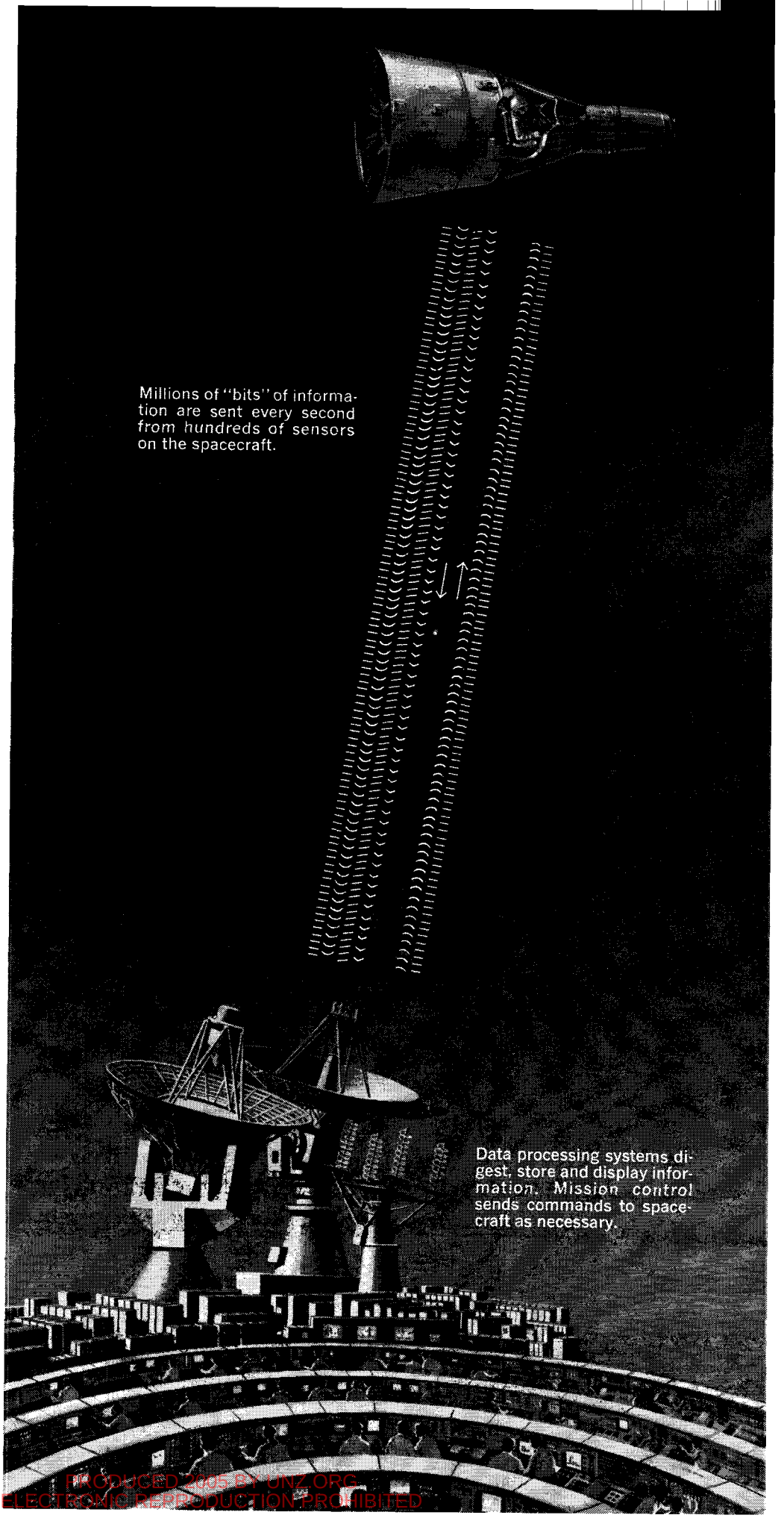
To "call" the spacecraft, the problem reverses. Its antennas may be as small as five inches in diameter. The signal sent from earth may require peak power of up to 1,000,000 watts.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020


Millions of "bits" of information are sent every second from hundreds of sensors on the spacecraft.
Data processing systems digest, store and display information. Mission control sends commands to spacecraft as necessary.

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Florida Findings

PERHAPS THE MOST distressing fact about our current theater is that less than 3 per cent of the American population attend even one live professional dramatic performance in a given year. When this relative disinterest is compounded with the increasing average age of audiences and performance costs per potential customer—which must rise faster than it is possible to meet by the sale of more tickets—we quickly see that these trends can be counteracted only by subsidy. The amount of subsidy that will be required, however, can be both justified and reduced by programs devised to turn a larger portion of the populace into theatergoers.

One of several states attempting such audience-development projects is Florida, where Sarasota's Asolo Theater Company has undertaken a grueling tour of fourteen of the state's sixty-seven counties. The tour was made possible by the hard work of the Asolo Company, which heretofore has only operated at its own charming theater during the summer months; by a $130,000 federal grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare under Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act; and by the eager cooperation of the high schools and the willingness of each county to pay $1 per student as stipulated in the federal grant.

From the high school student's point of view, the project works quite simply. First, the play is read and discussed in English class (*As You Like It* by ninth graders, *Major Barbara* by twelfth). Then the students are excused from classes for one day and are bused into a centrally located high school auditorium or available community theater. There, what is for most of them their first live theater experience begins with a morning of talk and demonstration by the professional performers and technicians. This, it turns out, is a most effective way to acquaint these young people with the creative work and professional skill that go into transforming the play's words and stage directions into live entertainment. Indeed, the most fascinating part of the demonstration is the rehearsal staging of the same scene in a number of different ways, each of which serves a different interpretation of the play.

After a short luncheon recess, the students return to see the whole play performed. Because the primary aim is to give the student an agreeable and attention-holding theater experience, the actors woo them casually into the dramatic action by informally singing some modern folk songs while they are putting on make-up and costumes. Even after they slide into the play, the emphasis remains on humor and melody. And, oddly enough, the ninth graders seem more taken with the naughty and irresponsible Touchstones than they are with the noble and romantic leading characters, Orlando and Rosalind.

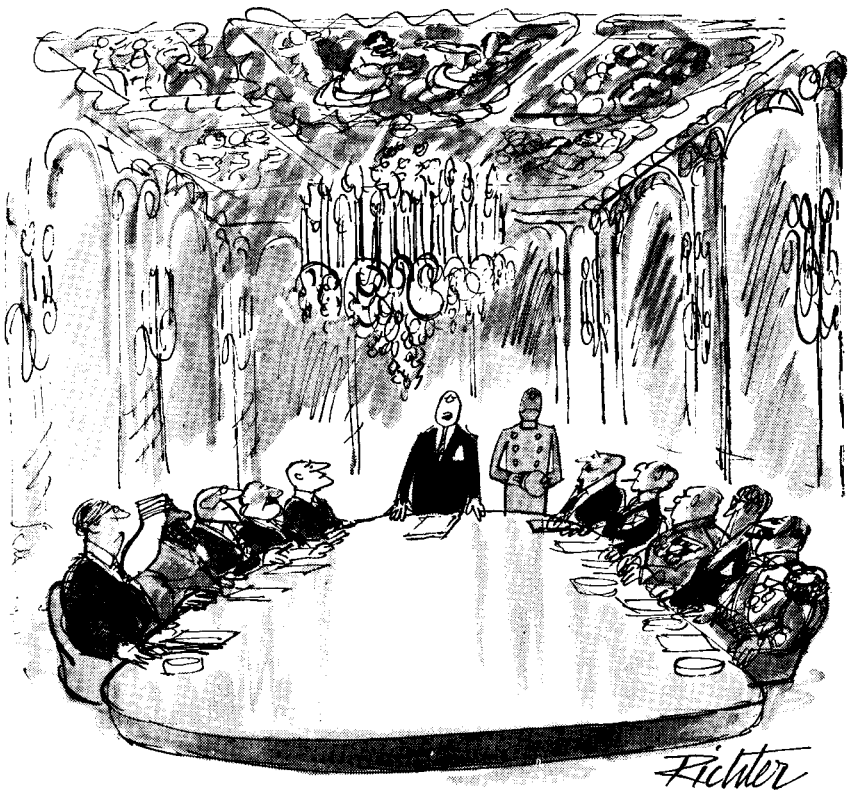
For the twelfth graders, the same formula is employed except that the play is *Major Barbara*. While there are no folk songs (what an opportunity to put the socialist sentiments of Shaw's preface to music!), the performances are quite broad. The result is that the munitions manufacturer, Undershaft, amuses them with his hard-headed impatience with conventional cant and romanticized institutions.

Since the students have already discussed the poetry and significance of these plays, they are delighted now to discover the elementary theatrical fun that the Asolo Company has with them. It is expected that a high percentage of the 12,000 students and the 460 teachers who have seen these productions will become regular theatergoers, and that some will even be stimulated into staging and acting in plays themselves.

AS for the company, it must now return to Sarasota, where these two productions will be overhauled to make them more suitable for theatrically sophisticated audiences and will join Goldoni's *The Fan* and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* in the Asolo Theater Spring Festival scheduled to run ten weeks until May 20. This will be followed by a summer festival of four more plays and, provided the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare renews its subsidy, another high school tour next winter.

All this means that the Asolo Company has moved from being a seasonal endeavor to becoming a year-round enterprise, able to profit from trial and error. Chiefly responsible for this growth is Florida State University Professor Richard G. Fallon, who, like Trinity University's Paul Baker, has moonlighted between running a university theater department and a professional company hundreds of miles away. Professor Fallon, however, wears a third hat as organizer and head of the Theater Research Council of America. The latter is a natural outgrowth of his other activities, for it is in the national interest to investigate how such projects as this Florida high school tour can increase future audiences and encourage better training of talented young people in the skills of the theater.

—HENRY HEWES.



"Mr. President, Comrade Chairman, My Lord Prime Minister, Your Excellencies, and gentlemen, will the owner of auto license number JXK 43 . . . ."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Detour from the Darkening Path

WHEN I reviewed Anthony Powell's *The Valley of Bones* (*SR*, Aug. 22, 1964), I quoted a sentence that I had written in my review of his *Dance to the Music of Time*: "Perhaps the most important thing to say about Powell is that he is entertaining in a way that not many writers are, though it would be a mistake to underestimate either his intelligence or his creative power." And, in concluding the review of *The Valley of Bones*, I wrote: "I read him with delight because I know that on page after page there will be insight and wit and lucid, subtle prose."

Since 1951 Powell has been writing a series of novels with the general title of *The Music of Time*, about English life from 1920 to some unannounced date. The first three novels were collected in a volume called *A Dance to the Music of Time*, and the second three in *A Dance to the Music of Time: Part II*. *The Valley of Bones* is seventh in the series, and *The Soldier's Art* (Little, Brown, $4.95) is the eighth. As the preceding volume ended with the fall of France, this ends with the German invasion of Russia. The hero and narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, is still in England, but the war has come to him by way of the blitz.

During the first half of the novel Nick, who is a second lieutenant, is involved in a practice maneuver. All the emphasis is on the dullness of his life—the futility of everything he does, the feuds carried on by his superior officers, the complaints of the men, the apparent indifference to the issues for which the war is supposedly being fought. He feels as if he "had served a million years, come to possess no life but the army, no master but Widmerpool, no table companions but Biggs and Soper."

One of the pleasures of reading through the series is the recurrence of characters we have met before. At the end of *The Valley of Bones* Nick is horrified to discover that he has been assigned as assistant to a Major Widmerpool. We have known Widmerpool since the first volume, in which he was the laughing-stock of the school he and Nick attended. Made ridiculous by his egotism (Nick speaks of "Widmerpool's inordinate, almost morbid, self-esteem") he nevertheless manages to push higher and higher, in military as in civilian life. During much of the present novel he is under a cloud because he has won the disfavor of Colonel Hogbourne-Johnson—who somewhat resembles "an owl, an angry, aging bird, recently baulked of a field-mouse and looking about for another small animal to devour"—but in the end it is clear that his progress has merely been interrupted, no brought to a stop. Widmerpool is the perfect bureaucrat: in any situation he can make his job so complicated that he not only becomes indispensable but requires a larger and larger staff of assistants.

Another old friend that Nick encounters is Charles Stringham, who also figures as a schoolmate in the opening pages of the first novel. During his public-school days Stringham, to whom Nick looked up as he looked down on Widmerpool, was witty, sophisticated, unconventional, and rather brash. In the course of the series Stringham appears in various guises, most often as mischievous drunkard. Here he turns up as a waiter in the officers' mess. Nick tries to befriend him, but Stringham, now a teetotaler and a man proud of his humility, insists that he is satisfied with the life he is living. When Nick asks Widmerpool to find a better place for his old acquaintance, Widmerpool says self-righteously, "Stringham was a badly behaved boy in school. You must remember that. You knew him much better than I." Widmerpool tries to do Stringham a disservice.

After a visit to London, during which several of his friends—persons we faithful readers have come to know—are killed in an air raid, Nick has another talk with Stringham. The latter, who is probably going to be sent to the Far East because of Widmerpool's manipulations, quotes in a reflective mood from Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came":

> I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
> As a man calls for wine before he fights,
> I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights
> Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
> Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art:
> One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

It is from this passage that Powell takes his title, and one wonders exactly what he wants the reader to make of it. The usual conception of the soldier's art is that he should fight first, and think afterwards, if at all: "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." However, as Stringham says regarding the passage, "Like everything that's any good, it has about twenty different meanings." By the most obvious interpretation, Roland is saying that thoughts of the pleasant past can prepare a man for the struggle ahead. Stringham comments: "There's a lot in what he says. Not that I feel in the least nostalgic

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about earlier, happier sights. I can't offhand recall many. The good bit is about thinking first and fighting after."

Ironically, Childe Roland in the poem rejects the remedy he has prescribed. Thinking of old friends, he remembers that they have come to bad ends, and he exclaims: "Better this present than a past like that—/ Back therefore to my darkening path again."

Perhaps because of the thinking he has done, Stringham returns cheerfully to his darkening path. Nick, on the other hand, is directed by army orders to a new path, but whether it will darken or brighten he and we do not know.

I cannot recommend that anyone who wants to become acquainted with the Powell series should begin with *The Soldier's Art*. The narrative is too subdued to catch one's attention. It is essential to Powell's method that the narrator should be given to understatement, should never express passion or terror or hate. He is a well-bred, soft-spoken, upper-middle-class Englishman, and Powell gets some of his best effects by way of Nick's restraint. But here he seems almost ridiculously phlegmatic, and such matters as Widmerpool's intrigues are made to seem not merely trivial but rather boring. That Nick should play down the only dramatic incidents in the story, the two bombings, is appropriate to his character, but he leaves the reader as torpid as he pretends to be. And yet, in spite of all this, anyone who has gone all the way with Powell, as I have, will not want to skip this volume, and he will have his rewards. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1232

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1232 will be found in the next issue.

WRA XAEOCP OC KAG UCCT

SCCQO EXA GXJWWAP JO WREW

OC KAG HACHIA GRC LEP

GXJWA QPCG EPMWRJPU.

—GEIWAX SEUARCW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1231

The oldest books are still only just out to those who have not read them.
—Samuel Butler.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Mirth in Mexico

Having some interest in Mexico, I was very pleased to see the article by John K. Hutchens [*SR*, Feb. 25]. But no Mexican would be either complimented or amused by it. Certainly the Centro Mexicano de Escritores has played a large role, as, I am sure, has its directress, but surely it is not the whole story. The entire article seemed to be a backhanded slap at modern Mexican culture and education.

Timothy E. Anna.

Durham, N.C.

John K. Hutchens's substitution of "Pepito" for "Tepito" will almost certainly cause a mirthful reaction in Mexico, even if the Tepito district of Mexico City has, probably, a larger concentration of Pepitos than other districts do. (Pepito is the perennial bad boy and frequently the Lucky Pierre of Mexican humor.)

What will almost certainly not cause a mirthful reaction is the theme of this "once-over-lightly dispatch," that the Mexican literary establishment is supported, at least in part, by American money.

Both Octavio Paz and Carlos Fuentes have written of their disgust with cliché thinking by Americans of Mexico and of Americans by Mexicans, yet here we have again the *mañana* idea.

Charles R. Humphrey.

Pueblo, Colo.

Life in the Old Dudes

Brian Garfield's picayunish review of *A Gallery of Dudes* [*SR*, Feb. 11] shows evidence of sketchy reading of the book. . . . No mention of Gore's safaris? See page 68. No investigation of Westerners' attitudes? Among others read the chapter on Theodore Roosevelt and learn that it was the natives who termed Roosevelt a dude, not Sprague. No central theme? Read the foreword. And we in the dude country appreciate the cataloguing of routes, names, and events. Deadpan? Mundane? Not Sprague, whose delightful style breathes life into these long dead dudes!

Evelyn Ely.

Billings, Mont.

Fruits of the Faithless

Bernard Mandelbaum's piqu[illegible] Erich Fromm [*SR*, Feb. 25] for getting a lot of mileage and perhaps royalties out of God without believing in Him, reminds me of the time I God-blessed someone after a sneeze. The person was indignant: "You don't even believe in God," she stormed. I say thank God for the Erich Fromms of the world who can write dispassionately and intelligently without having either to buy or sell the stuff.

Robert Seidenberg.

Syracuse, N.Y.

Since faith in God operates in a dimension transcending philosophic reasoning, scientific exploration, psychological experimentation, polemics and pragmatism, we would do well to remember that in this realm intellectual illiterates can sometimes confound the erudite.

Irene Prater Dell.

Carl Junction, Mo.

Anti-nothing Resentment

Cecile Shapiro, reviewing *There Goes Davey Cohen* [*SR*, Feb. 11], says: "Ben fits handily the standard anti-Semitic stereotype: cheap, loud, vulgar, ostentatious, pushy." This description may be stereotypic but it is error to call it anti-Semitic. I'm anti-nothing but I resent the type she describes.

Edward McMahon.

Teaneck, N.J.

Superb

Brooks Atkinson's review of the short stories of Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams [*SR*, Feb. 25] was superb, as is the entire content of the *Saturday Review*.

James M. Sweet.

Bucksport, Maine

An Original Voice

Robert Spector obviously did not skim more than the first ten pages of *West: Manhattan to Oregon*, by Conrad Pendleton [*SR*, Feb. 11]. So, he unjustly missed the radiant vitality of Pendleton's poetry—its organic cadences and idioms in the living heritage of America. In his socio-pastorals, such as "Snowy Egrets in Rockefeller Plaza," "White Geese in Night Niagara," "Old Herdbull in a Stockyard," and "The Last Backfurrow of Autumn," he has perfected a new poetic form, and has packed much wisdom, humanity and singing vigor into the thought. Pendleton, an original and valid voice among modern American poets, deserves critical recognition.

Theodore Tindall.

Portland, Ore.

Thoroughly Human

After reading Granville Hicks's review of *If Strangers Meet*, by Gladys Brooks [*SR*, Feb. 25], I am convinced that *Saturday Review* is truly fortunate to have such a thoroughly human and sensitive artist writing its book reviews.

James Galas.

San Diego, Calif.

What Price Candy Egg?

The correct price of *The World in the Candy Egg*, by Alvin Tresselt [*SR*, Feb. 18], is $3.75.

Nancy S. Howard,
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

New York, N.Y.

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The NBA Betting Game

WHOM should I meet at the reception following the annual National Book Awards ceremony on March 8 at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, New York City, but an old friend named Tilford Typescript, literary crystal-ball gazer and seer. It was, of course, no surprise to find him there. In the eighteen-year history of the awards Typescript never has missed a session, beginning with the famous first one in 1950. Moreover it is Typescript's claim that he never has failed to predict the victorious book in each of the categories for which the garlands are distributed, thanks to a system that is the envy of the thousand or so book reviewers, editors, publishers, *et al.* who assemble at these tournaments of culture, gossip, panel discussions, and the amiable consumption of mineral waters.

Having been present myself at seventeen of these gatherings, usually as a newspaper book reviewer and columnist, I put to Typescript a question I had long been pondering.

"Is it all worthwhile?" I asked.

"It certainly is worthwhile for me," said Typescript as he clutched a roll of bills, his reward for having envisioned and cagily bet on this year's winners: fiction—*The Fixer,* by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); poetry—*Nights and Days,* by James Merrill (Atheneum); arts and letters—*Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster); history and biography — *The Enlightenment: An Interpretation,* by Peter Gay (Knopf); science, philosophy, and religion—*La Vida,* by Oscar Lewis (Random House); translation (given separately by the National Translation Center, Austin, Texas)—Gregory Rabassa, for Julio Cortázar's *Hopscotch* (Pantheon); Willard Trask, for Casanova's *History of My Life,* Vols. I and II (Harcourt, Brace & World).

How, Typescript was asked, did he arrive at his omniscience?

Typescript smiled the bleak smile that has made him known as the Lone Wolf Gambler of Publishers Row, a title he disdains; he refuses to admit that chance enters into his calculations.

"It has to do with the predictability of the unpredictable," he said, "and if you think you are going to get anything more than that out of me you are as crazy as the people who take my bets. Let us adjourn to the bar."

We did, and, as the talk ran on, the years unrolled in a long pageant of titles and authors, triumphs, disappointments, occasionally petulant dissenters (myself among them), wise selections of enduringly fine works, and other choices which to this day remain mysterious to all but Tilford Typescript.

As the garrulous sage chattered along, this battle-scarred veteran of seventeen NBA festivals went back in his mind and memory to that question he had just asked, and came to a conclusion, to wit: the NBA prizes, donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute, honoring American titles "worthy of a distinguished role in our general intellectual and cultural life," are indeed worthwhile. They reward and encourage deserving writers. They direct attention to non-prize-winning books that nevertheless are publicized as nominees for awards. They bring together people, notably those living away from New York's literary market place, who share a concern for the art and commerce of American letters.

"Will you ever forget that first NBA show at the Waldorf-Astoria?" Typescript was asking. "Black tie and evening gowns, and a Cuban can-can dancer, and everybody talking at once, and Mrs. Roosevelt up there on the stage giving a speech and with a sweet smile on her face as if she thought everything was just fine."

No, one wouldn't forget that. But the format was distinctly improved the next year—no formal dress, short talks by the winning authors, an address by a speaker of some eminence. There was also, as it happened, a large-scale disagreement, the first of many, over the award for fiction. How come, it was asked, that it went to William Faulkner's *Collected Stories,* ranging back over a good many years, when only a few months previously John Hersey's *The Wall* was hailed as one of the great American novels of this century?

"Inconsistency, thy name is an NBA jury," said Typescript now. "In 1955 E. B. White's *The Second Tree from the Corner* lost out because all of it originally had been published over a period of years. In the same year Wallace Stevens won his second NBA poetry prize for a book that included all of the book that brought him his first NBA poetry prize in 1951."

Typescript's most stunning prophecy, he was reminded, was in 1957, when his system told him that Wright Morris's *The Field of Vision* would come in ahead of the front runner, Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah.*

"That was easy," he said. "I'd read a piece in *The Reporter* magazine by Professor Leslie A. Fiedler, one of the NBA fiction judges that year, praising Morris and panning O'Connor. It figured that he'd stay in there filibustering for Morris's book. But don't knock the NBA too much for that. That was the year the Pulitzer people didn't give *any* award for fiction, even though they could have taken *The Last Hurrah* or Hersey's *A Single Pebble* or J. F. Powers's *The Presence of Grace.*"

Dark horses? There have been a number of them, which in fact adds to the

NBA Winners

—*P. Anderson.*

Oscar Lewis

Bernard Malamud

—*Rollie McKenna.*

James Merrill

—*Dwight Webb.*

Justin Kaplan

—*Harold Strauss.*

Peter Gay

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pleasure of this annual guessing game. In 1962 there was Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer*, which many of the reviewers present had not read because it was not sent to them when it was published. This embarrassment was assuaged by Mr. Percy's gracious acceptance speech, in which without apparent irony he thanked everybody connected with his book, even his agent, a form of gratitude as rare in the publishing world as the whooping crane in birdland. Another was Conrad Richter's *The Waters of Kronos*, in 1961, a good but lesser novel by that superb storyteller.

"I think the jury was making up for its failure to pick Mr. Richter's *The Town* in 1950," said Typescript, referring to the final volume of Mr. Richter's splendid trilogy of the Ohio frontier. "NBA juries are supposed to honor a single book, but don't tell me they aren't thinking sometimes about the body of a writer's work. How else do you explain Katherine Anne Porter winning last year with a collection of stories or Lewis

Mumford's *The City in History* taking the nonfiction prize in 1962 over Mark Schorer's *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* and Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President: 1960*?"

This seemed to his listener like a reasonable notion, unless it reflects a traditional NBA aversion to best-sellers. With rare exceptions—John O'Hara's *Ten North Frederick*, James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*, Saul Bellow's *Herzog*—few popular works of fiction have been chosen, and there could be a case for this, though it can be carried to the point of absurdity. In 1959 Robert Lewis Taylor's *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters*, perhaps the best novel ever written about the crossing of the Western plains, was not even a nominee; the accolade that year went to Bernard Malamud's *The Magic Barrel*, to the expressed astonishment of Mr. Malamud.

"I am not by nature sentimental," said Typescript, "but I can't help feeling sorry for some of these writers who don't pick the right year to be published. Look at 1952, when Arthur Mizener's *The Far Side of Paradise* was up against Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*. Or 1957, when James MacGregor Burns's *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox* and Bruce

(*Continued on page 37*)

But Does It Sell Books?

Who's Got the Button? A note on my memo pad the other day read, "Call Frodo." For latecomers, Frodo is a hobbit, or "halfling," in J. R. R. Tolkien's series of fantasies dealing with the Middle Earth. He speaks Elvish. Some time ago the Tolkien Society was organized to exchange hobbit lore, and Mark Sloane, then the owner of a Greenwich Village coffee house, wrote to the Society proposing a suitable membership button—"Frodo Lives." The idea caught on, Sloane had the button manufactured, and followed it with others: "Gandalf for President," "Support your local hobbit." They have since sold in the tens of thousands, and so have Tolkien's books; Ballantine, one of two paperback houses reprinting the series in this country, reports three million copies in print.

So we called Frodo, or rather Sloane, and went down to see him at his new headquarters on Macdougal Street. It seems that Frodo started a whole new button culture on the East Coast. "We sell more than 300 different slogans, if you can call them that, including a fair number with literary connotations," Sloane told me. "They've become a big thing, especially on campuses. Buttons are graffiti to a lot of people. 'Mary Poppins is a junkie' isn't exactly commercial publicity, but it's one of our more popular items. Would you like to wear one?"

Thank you, no. But it set us to thinking. Like most fence writing, buttons are a debunking ploy, a fun way of mocking the establishment—any establishment. "Proust is a yenta" (Yiddish for gossip or busybody) is harmless enough, but "William Manchester is a yenta" (try getting that one on a button!) thumbs its nose at the consensus. It's just possible the button is right.

The best graffiti are preposterous enough to suggest, in their irreverence, a kernel of truth. And the truth may hurt. "Who is Ayn Rand?"—a badge worn on the West Coast—implies that you have read Miss Rand and are still doubtful about her message. The hobbit buttons, on the other hand, are essentially talismanic; they ward off the real world, and the wearer identifies with fantasy, or anyway with a gag.

"Grok" is another case in point. Fraternal in spirit, it admits the wearer into a cult, shows that he has looked into Robert L. Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* (a science-fiction novel now undergoing a revival), and that he knows the code. Translated, "Grok" is a cry of friendship. This sort of graffiti supplies the young, even the very young ("Chicken Little was right") with a private language of their own, a password into the freemasonry of—well, advanced adolescence.

Or maybe just delayed adulthood. The entire membership of the Kiwanis Club in Vallejo, California, wore the button "I Like Older Women" all through a business day recently, "just to add to the general excitement." (The button was supplied by the publisher of *In Praise of Older Women*.) Too bad. From the publishers' point of view, the nice thing about buttons as a vehicle for publicity was that they just happened. Once graffiti go into mass production they become square. The trick these days is to keep them from surfacing.

Who's Got the Author? *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?* is probably not the kind of book that will ever be promoted by buttons (not even "Jesus Saves"), yet it belongs to the literary underground; and although it isn't on any best-seller lists it goes right on selling (100,000 copies to date). Perhaps the principal reason for this is that the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, the author, really does run. He has hardly sat down once since the book was published in November 1965. He is his own best button, jumping from campus to campus, from bar to coffeehouse.

The Reverend Mr. Boyd is an example of the new breed of author who has come into prominence during the last few years, partly as the result of the sudden interest in books on the part of radio and TV. A generation ago, in the Christopher Morley or pre-McLuhan period before the medium got the message, a writer would finish a book, knock the ashes out of his pipe, fire up again, and start another manuscript. Not any more. Publication day is a signal to be off and running. An author is no longer expected merely to write his book; he is encouraged to hawk it too, singing for his supper as he goes.

Beginning with the New York-based *Today* show, a hustler can work his way right across the country to California. If instead of running he flies, he can get back on the same day in time for *Tonight*. But ordinarily he will prefer a more leisurely journey, hitting the luncheon circuit, appearing on local

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radio programs, holding press conferences, and visiting bookstores along the way. "Publicity these days is mostly a matter of logistics," a publisher's promotion director told me. "We route our authors into certain cities, set up the interviews, personal appearances and receptions, and make sure that the stores have an extra supply of books. We've become travel agents."

Does it pay off? Publishers, who pick up the tab, seem to think so. Start-up costs are expensive, but once in orbit a writer can get a lot of free exposure. This may take unusual forms. Ben Lucien Burman, an indefatigable traveler, finds himself the central figure of The Benevolent and Protective Order of Catfish Bend, a group of fans and friends around the country who are prepared to welcome him ceremonially at every stop. It helps, of course, to be investigated (Ralph Nader), to investigate (Mark Lane), or, better yet, to be sued (William Manchester). Lane, who is clearly the king of the hustlers, has made almost 450 personal appearances and is known in the trade as a repeater —that is, he will return to the same city several times. He is also one of the few peripatetic authors who has carried the game abroad.

A co-authored book has two things going for it—*i.e.*, both authors. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, who wrote *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power*, frequently make separate appearances, thus giving their book double as well as free exposure. Timing, too, is important. An author should be where the action is. A good example of the well-timed entrance is demonstrated by Gerold Frank, author of *The Boston Strangler*. Frank, of course, celebrated publication day (October 24, 1966) in Boston. Then, on October 25, he hit the road for a month's cross-country swing that took him to San Francisco by way of Texas. Frank returned home for a week's recuperation at Thanksgiving, then set out again for the East Coast and points south on a trip that lasted until December 15. He has since conducted short forays into New England and the Midwest.

Frank's schedule at any given stop is pretty much the same. He is available in the morning for press interviews, usually attends a book and author luncheon at noon, and tapes his radio or TV appearances in the afternoon. In his free time he makes it a point to drop in at the major bookstores in the city, introduce himself to the chief saleslady, "authorgraph" several copies of his book, and check on the window display. In the late afternoon or evening he flies on to his next stop.

He compares this to a touring vaudeville act that frequently plays with familiar personalities on the same bill. "I kept turning up on programs with S. J. Perelman," he said. "In Chicago, going into the studio to tape a show with Irv Kupcinet, I ran into Morton Hunt coming out, then bumped into Mark Lane at Krochs-Brentano at an autographing session. We both collided with John Bartlow Martin." There were no injuries.

Why do writers do it? "It appeals to the ham in us," one of the touring pros explained. "Who doesn't like to sit on the dais, be interviewed, and stay in first-class hotels? And you've got to remember that once you're outside of New York, just about any author is a celebrity. The smaller the city, the bigger you are. And hopefully you're making sales."

One can add to this that the writer is under a certain amount of pressure from his publisher, for the publisher himself is bedazzled by the new opportunities that exist on the numerous radio and TV shows that are in need of free talent. There are today in the United States something like 200 major interview programs that are hospitable to visiting authors. And although the electronic audience is not ordinarily thought of as bookish, an appearance on one of the major shows can do wonders for the

right book. An added bonus: the rediscovery of the author by newspapers. The press picks up, on the rebound as it were, the interest generated by a writer's appearance on TV.

It would be presumptuous to assume that publicity alone makes a best-seller. But it helps. The writer who is serious about putting his book over must be something of a performer. This may take the form of playing hard to get, a technique which, in the case of a man like J. D. Salinger, creates its own publicity image. For most of his life William Faulkner belonged in this category; a sign in front of his Oxford, Mississippi, house that warned "KEEP OUT" only served as a landmark for Faulkner pilgrims; townsfolk referred to it in giving directions.

As a genius of sorts, Faulkner could afford this stance. Most writers can't. The gracious banalities of the autographing party, the chatty interviews, the speeches and joke-making at the book and author luncheons—these may have little to do with writing; but they do, for good or bad, involve the profession of authorship. The writer ignores them at his peril. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

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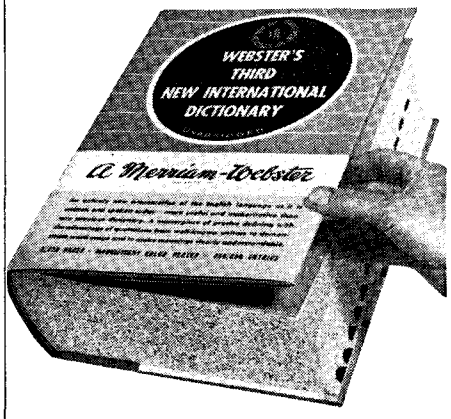

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The Wehrmacht Meets Its Match

The Breaking Wave: The Second World War in the Summer of 1940, *by Telford Taylor (Simon & Schuster. 378 pp. $10), deals primarily with the Battle of Britain and Germany's failure to capitalize on the fall of France. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, wrote "The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

"HERMANN GOERING impaled his ample backside first on one and then on the other horn of the dilemma." This interpretation of history is not only striking, it is accurate. The rotund Goering was allowed to run the air war against Britain as his own private conflict, without stimulus or criticism from the High Command of the Armed Forces or from the Army and Navy. As Commander-in-Chief, Goering bore immediate and direct responsibility for the Luftwaffe's setback; but it was Hitler, the Supreme Commander, who left everything to Goering.

Telford Taylor has an imposing background. As chief of counsel for the prosecution of war criminals at Nuremberg, he played a major role in unraveling the conspiracy of Hitler and the German generals against humanity. Before that he had been an officer in the military intelligence service of the United States Army, as well as a specialist on the German High Command. By profession a lawyer, he is also a gifted historian.

General Taylor is already known for his classic *Sword and Swastika: Generals and Nazis in the Third Reich* (1952); and in *The Breaking Wave* he contributes another fine volume to an understanding of the phenomenon that was National Socialism. Here is an author who not only understands strategy and tactics but can also reduce them to clear-cut terms. Refreshingly free from dry-as-dustism, Taylor uses dramatic prose to describe dynamic events. His work is highly professional, brilliant in planning and execution. This is the way military history should be written. It is a welcome addition to the proliferating literature on the greatest of all wars.

Taylor limits his account to the events that took place in the summer of 1940, when the Third Reich was close to victory. The narrative describes the strategic alternatives open to Hitler after his conquest of France, his decision to invade Britain, and the preparations and operations. The major part of the book is concerned with "the Battle of Britain (Eagle), which was executed but never planned, and the invasion of England (Sea Lion), which was planned and prepared, but never executed."

Other valuable books have been written about these subjects, notably Edward Bishop's *The Battle of Britain* and Peter Fleming's *Operation Sea Lion.* Taylor's work is unique in that it treats the whole story from the German point of view. He has examined primarily the German sources, and he has missed nothing of importance. Fortified by these documents he gives a running account of the ebb and flow of decision-making and events.

The failure of both Eagle and Lion put an end to Hitler's chances of victory by a "snap checkmate" and forced him to adopt the entirely new strategy of an extended war. For this neither the German economy nor the Wehrmacht was ready. In a very real sense this was the war's turning point, a critical boundary mark in the history of civilization.

In admirably inductive fashion Taylor gives the facts and then draws a convincing set of conclusions. He attributes the failure of Eagle and the abandonment of Sea Lion to a combination of circumstances. First, Hitler, the Supreme War Lord with dictatorial powers of decision, exercised his will much more erratically than is commonly supposed. The only man who could have straightened out the interservice mess, he made no attempt to do it. He understood nothing of air tactics. He suffered from an inclination to postpone decisions. From his mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden he looked on a Europe he dominated as no one had done since Napoleon. "The thoughts were in character, but they were not the thoughts of a Great Captain, for Hitler had neither selected a strategy that held good promise of success nor taken into account the cost of failure."

Added to the flaws of Hitler's leadership was a second handicap—a basic weakness in Germany's position. The country had become involved in a war of amphibious and potentially global dimensions, but its Wehrmacht was designed primarily for Continental operations. Victory in the Battle of France had been so rapid and complete that for the moment there was a chance, despite handicaps, to cross the Channel and knock out Britain. Germany's error was lack of foresight and preparation for this opportunity. The fault was not Hitler's alone: he hesitated, but his generals and admirals were also somnolent, lackadaisical, and blind to the strategic imperatives.

Consequently, the Wehrmacht became enmeshed in more undertakings

—*Wide World.*

Field Marshal Hermann Goering—the war against Britain was his own private conflict.

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and commitments than it could handle effectively. By the end of 1942 both the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe were spread over France, Italy, the Balkans, Greece, Crete, Egypt, Libya, and, not least, the thousands of miles of the Russian front.

"Marked on a map," says Taylor, "the conquests of the Wehrmacht were awesome, but the combination of decisions that led to them was military madness. He who cannot reject cannot select, and the downfall of the Third Reich was due, in no small measure, to Adolf Hitler's inability to realize that, in strategic terms, the road to everywhere is the road to nowhere."

Taylor sees the Battle of Britain as one of the most decisive of history, even if it was one of the least bloody. It was won, he says, not by the brilliance of any one field commander, but by professional competence in the higher ranks of the Royal Air Force and the civil service. To this Taylor adds the gallantry of a few thousand young men inspired by the desperate plight of their country and the personal example of one of the greatest war leaders of all time.

Perhaps there should be added to this top level another imponderable of

enormous import—the behavior of the British people during those critical days. Taylor is, of course, aware of this, but a greater tribute is in order. It was a magnificent display of courage in time of danger. Even Hitler was to learn the hard way that he could not defeat a people who simply refused to be beaten.

It is something more than a trite truism to say that civilization itself was at a crossroads of decision in that first summer of World War II. Between Hitler and world conquest stood the British people, insufficiently armed but imbued with bravery. Their performance under bombs and fire was one of the great moments of history.

> Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
> Or close the wall up with our English dead. . . .
> But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
> Then imitate the action of the tiger. . . .

The words of Henry V to his troops in 1422 have the advantage of some polishing by Shakespeare, but they ring true for the days of 1940.

Relocated in Land of the Free

***America's Concentration Camps,** by Allan R. Bosworth (Norton. 283 pp. $5.95), points up the irony of the internment of 110,000 Americans during World War II solely because of their Japanese ancestry. Herbert Mitgang observed the Nisei in action with U.S. troops in Italy.*

By HERBERT MITGANG

AN IMPORTANT story — whether about the death of a President or the killing of a national illusion— cannot be seriously harmed by mundane, journalistic prose. Although the phrase "concentration camp" in this book's title is an exaggeration, it dramatizes a little-known fact: that the home of the brave was not the land of the free for Americans of Japanese origin.

Was ever irony more bitter than for the Nisei and the Issei during the Second World War? In Italy the Nisei riflemen of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team—who suffered the greatest percentage of casualties of any unit in Army history—were battling the Nazis, who stood for racial superiority. I recall seeing them in action in the mountains north of Pisa; while a German 88 made us "Caucasians" scramble for shelter, the Nisei cooly attacked the enemy artillery.

What we did not fully realize then was that the Issei, their immigrant mothers and fathers, were in "relocation camps" from Arkansas to California. They had been put behind barbed wire not because of possible divided loyalty and therefore military danger; rather, they were victims of the same racial prejudice and hysteria that their sons were fighting abroad.

It happened here. And that is the story Allan R. Bosworth, author, former newspaperman, and retired Navy captain, tells in his factual (and somewhat prosaic) *America's Concentration Camps.* In the summer of 1942, about 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry were removed from their homes and businesses and placed under guard in relocation centers. Most of them were American citizens by birth. They were not questioned or tried; no acts of sabotage or even disloyal expression preceded their evacuation.

It happened because the Establishment press, the Establishment government officials in California and Washington, the Establishment army, and the Establishment businessmen all surfaced in sequence. The imprimatur of semi-official voices and community pressures encouraged the military and government to act without cause and deprive an American minority of its rights.

The Hearst press on the Coast, which had been fighting the "yellow peril" for a long time and still is, screamed about fifth columnists. Its handmaiden, the American Legion, canceled the charters of posts that had members of Japanese origin. Hearst columnists of the stripe of Henry McLemore, an ex-sports writer, said, "Herd 'em up, pack 'em off and give them the inside room in the badlands. Let 'em be pinched, hurt, hungry and dead up against it." Westbrook Pegler said, ". . . to hell with habeas corpus until the danger is over."

Allan Bosworth's solid research reveals two surprising names among those who favored the removal—Walter Lippmann and Attorney General, later Governor, Earl Warren. Mr. Lippmann declared that "the Pacific Coast is officially a combat zone; some part of it may at any moment be a battlefield. Nobody's Constitutional rights include the right to reside and do business on a battlefield." Mr. Warren echoed these sentiments. (It has been suggested that Chief Justice Warren's later strong civil rights decisions were partially the result of his cautious wartime position.) FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, it should be noted, said that the demand for evacuation was "based primarily upon public and political pressure rather than upon factual data."

Nevertheless, President Roosevelt and the War Department authorized the camps. Japanese families were uprooted and shipped off to barracks, where they worked and lived in discomfort but without oppression. Finally, at the beginning of 1945, mass exclusion and detainment were revoked following a United States Supreme Court ruling. Mr. Justice Murphy said: "Racial discrimination of this nature bears no reasonable relation to military necessity and is utterly foreign to the ideals and traditions of the American people."

It could happen here again, says Roger Baldwin, former director of the American Civil Liberties Union, in his introduction to *America's Concentration Camps.* The laws and the machinery exist for "another war, another emergency, another minority."

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He Raised Cain and Columbia

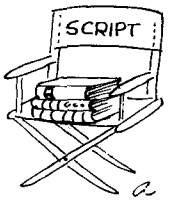
King Cohn: The Life and Times of Harry Cohn, *by Bob Thomas (Putnam. 381 pp. $6.95), describes a cave man in the evolution of the motion picture. Arthur Knight criticizes films for SR.*

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

THERE is a Hollywood story, probably apocryphal since it turns up nowhere in Bob Thomas's singularly well-documented account of the late head of Columbia Studios, that when Harry Cohn died, one of the mourners reported that some 2,000 people had turned out to attend the funeral. "Oh," came the cool reply, "what did they serve?" (Thomas does, however, quote Red Skelton's far more famous observation, "Well, it only proves what they always say—give the public something they want to see, and they'll come out for it.")

No mistake about it, Harry Cohn was not loved in his lifetime; and when in 1958 he shuffled off this mortal coil, the sigh of relief in the movie colony could be heard as far as Malibu. He was, as Thomas makes abundantly clear, an arrogant, uncouth, lecherous, and rarely benevolent despot who ran his studio with an iron will and fist—the kind of man who doesn't have ulcers, but gives them. He was famous for the slashing invective that he loosed upon his hapless subordinates; and his favorite method of indicating his approval of a script was to hurl it full force at its author's stomach.

Why, then, a full-scale biography of such a monster? Because, like Bosley Crowther's *Hollywood Rajah* of a few years ago, documenting the not dissimilar life and times of Louis B. Mayer, *King Cohn* provides a valuable insight into the origins of the motion picture industry itself, and the kind of tough, buccaneering, aggressive self-assurance that it took to organize and run a major studio. Significantly, Mayer was a junk dealer, Cohn a song-plugger before destiny brought them to the movies.



They were of the people—and movies, particularly in their formative years, were the popular entertainment. Cohn was probably righter than he knew when he declared, "I have a foolproof device for judging whether a picture is good or bad. If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good." In a somewhat more elevated parlance, this would be called "the common touch."

But movies have been changing rapidly in the decade since Harry Cohn's death. Undoubtedly, his fanny would not merely squirm but writhe at films like *Blow-Up,* or even Columbia's *Man for All Seasons.* The autocratic vulgarian who can drive a writer up the walls because his own basic vocabulary is largely limited to four-letter words, or reduce an actress to tears by insisting on personally designing her bra, has little place, in an era where literacy, perceptiveness, and sophistication have become the primary assets of custom-made pictures.

As Bob Thomas well demonstrates, Cohn had a special talent for blandishing, bullying, and brow-beating popular pictures out of the people he held under contract. It is also true, as Thomas points out, that many of these film makers performed their best work while at Columbia (although it does not necessarily follow, as Thomas implies, that this was due solely to Cohn's abrasiveness). But in writing this biography Thomas has also written the epitaph for an era that has almost passed—the era of the all-powerful studio production executive. He was probably essential to the creation of the industry in its earlier phases; however, we can all be just as pleased that, like the Tyrannosaurus of another age, with its powerful frame, savage instincts, and tiny brain, he no longer prowls this earth.

He Inspired the Death of God

The Way to Freedom: Letters, Lectures and Notes 1935-1939, *by Dietrich Bonhoeffer, edited by Edwin H. Robertson (Harper & Row. 272 pp. $4.50), and* ***I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer,*** *edited by Wolf-Dieter Zimmermann and Ronald Gregor Smith (Harper & Row. 238 pp. $4.95), assemble excerpts from the writings of the German theologian and memoirs about his life by teachers, fellow-students, and other colleagues. Jaroslav Pelikan is professor of religious studies at Yale and a co-author of "The Place of Bonhoeffer."*

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN

THE BRIGHTEST new star of recent Protestant theology is Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Like the Jesuit Teilhard de Chardin, Bonhoeffer began to address a world audience only after his death; but, unlike Teilhard, Bonhoeffer has addressed the world also through his death, for he was hanged by the Nazis on April 9, 1945, for his part in the plot of July 20, 1944, to assassinate Hitler.

Bonhoeffer was just thirty-nine when he was murdered. Thus, had he lived, he would only now be in his prime as a scholar and thinker. Yet in the two decades since his death his writings, letters, sermons, diaries, and lecture notes have been collected, published, and studied in Europe and America. College students who insist that they are not very religious stay away from chapel and read Bonhoeffer; theological students who are bored by traditional dogmatics have formed little Bonhoeffer coteries at various seminaries; and a couple of pages from his *Letters and Papers from Prison* have become, quite distortedly, the program of those who announce "the death of God."

The Way to Freedom presents translations from the second volume of the German edition of his works, as *No Rusty Swords,* published in 1965, did from the first volume. *I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer* assembles memoirs and tributes from his teachers, fellow-students, and other colleagues. Several of his larger works have been translated, and at least one more volume from the German collection is still to appear. There is to be a biography by Eberhard Bethge, who is a contributor to *I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer,* plus several full-length studies of his thought.

These two books help one to understand the remarkable phenomenon that a theologian whose work was unavoidably so episodic and preliminary should now command such attention. An epigram here and a question there will state precisely the nature of a theological or moral problem and summarize

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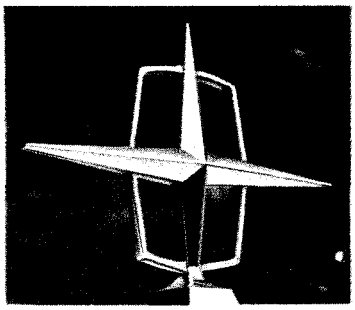

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the antitheses. Thus of Jesus's words to Judas before the betrayal ("That thou doest, do quickly") he asks, "Does it mean that [Jesus] loves him as the fulfiller of the divine will and yet knows 'Woe to that man by whom it comes to pass'?"

Again, "orthodoxy confuses confession with a theological system. The confessionless confuse the church's confession with the testimony of piety." Seeing what Bonhoeffer could and did do when he developed a theme *in extenso*, one can only grieve that the Gestapo and the S.S. cut off the possibility for many of these inchoate arguments to achieve fruition.

As so often happens, however, Bonhoeffer's death has given special power and poignancy to these arguments. The man is clearly more than his ideas, and *I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer* is a remarkable monument to him as a person, as his friends and admirers bring their wreaths and tell their anecdotes. One of them recalls "his refusal to play tennis with me after I had acknowledged that I had no expertness at the game. His view was that my incompetence was an obtrusive pre-emption of the court from those whose serious and practiced playing of the game entitled them to it." The physician who witnessed his execution declares: "In the almost fifty years that I worked as a doctor, I have hardly ever seen a man die so entirely submissive to the will of God."

Sometimes the hagiographic tone of the reminiscences seems a little much, as when a classmate calls him "this young 'Doctor of the church,'" or when a fellow-prisoner tells us that several months after Bonhoeffer's death "I returned to my home, which had been destroyed by bombs. . . . Only one book lay undamaged among the bricks and mortar: Dietrich Bonhoeffer's *Cost of Discipleship*."

There are also some inevitable slips. When Bonhoeffer's diary for June 22, 1939, speaks of reading "an interpretation of Christian ethics," this is certainly a reference to the book of that name published in 1936; and therefore the Niebuhr mentioned is not (as the index would have it) H. Richard Niebuhr of Yale, but Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary. Even a reader who is fairly conversant with German and American theology in the 1930s and '40s will not recognize all the proper names mentioned in the two books; yet only the actual contributors are identified.

Bonhoeffer's teacher, Adolf Harnack, once observed, discussing the church father Tertullian, that in the presence of a martyr everyone is a layman. But in the presence of this martyr everyone becomes a student, if not a disciple; for "he being dead yet speaketh."

Reappraisal in a Raging Sea

***Under the Eye of the Storm,** by John Hersey (Knopf. 251 pp. $4.95), places a conflict between a doctor and a "computer nut" in counterpoint with the collision of a ship and a hurricane. James F. Fixx, a writer, editor, and occasional yachtsman, is convinced that the best way to ride out a storm is in the clubhouse.*

By JAMES F. FIXX

JOHN HERSEY has an uncanny knack for telling two stories at once. He has, first of all, a shrewd eye for adventure and can spin yarns with the best of them—tales that race along from crisis to throat-catching crisis. *The War Lover*, published in 1959, was of that sort, and so is his newest novel, *Under the Eye of the Storm*. But Hersey can also do something else, and he does it here with a sustained control that is little short of astonishing: He can weave into the very fabric of his adventure a meaning that grows directly out of it and yet represents a great deal more. The effect, especially when he is at the top of his form, frequently comes very close to the subtlety and complexity of life itself.

Consider, as a case in point, the story Hersey tells in *Under the Eye of the Storm*. Two couples—old friends—go for a sail on the *Harmony*, a yawl owned by a thirty-four-year-old physician named Tom Medlar. They start out from Martha's Vineyard, bound for Block Island. It is to be "a happy cruise." En route, however, a hurricane that has been lazing harmlessly about off the Georgia coast gathers speed and begins moving toward them. It now turns out that Tom is concerned not only because of the imminent storm but also because he has unaccountably failed to have the *Harmony* hauled out of the water that spring and a crucial nut on her keel tightened.

Is the story, then, just another adventure tale? For the answer, you must peel back the deceptively simple surface. Medlar, we are told, is a man grown

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

NOBELMEN

Up to the present, thirteen winners of the Nobel Prize for Literature have been authors writing in the English language. Milanna Ain of Sherman Oaks, Calif., lists here the title of one work by each, scrambled into a cryptic phrase. Unscramble the anagrams, and assign each title to its author. Solutions on page 38.

John Steinbeck ( )	1. CANINE COMERS REGLUE TOMB
Ernest Hemingway ( )	2. HE TEAR HOT DOG
Winston Churchill ( )	3. WEE TROTH
Bertrand Russell ( )	4. WAG SPEAR FORTH
William Faulkner ( )	5. LET DANTE WASH
G. B. Shaw ( )	6. HEAT FRETS YOGAS
Pearl Buck ( )	7. LAME SWART LOAFER
Eugene O'Neill ( )	8. I RAGE AND RAM OR SLAM
John Galsworthy ( )	9. THE RAW RED COWL NODS
Sinclair Lewis ( )	10. ROSES IN LACE
T. S. Eliot ( )	11. RAT OR SIS
W. B. Yeats ( )	12. RAM IS WORTH
Rudyard Kipling ( )	13. MY LION GAP

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sick of his profession; he is aboard *Harmony* "precisely to put distance between himself and diseased livers." And the best way to accomplish that purpose, he has learned, is "to pay undeviating attention to the myriad details of his awkward vessel." His wife sometimes calls him Dr. Meticulous, but he is more than merely meticulous, much more. We learn, for example, that he regards himself as "a humanist, a vitalist; he believed in an inner flame, a secret of life, intuition, love, whispers in the night, and crushing fallibility."

Not so his friend and shipmate, Flicker Hamden, whom Tom thinks of as "the computer nut." Flicker is a kind of moral electrician, a man who "wanted every mortal to be plugged in to a vast cybernetic system of data-sifting, problem

solving, and decision making." He is also an optimist: "the concept of moral failure had never even entered the printed circuit of his mind."

The way is thus nicely paved for at least two collisions— the collision of *Harmony* (as ironically misnamed a vessel as ever sailed) with the hurricane, and the collision of man with man. Deftly, Hersey lets the outward storm reinforce the inner one. At one point he writes of Tom: "Everything except the cotter pins of his own life seemed secure." And at another: "He was not at all afraid, but he was bathed, soaked, submerged in such profound doubt about his wisdom and indeed his sanity . . . that he could only wonder at the calm. It must be the eye of his own personal storm." Finally, when a life ring tumbles into the raging sea, Tom tells himself that "nothing more than an idea had fallen overboard," and at last the real meaning of the storm becomes clear: "Within its confusions all the assumptions of 'this world,' all its values, all its pretenses, all its civilization —all had turned out to be false here, useless here, ludicrous, dishonorable, hypocritical, 'nice,' and essentially unreal."

The novel is thus a kind of morality tale—though one almost totally lacking in the comforting clarity of a medieval morality tale. At times, indeed, the reader is likely to feel that the philosophical underpinnings are threatening to overwhelm the story, and the characters occasionally seem less than completely real. But in general *Under the Eye of the Storm* is an impressive and haunting piece of work, one that keeps an unremitting grip on the imagination long after the reader has put it down.

Slump from Nowhere to Nowhere

***The Fortress**, by Henry Jaeger, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harper & Row. 250 pp. $5.95), pictures a Skid Row peopled with "lumpenproletariat." Richard Plant, novelist and critic, is a professor of Germanic literature at Columbia University.*

By RICHARD PLANT

THE AUTHOR of several novels, printed by one of Germany's most enterprising publishers, Henry Jaeger has been written up frequently because after World War II he masterminded a band of criminals who carried out numerous polished burglaries and two sophisticated armed robberies. Then his luck gave out; he was caught, put into prison and, like many before him, turned to writing. He must be a divided personality: successful crime takes a lot of derring-do, imagination, and intelligent planning. *The Fortress*, his first book to reach America although he has been translated into several languages, betrays none of these qualities. On the contrary, it exudes a noxious smog of monotony. Though *The Fortress* is filled with violence, sex, prostitution, murder, and assorted delinquencies, it reads like the report of a tired case worker, put down grudgingly at the end of a hard day.

Hugo Starosta, a former prisoner-of-war, his pious wife, and his retarded but rebellious children live in an old fortress, once a jail, which can never be a real home. But even if Hugo lived in a deluxe apartment he would not be able to create any sort of home: like a character from *The Iceman Cometh*, he constantly daydreams of situations in which he is the boss; when the illusions come tumbling down, he guzzles beer and declares he'll find a job tomorrow. The book—one hesitates to call it a novel—follows his descent from nowhere to nowhere; in between it picks up the activities of his children, droping them when the author runs out of invention. Twelve-year-old Albert, for whom Jaeger betrays a fondness, sets fire to some barracks, is confined in several institutions, dreams of revenge and glamour, just like Papa Hugo, and then vanishes from the scene. His sister, Mimo, proves one point: even successful prostitution demands a certain degree of intelligence.

Readers interested in the thought, or nonthought, processes of Skid Row, German division, will discover a wealth of raw material. In the hands of a professional the events Mr. Jaeger relates might have been welded into a worthwhile novel. The lives of the *lumpenproletariat* can be made, and have been made, the ingredients of powerful fiction. But it requires a talent for cruel exactness, for a depth-illumination of both the inner and the outer worlds of those even Karl Marx considered beyond redemption. Of course, Dostoevsky succeeded above all others; nevertheless, even minor practitioners like Jack London managed to create works capable of gripping us. Mr. Jaeger, *hélas*, is an amateur. He endlessly repeats scenes, he shifts viewpoints, and, what's worse, he transfers the perennial boredom besetting his characters to the book itself. In short, Mr. Jaeger should study the old masters and put in eight hours of practice a day.

The translation by the usually reliable Winstons is as lusterless as the original. Perhaps, we all would be better off if the author were to dramatize his finely honed armed robberies for TV.

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Children as Authors

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

IT ISN'T often that a jaded mother is smitten by the inventiveness of children, but smitten I am, having come across an exhibition of books written and made by a sixth-grade class in the Laboratory School at the University of Chicago. I'd gone into the library to enjoy a group of six-year-olds listening to a story, and there was the exhibit: a book shaped like a kite (*Jimmy Smith's Kite Birthday*), a book in the shape of a crown, gem-studded with plastic tiles (*How the King Kept His Crown*), a book in the shape of a fish, purportedly written by a minnow, an unidentified flying object entitled *A Trip to Mars*, and books in the shape of books. The bindings were ingenious: a travel book, for example, had a map as its cover; the illustrations were charming, even though they were often awkward. One child used prints by Cézanne, Vlaminck, Rousseau, and Van Gogh, each picture set on a separate page with a dignified caption. Some books had dedications or tables of contents; all had the publisher's imprint.

The sixth-grade teacher, Sharon Friedman, explained that she had been asked by a friend who taught in a school in an impoverished neighborhood if it would be possible to have the Laboratory School class donate some books. The dauntless Miss Friedman decided that her children could write stories, thereby making more of a contribution than if they simply took up a collection. So they wrote. (They also made book pockets for library cards, and they made and filed author and title cards for the catalogue in the school library.) Since they were writing for a lower reading level, they were given just a few instructions: use a simple vocabulary, adding a glossary if necessary; use some dialogue, and develop a brief plot.

There were two aspects of the books that were intriguing, and both of them seemed to me to reflect the children's reading interests. One was the variety: although there was some repetition of theme, the stories differed in background, format, style, subject, genre, and treatment. The second was the prevalence of humor: almost every book had it, whether it was in the writing style, basic concept, title, or illustrations. From a story about a king who was ill: "The royal ambulance made a royal U-turn." In *Little Red Riding Mouse*, "Red pulled out an emergency limburger bomb. . . ." In *Leaping Lizards* the hero is convinced that his prowess as a member of the track team is due to eating frog legs. He discovers, of course, that his ability has been engendered by growing self-confidence.

That was the third common denominator—the moral lesson or moral ending. But this, I suspect, was inculcated by having read so many books with moral endings. For example, *How the King Kept His Crown*, which tells the story of a proud monarch who threatened the wind when his crown blew off and was only able to wear it when he conceded defeat, ends: "From that day to this he sits humbly on his throne and is much kinder and wiser." Another note of propriety: "Kids who go to bed earlier and have a good breakfast do better, and get along better, no question."

What did they learn? Well, in addition to the arduous joys of creativity and manufacture, the children have a new awareness of style and of the need for material that is appropriate for the intended audience. They also added to their knowledge of library processing and filing. (As a victim of relays of part-time college freshmen who file without being able to alphabetize, I feel that this is one of the lost skills of our society.) Although the authors I talked to are pleased with their products, even if they say, *"Oh that!"* none of them seems to be dazzled by local fame or to be convinced that they are the benefactors of the poor. Heck, it was just another class project.

What have I learned? Not to underestimate children, not to underestimate teachers, and never, never to forget how the young love to laugh, no question.

—*From "Myeko's Gift."*

Lyle and the Birthday Party. *Written and illustrated by Bernard Waber. Houghton Mifflin.* 48 *pp.* $3.25. One of the fine arts in writing fanciful stories for the picture book age is knowing just how far to go in exploiting a ridiculous situation. Lyle is a crocodile who lives with a fond family in New York City, and he behaves almost like a human being—but the human beings in the story never forget that Lyle is a crocodile. Well, hardly ever. When Lyle, suffering familiar pangs of jealousy at somebody's birthday party, acts gloomy and loses his appetite, Mrs. Primm is so worried that she calls a doctor. By mistake Lyle is taken to a hospital for people, where his normal attitudes of good humor and helpfulness return as he trots about in a hospital gown, doing good deeds for the bed-bound. Nice nonsense, blandly told and illustrated with engagingly silly pictures. For reading aloud to ages 4-7.

Moon Man. *Written and illustrated by Tomi Ungerer. Harper & Row.* 40 *pp.* $4.50. This may be written for the read-aloud audience, but it is a picture book fantasy that older children may enjoy without shame. Oversized, brightly colored pages with the appeal of good poster art, plus Ungerer's distinctive humorous touches set off a bland, direct style in a tale about a visitor to earth. Moon Man, watching the high jinks below, decides to come to earth and is promptly put into jail by suspicious officials. He escapes when his waning quarter slimness enables him to slip out of his shackles. Sent back home by a long-forgotten scientist ("For centuries he had been perfecting a spacecraft to reach the moon."), the Moon Man curled up happily in his sphere, his wanderlust satisfied.

The Good-Byes of Magnus Marmalade. *By Doris Orgel. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Putnam.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. In a series of brief poems, Magnus says good-bye to a number of surprisingly diverse people and things; although the light, humorous poems have an occasional note of sweetness, they are more often distinguished by a rather engaging acerbity. Their sentiments may well bring grins of recognition from young readers or from younger listeners to whom the book may be read aloud. A farewell to a beginning-reading book opens, " 'Look at the cat. The cat can play.' And I can read. Hurray, hurray! But that's too easy. What I need is a book—with over a hundred pages, and things that happen, and a lot of characters, including grown-ups named Artsibatcheff . . ." Ages 7-9.

Purim. ***By Molly Cone. Illustrated by Helen Borten. Crowell.* 34 *pp.* $2.95.** Illustrated with strong, dramatic pictures and written in a direct, simple style, this is one of the

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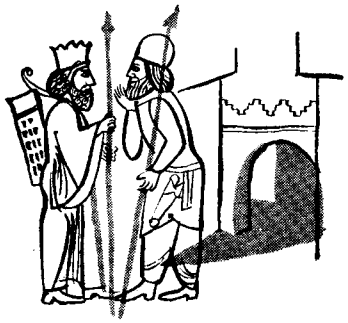
most effective in the publisher's series of brief stories about holidays. Mrs. Cone describes the courageous deeds of the beautiful Queen Esther, who saved the Jewish people from annihilation when they were threatened by the evil Prince Haman. The story is followed by a discussion of the ways in which Purim is celebrated. Ages 7-9.

The Street of the Flower Boxes. *By Peggy Mann. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann.* 72 *pp.* $3.50. When the young Mitchells moved into a brownstone house on West 94th Street, one of the ways they improved their property was to do some outdoor planting. This was a tough neighborhood, however, and the plants were promptly pulled up by a gang of boys, one of whom was Carlos. Sent by his grandmother to apologize, Carlos was hired as guardian of the flower boxes. From his first reluctant interest grew a project: flower boxes for everybody. When the project resulted in a deficit, Carlos organized a bazaar. Despite the slight note of upper-class beneficence (Mrs. Mitchell is always referred to as "the lady") the story has some strong positive values: it is set in a heterogeneous inner-city neighborhood; it is a believable example of self-directed urban renovation; the motivation and behavior of the children are realistic. Ages 8-10.

Miranda the Great. *By Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 80 *pp.* $3.25. Miranda may not be the noblest Roman matron of them all, but she is a cat of stature and courage. When her family flees the barbarian invasion, Miranda makes her way to the safety of the Colosseum, collecting homeless kittens en route. Sensing that the last captive lioness in the Colosseum is a mother, Miranda makes a deal: she will free the lioness if all the kittens get some milk. When her people later return, Miranda refuses to leave her charges; she comes home to visit, but every night she conducts a performance at the Colosseum at which—being the best singer there—she takes the solo arias. The book is delightfully illustrated, but the story is a little slow of pace despite the gentle humor of the writing. Ages 9-11.

Mitch and Amy. *By Beverly Cleary. Illustrated by George Porter. Morrow.* 222 *pp.* $3.75. It is a rare author who can describe a sibling relationship with all the authority of a case study and have it emerge as a smoothly written and entertaining story. Mrs. Cleary (mother of twins, a boy and a girl) has written such a book about nine-year-old twins, a boy and a girl. Mitch and Amy tease and squabble, compete for eminence, and defend each other when there is a common foe or a situation of external stress. One prime area of competition is reading: Amy is an advanced and eager reader, Mitch is slow and reluctant. The scene in which Mother patiently hears Mitch stumble through his required daily dose, while Amy hovers nearby, unable to resist the opportunity to flaunt her superiority, will probably be long remembered—the way that children remember how Rufus M. received his first library card or Ellen Tebbits struggled to keep her winter underwear from showing beneath her tutu. Ages 9-11.



—*From "Purim."*

Myeko's Gift. *By Kay Haugaard. Illustrated by Dora Ternei. Abelard-Schuman.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. Although the heroine in this story is a small Japanese girl who has just come to the United States and is suffering from feelings of rejection and consequent inferiority, the situation applies to any child who is a newcomer and "different." Myeko longs to go back to the world in which she was comfortable, but she is too well brought up to complain to her parents; in silence she suffers the teasing of classmates, the awful knowledge that her hair and clothes are wrong, and the frustration of not always understanding what the teacher means. When, at last, Myeko stops feeling embarrassment about being Japanese, she finds that her own change of attitude and the passing of time have accomplished the assimilation she never thought possible. Ages 9-11.

Taran Wanderer. *By Lloyd Alexander. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 256 *pp.* $4.50. Lloyd Alexander has fashioned, in the series of which this is the fourth, one of the enduring realms of fantasy. Taran, now grown to manhood, leaves Caer Dallben and travels through the land of Prydain searching for a clue to his identity. He feels he must know whether or not he is of noble enough birth to wed the princess he loves. With his follower Gurgi, he meets old friends and new foes; finally, he bitterly accepts the fact that a shepherd is his father, and even more bitterly recognizes, when he finds that the man has lied, that he has never before realized that a man makes his own worth. The story has a nice balance of humor and poignant sadness. Ages 11-13.

Whichaway. *By Glendon and Kathryn Swarthout. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers. Random House.* 101 *pp.* $3.25. There have been in the past few years several other excellent books about a lad alone, fighting for survival in the wilds; here the difference is that the boy is injured and immobilized, trapped on the platform of a windmill in an isolated region of Arizona in the 1920s. Whichaway, who is fifteen, is incredulous when some cattle rustlers, who know that the boy's legs are broken, leave him without even a requested drink of water. He manages, through grim and painful effort, to lower himself to the ground by cutting his clothes into strips and tying them together. The story is remarkably convincing, told with no melodrama or extraneous material; the time passes in slow, minute events, but this is exactly what establishes the feeling of suspension and solitude in the midst of the brooding silence of the vast, empty land. Ages 11-14.

A Place and a Time. *By Barbara Schoen. Crowell.* 234 *pp.* $4.50. When Josie Frost begins her story she is fourteen; she likes sailing and solitude, and she is thrown into despair by the thought of boys and dances. Then she meets Henry, and the world changes. Unfortunately, Henry isn't the least bit interested in a mere child; both her affection and his rejection make Josie more aware of other people and their problems. She learns the art of compromise and the grace of compassion; when the story ends, Josie is sixteen and well on her way to being an adult. Far from a formula novel, this is smoothly written and often touching; characterization and familial relationships are particularly perceptive. Ages 11-15.

Douglas. *By Grace Richardson. Harper & Row.* 230 *pp.* $3.50. Douglas McPhillips was charming, intelligent, articulate, and imaginative; he was also completely undependable and a compulsive liar. No confrontation by teacher or parent daunted Douglas, who was always able to invent some plausible and mendacious reason for having forgotten to do a chore, not having his homework, neglecting his piano practice, or anything else. Expelled from a private school, Douglas went on to McGill University, where he again was the center of a group of doting friends who learned, one by one, that the real Douglas had neither ability nor conscience and that he had little to give as a friend or a lover. When he came home a failure from a stay in London, Douglas at last had gained enough perspective to see that he was liked not for his charm but for his peculiarities. This is a perceptive book, funny in a bittersweet way, and psychologically sound; the characterization is deft and the dialogue has an easy, sophisticated flow. Ages 12-16.

Too Bad About the Haines Girl. *By Zoa Sherburne. Morrow.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. Although not the first book for teen-age girls that focuses on the problem of the young unwed mother, this is one of the best to date. When an author has tackled such serious problems as alcoholism, mental illness, and prejudice with candor and dignity, it is expectable that the subject of premarital pregnancy will be handled the same way. Melinda Haines is a high school senior who realizes, with sick apprehension, that she is going to have a baby. She is especially ashamed because her parents are loving and trusting, and because she has younger sisters; moreover, she knows that Jeff's mother already disapproves of her. Unable to go through with the abortion she has assured Jeff that she wants, Melinda, with dull resignation, faces the fact that she must marry. She tells her parents. The book ends on a wistful note: as Jeff goes off to talk to his mother, Melinda hears a blare of familiar music from a radio, ". . . the same recording that they had danced to so many times last year, when they were young." Ages 13-17.

The Civil War in Spain. *By Robert Goldston. With drawings by Donald Carrick and photographs. Bobbs-Merrill.* 224 *pp.* $4.95.

(*Continued on page* 74)

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NBA Betting Game

Continued from page 26

Catton's *This Hallowed Ground* got pushed aside by George F. Kennan's *Russia Leaves the War*. Or 1960, when even a fine book like Garrett Mattingly's *The Armada* was left behind. It's tough to lose when you come up with an entry as good as most of those."

But perhaps this situation might be remedied by special citations like those awarded at one time or another to Brendan Gill, E.E. Cummings, Flannery O'Connor?

"It should happen more often," said Typescript. "Why didn't they ever get around to a salute to Van Wyck Brooks for a whole lifetime of good writing?"

By and large, in the opinion of the ancient handicapper, how have the NBA and the Pulitzer Committee's selections compared in quality?

"I'd say the NBA nonfiction awards have been superior, because the Pulitzer people are more or less limited to biographies and histories about America. In fiction I'd call it a standoff, with the Pulitzer Prize going to some books the NBA should have thought about, like A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s *The Way West*, Richter's *The Town*, James Agee's *A Death in the Family*, Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*."

Then, under the mellowing influence of the NBA reception's aperitifs, the conversation got around to some favorite moments of other occasions that saw the laurels bestowed. Joseph Henry Jackson, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, reporting that the California literary scene consisted of "citrus, sin and sun." Saul Bellow, upon being presented in patronizing terms by a master of ceremonies, muttering into the microphone, "I hope I get a chance to introduce *you* sometime." John O'Hara, when asked at an NBA press conference why sex played such a large part in his work, holding tight to the edge of a desk and maintaining control until he answered calmly, "Because that's the way I see life." A. Whitney Griswold, president of Yale, pleading eloquently for the written word as distinguished from the broadcast word.

And perhaps most poignant of all, in retrospect, a russet-haired young Senator from Massachusetts, as the speaker of the day in 1956, saying that he was appearing frankly as a politician who had "voluntarily left the safety of our fortress on Capitol Hill to make this mission to the camp of the enemy—you, the authors, the scholars, the intellectuals, and the egg-heads of America—the traditional foes of politicians in every part of the country, the one army whose weapon we most fear."

—John K. Hutchens.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

GIACOMA LEOPARDI: Selected Prose and Poetry. Edited and translated by Iris Origo and John Heath-Stubbs. New American Library. $7.

Archaeology

INVITATION TO ARCHAEOLOGY. James Deetz. Natural History Press-Doubleday. Hardbound. $4.50. Paperback, $1.25.

THE MORNING OF MANKIND: Prehistoric Man in Europe. By Robert Silverberg. New York Graphic Society. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

DEADLY DELIGHT. By Aaron Marc Stein. Doubleday. $3.95.

DOUBLED IN DIAMONDS. By Victor Canning. Morrow. $3.95.

MURDER FOR ART'S SAKE. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE NAMELESS ONES. By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE OPERATORS. By Allan Prior. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER. By Owen John. Dutton. $3.95.

THE WEEKEND GIRLS. By Jonathan Burke. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE ARTILLERY OF THE PRESS: Its Influence on American Foreign Policy. By James Reston. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSAGE. By Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore. Random House. $10.95.

OBSERVING EARTH SATELLITES. By Desmond King-Hele. St. Martin's. $7.

ORBIT OF CHINA. By Harirson E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. $4.95.

WATER: The Vital Essence. By Peter Briggs. Harper & Row. $5.95.

West Africa: The Former French States. By John D. Hargreaves. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Economics

POLICIES UNDERLYING CORPORATE GIVING. By Ralph Lingo Thomas. Prentice-Hall. $17.50.

Essays

THE ESSAYS OF A. J. MUSTE. Edited by Nat Hentoff. Bobbs-Merrill. $10.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MIND. By Donald Atwell Zoll. Louisiana Univ. Press. $5.

Fiction

APPLESAUCE. By June Arnold. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE BLUE FLOWERS. By Raymond Queneau. Atheneum. $5.

THE CASE AGAINST LOVE. By Didier Decoin. New American Library. $4.50.

EVERY DAY BY STORM. By Michael O'Malley. Putnam. $5.95.

THE FETCH. By Peter Everett. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE AMBASSADOR. By Erico Verissimo. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE KING DIARIES. By Douglas Moon. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SHERSTON. By Siegfried Sassoon. Stackpole. $8.95.

ONE SUMMER IN BETWEEN. By Melissa Mather. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A RIDE ON THE MILKY WAY. By Marguerite Dorian. Crown. $4.95.

A ROSE OF FLESH. By Jan Wolkers. Braziller. $4.50.

Government, Politics

FACING THE BRINK: An Intimate Study of Crisis Diplomacy. By Edward Weintal and Charles Bartlett. Scribners. $5.95.

THE MAYOR'S GAME: Richard Lee of New Haven and the Politics of Change. By Allan R. Talbot. Harper & Row. $6.95.

POLITICS: The American Way. By Abraham Ribicoff and Jon O. Newman. Allyn & Bacon. $3.95.

History

BRITISH HISTORIANS AND THE WEST INDIES. By Eric Williams. Scribners. $4.95.

THE BROKEN SEAL: The Story of "Operation Magic" and the Pearl Harbor Disaster. By Ladislas Farago. Random House. $6.95.

THE EMERGENCE OF MODERN SOUTHEAST ASIA: 1511-1957. Edited by John Bastin. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE EUROPEAN WORLD: A History. By Jerome Blum, Rondo Cameron and Thomas G. Barnes. Little, Brown. $13.50.

MATTERS OF FELONY: A True Tale of 18th Century Ireland. By Margery Weiner. Atheneum. $4.95.

THE NEW LAND: Discovery, Exploration, and Early Settlement of Northeastern United States, from Earliest Voyages to 1621, Told in the Words of the Explorers Themselves. Edited by Phillip Viereck. John Day. $12.95.

THE ROOTS OF FREEDOM: A Constitutional History of England. By Bernard Schwartz. Hill & Wang. $5.75.

Literary History, Criticism

ANDRE GIDE AND THE GREEK MYTH. By Helen Watson-Williams. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

THE LITERARY REALISM OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. By William McMurray. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.95.

MINOR BRITISH NOVELISTS. Edited by Charles Alva Hoyt. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.95.

THE MORAL IMPULSE: Modern Drama from Ibsen to the Present. By Morris Freedman. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.95.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON: A Critical Study. By Michael Thorpe. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

Miscellany

JAPANESE LANTERN. By Wim Swaam. Taplinger. $7.95.

THE LIVELY GHOSTS OF IRELAND. By Hans Holzer. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

THE POPE'S BACK YARD. By Curtis G. Pepper. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

TIGER! TIGER! By William Bazé. Abelard-Schuman. $5.

Personal History

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM STOUT OF LANCASTER , 1665-1752. Edited by J. D. Marshall. Barnes & Noble. $9.

DAYS OF DAVID BEN GURION: Seen in Photographs and Text from His Speeches and Writings. Edited by Ohad Zmora, Mordechai Barkai, Nahum Pundak, and Israel Stockmann. Grossman. $10.

THE END OF THE ROMANOVS. By Victor Alexandrov. Little, Brown. $6.50.

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THE REDS AND THE BLACKS: A Personal Adventure. By William Attwood. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Poetry

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Psychology, Sociology

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MANHATTAN MISSION. By Sister Marie Lucita, M.S.B.T. Doubleday. $3.95.

MAN INCORPORATE: The Individual and His Work in an Organized Society. By Carl B. Kaufmann. Doubleday. $5.95.

A VILLAGE ECONOMY: Land and People of Huecorio. By Michael Belshaw. Columbia Univ. Press. $10.

Religion, Philosophy

BEGINNINGS IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Dominic M. Hoffman, O.P. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE CHURCH AND THE CRISIS IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC. By James A. Clark. Newman Press. $4.50.

FREE TO LIVE, FREE TO DIE. By Malcolm Boyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

GOD'S GRACE IN HISTORY. By Charles Davis. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

LIFE COMES AS CHOICE. By J. Kenneth Shamblin. Abingdon. $3.75.

THE PRIVATE SEA: LSD and the Search for God. By William Braden. Quadrangle. $5.95.

TEN PATHS TO PEACE AND POWER. By Webb Garrison. Abingdon. $3.75.

THIS WAY TO HAPPINESS. By Gilbert Hay, M.S.SS.T. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

UTOPIA: The Perennial Heresy. By Thomas Molnar. Sheed & Ward. $5.95.

THE VISION OF THE PAST. By Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row. $5.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4 *(Grapes of Wrath)*, 7 *(A Farewell to Arms)*, 9 *(The Second World War)*, 8 *(Marriage and Morals)*, 11 *(Sartoris)*, 13 *(Pygmalion)*, 2 *(The Good Earth)*, 1 *(Mourning Becomes Electra)*, 6 *(The Forsyte Saga)*, 12 *(Arrowsmith)*, 5 *(The Waste Land)*, 3 *(The Tower)*, 10 *(Recessional)*.

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Harry Dolan's First

IT WAS ALMOST INEVITABLE that Harry Dolan would get favorable notices for his first original television play, *Losers Weepers,* presented recently as the premiere performance of the new Sunday series, *NBC Experiment in Television.* The author is a thirty-nine-year-old aspiring playwright, a member of Budd Schulberg's Writers' Workshop in Watts. He has been a janitor, a waiter, an apprentice glassblower, and a managing editor of a Negro weekly in Boston. He never sold a play in ten years after he first began writing with an eye on the professional market. As is fairly well known, the Schulberg workshop grew out of the Watts explosion; the workshop was the subject of a documentary special on NBC in which Mr. Dolan participated; and that led to the choice of his drama for the new series, whose objective is to develop new television forms, writers, and actors.

The charisma of such a venture has a built-in factor of automatic sympathy. A debut under such auspices would have to go very badly in order to miss. Dolan didn't miss. A sampling of the reviews in the television columns indicates unanimous critical approval. Criticism was muted in the ambiance of acclaim for NBC's social responsibility.

The participants deserve every echo of the applause. All that was missing was a courageous sponsor who would pick up the check. His absence, perhaps, was fortuitous: The story about a poverty-bound Negro family in a big-city ghetto is not a pretty television play, and one wonders how viewers would have juggled their emotions from grim climax to golden commercial. It is important, however, for Harry Dolan, author, that after the curtain calls should come the viewers' forthrightness.

Losers Weepers was vivid and honest. The players were more than adequate except for the grandmother (Sonora McKellar), who needs the discipline of understatement. Lamont Johnson's direction was direct and uncluttered except for an important moment at the end when the boy, Petey (Kyle Johnson), shows a hoard of money hidden in a toy airplane to his sister (Lily Perry). The scene was played with an obvious, show - it - to - the - audience - so - they - won't - miss - it heavy hand. Scenes between the mother (Gloria Calomee) and her husband (Yaphet Kotto) and baby were moving in their fierceness and tenderness. The location in the Watts area, chosen by Producer Stuart Schulberg, contributed to the credibility of the drama: It had the raw aura of real streets and dismal interiors of an industrial slum.

The play, however, for all its admirable qualities, failed to convince, chiefly because the key character, Petey, was ambivalent in his motivation. The fourteen-year-old boy presumably illustrates the legacy of hate passed on by an inadequate Negro father who cannot cope with family problems that demand his subservience in the white man's world. Petey's mother had died earlier. The boy, in the end, out of his hatred allows his grandmother to die, and does nothing to save his father from going to prison a second time. He trusts in $13,000 that his father had stolen in a bank robbery—money that the son has kept hidden for seven years. Alone, except for his seven-year-old sister, he faces the future—cunning, defiant, determined to survive at any cost.

The ending is plausible; had it not been arbitrary, it would have been entirely suitable. But a contrived, unhappy ending is as unsatisfactory as a contrived, happy ending. The author, intent on making his point of the ghetto's chain of hate linking generations, contrived a contradiction. In the final-truth scene, Petey attacks his father for his weakness: "Lay down and die, old man—you are finished!" His cruelty is unrelenting. Yet, in the very beginning of the play, he had defended his father from his grandmother's bitter accusations of having permitted her daughter to work herself to death. Petey's evocative eyes, his manner as he remembers scenes with his father before the latter was sent to prison, suggest a son's love. His rejection of his father when he comes, with new hope, to reclaim his children from the grandmother is unexpected.

The boy's change in attitude might have been caused by ambivalent surges of love and hate, but this internal conflict was nowhere suggested. The author should have established the struggle from the beginning, if the boy's turnabout were to be persuasive; and the climax should have had a visible root in the father's behavior. No such trigger was apparent. Inconsistency can be the marrow of a play, but Hamlet's inconsistency was consistent; Petey's was the playwright's social intent, not his dramatic truth. One looks forward with anticipation to Harry Dolan's second television play—and third.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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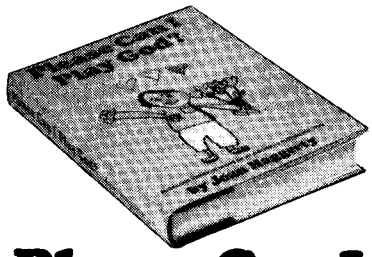

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Marriage Made in Rome

SEVERAL YEARS AGO in these pages I made the tentative suggestion that filmed Shakespeare was at least potentially superior to staged Shakespeare, and at that time I was able to list such examples as Olivier's *Henry V; Hamlet;* the Joseph L. Mankiewicz-John Housman production of *Julius Caesar* for MGM; and a very nice Italian *Romeo and Juliet*. I remember being blistered by some irate mail, but now I think that further quarreling about the point made is useless, for the Burton-Taylor-Zeffirelli production of *The Taming of the Shrew* has arrived, and it has turned out to be not only a quite literally gorgeous piece of film-making, but a quintessential rendering of the play that could hardly have been dreamed of in the past.

The virtues of this production are so many, the achievement so splendid, that not much more is required of the critic than a listing of what is available for the price of admission. It is possible, perhaps, to pick at a detail here and there, to take occasional textual exception, to wonder if costuming and décor are too elaborately fanciful; but since none of this concerned me while I was watching the film and having the time of my life, I haven't the heart to more than mention it. All those involved in the making of the film have given so much of their best—and that best is so good—that I don't see how we can ask for much more.

Franco Zeffirelli, hitherto confined to the live stage, has let his talents burst forth in a manner to suggest that he has been quite frustrated until now. He has taken advantage of four large sound stages in Rome and used some adjoining real estate to construct a sixteenth-century Padua both dreamlike and real. He has, I would guess, pre-exposed his color film to provide a prevailing mellow and faintly roseate tone so that all his rich details are keyed harmoniously, and this also serves to mute any garishness or clash of colors. Visually, then, the film is a tasteful delight, heightened further by the costuming efforts of Irene Sharaff (for Mr. and Mrs. Burton) and of Danilo Donati for the remainder of the cast.

But all this is backdrop, essentially, and remarkable as it is, it would still not mean much without the performances, on which a Shakespearean production, film or stage, must rise or fall. There is nothing to worry about. We have been marvelously well-served by Richard Burton as Petruchio and Elizabeth Taylor as Katharina, a shrew. This couple, who began their career together under such newsworthy circumstances, have risen to an eminence that can hardly be gained by publicity alone. There was never very much doubt about the abilities of Burton; he was a trained actor in the English tradition, and while climbing into the million-dollar category as a movie star still dutifully maintained his contact with the stage. There was more question about Miss Taylor, originally a product of MGM's star system, and star-crossed in her love and marital life. Her movie performances during the past ten years have ranged from mediocre to very good, and I, for one, found her splendid in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—the equal of some of our more prestigious stage actresses and equipped as well with the kind of camera sensitivity that only laborious experience can bring.

But Shakespeare is another kind of peak to climb, and the challenge to Miss Taylor must have been a big one. She had to contend with her huband at his absolute best in a role for which he is extremely well-suited; and she was up against other gifted actors such as Cyril Cusack, Michael Hordern, and Victor Spinetti, who also shine brightly in this film. Well, not only has she managed it; she has come through the ordeal with honor. She has held nothing back in attacking the role with blazing fury, and in her final moments, when she is at last the tamed wife—adjusted to her situation, so to speak—she is magnificent. I don't know exactly why I felt proud of her, but I did.

But I may be giving the impression that acting is all. Not quite, for there is tremendous fun to be found here. All the possibilities of humor have been exploited. The marriage ceremony alone is an inspired improvement on the original, and I'm sure that old Will himself would have approved of the liberties taken. It's been done: The old war horse of a comedy has been spanked into uproarious life. All that remains, besides partaking of the experience, is to bestow suitable honor on the makers.

THERE is a world of difference between the above-mentioned film and *Persona*, the latest episode in Ingmar Bergman's personal cinema, but here, too, we have something very much out of the ordinary. Bergman, during his last few films, had seemed to me to be in a decline; his work had gotten heavy and lackluster. Not that he is in a sparkling mood with *Persona*, by any means, but he has regained his vividness, his ability to surprise, while being as knotty and, in a way, as difficult as ever. In *Persona* he has chosen to tell the story of two women obliquely, and has introduced some of his favorite symbols, which might confuse unless one is already an indoctrinated Bergmanite. But even without a few necessary and clarifying keys, the film constantly absorbs.

One of the women is a gifted actress who has suddenly retreated into silence. Though she is found mentally and physically sound, nothing seems to bring her back to normality. The other woman is a nurse given the job of caring for her. The two women, over a period of months—much of the time at a seaside house where the actress has been sent to convalesce—engage in a virtual battle of identities. It is the nurse who loses, who finds herself inexorably taking on the identity of the other; and while this happens it is almost as though the actress is recharging herself, gaining strength through absorbing the vitality of the other.

The relationship between the two is obviously a strange one, and there is a Lesbian implication. The actress, though she will not speak, is willing to listen, and is seemingly understanding and sympathetic to what become the nurse's confessions; one involving a brief, erotic fling she has engaged in, with a consequent sense of shame. It is when the transference seems to be complete (the nurse can *feel* all the other's feelings, she has given all of herself) that the relationship ends and the actress is restored. The nurse, on the other hand, has gained nothing.

The story can be taken, then, as a symbol of those relationships in which some feed on others. And Bergman appears to clearly desire to identify himself as one of the feeders. He shows a film projector throwing distorted images on a screen, some of these images reminiscent of those in his previous films—as when a nail is driven through a man's hand (*Wild Strawberries*). I doubt that this has a religious connotation, by the way, for the same symbol was not so intended when originally used. It is, purely and simply, a symbol of pain and anguish. And when the actress recoils from a television set that is showing film clips of riots in Vietnam and a monk burning himself to death, this is meant to show the painful effects on the actress's exacerbated sensibilities; she pays for her inability to communicate on a personal level with her excessive response to the horrors of the outside world.

Bergman's probings, though, are not subordinated to the drama of his story, and his actresses, Liv Ullmann as the silent woman, and Bibi Andersson as the nurse, do him full justice.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Verdi's "Iago"—Colgrass and du Pré

IT IS a not unknown fact about Verdi's next to last opera that he considered calling it *Iago,* before accepting the Italian equivalent of Shakespeare's *Othello.* But it was as *Iago* that it was played for the first time at the Lincoln Center Metropolitan. Any conductor, tenor, or soprano who accepts the participation of Tito Gobbi as the schemer runs that risk, and none of the others—whether James McCracken or Montserrat Caballé, as the foredoomed pair, or Zubin Mehta as conductor—had the artistry or sense of characterization to challenge his dominance.

This may sound as if Gobbi elbowed the others out of the way, took over a prominence not rightly his, or otherwise overstepped the bounds of proper operatic villainy. Far from it. His points were all made with the rapier-like thrust of purpose which spells Iago's gentlemanly decorum, with sly turns of the head, angles of the body, inclinations of the elbows—a practiced perfection of emphasis from the top of his well-coiffed head to the tips of his buffed fingers. Not only better made up and costumed than the previous best, it was also more strongly sung than on most prior occasions. This does not put Gobbi close, vocally, to the Warren class (light cruiser rather than dreadnought) but does suggest that he had expended all possible pains to be vocally right for this occasion. What he was doing, and doing well, even transmitted itself to Shirley Love, whose effort as Emilia was more consistently in the dramatic picture than may, most times, be the case with this character.

Had the other elements been of the Gobbi quality, this *Otello* might have been the *dramma per musica* as Boïto conceived it and Verdi composed it. As they were not, it was merely one of the more typical evenings of Metropolitan Opera, with some risks better calculated than others. In the case of James McCracken there was, of course, no vocal risk at all. His voice now fills out the kind of burly outline he projects with his body, but without much addition of dramatic subtlety or refinement of the suffering inherent in the role. Against such an Iago as Gobbi's, the attack is much too frontal, head-on, aggressive to develop a credible duel of wits. It is all lunge and no parry. However, in terms of McCracken's conception, the performance he gives is rock solid.

In her first Desdemona, Mme. Caballé showed further the kind of qualifications needed to succeed to Zinka Milanov's place in the affections of many Metropolitan Opera goers. They will hear the same comforting kind of tonal production and nondisturbing kind of character projection, whether the role is Leonore or Leonora, Marguerite or Desdemona. It was a foregone conclusion that she would sing the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" beautifully, but there is much more, dramatically, to the role than that. In the long run of her bland, well-formed, generally colorless phrases, it became rather easy to regard sympathetically Otello's growing anger with her. There must be a more subtle way of conveying innocence than the one she offered. Miss Love's Emilia had altogether more dramatic purpose as well as impact. In the subordinate but far from minor part of Cassio, Ermanno Lorenzi, a newcomer from Italy, showed too little vocally or dramatically to justify his importation for this speciality.

As for the kind of *Otello* conducted by Zubin Mehta, it could be described as rough but not ready. There was nothing in his over-muscular, under-refined treatment to counter the assertion that it was his first venture with the score any place. To undertake such a maiden effort at the Metropolitan, in the company of such experienced artists as Gobbi and McCracken, is an act of presumption that no amount of talent can justify.

The so-called "second cast" came into the Metropolitan's *Die Zauberflöte* for the third performance and the following broadcast, and showed itself capable of sustaining the quality standard of its predecessor. It is a cast wholly American, but its members met the challenge of a German text on even terms. In the instances of Judith Raskin as Pamina and John Macurdy as Sarastro, it achieved results of surer Mozartian quality than its predecessors, and George Shirley as Tamino was also admirable. A particular credit was earned by Theodor Uppman, the adept Papageno of many performances in English, who showed a fluent command of the German text, difficult as such an adaptation is. However, Roberta Peters had her downs as well as ups as Queen of the Night. A sampling of the fourth (broadcast) performance by ear alone suggested that what is really anti-Mozartian in this production is not the imaginative décor of Marc Chagall but the unimaginative conducting of Josef Krips.

Erich Leinsdorf's latest show of samples from his Boston line of novelties included perhaps the rarest of products in today's musical mart: a work which was not only new but good, not only ingenious but fanciful, not only witty but warm. It was the creation of thirty-five-year-old Michael Colgrass, titled *As Quiet As* in which are depicted, musically, the responses of a group of school children to the challenge of filling out that kind of analogy.

Among the likenesses he chose were *As Quiet As*—"A Leaf Turning Colors," "An Uninhabited Creek," "An Ant Walking," "Children Sleeping," "Time Passing," and "The First Star Coming Out." In all of them, Colgrass (trained as a percussion player) showed a highly sensitive ear for orchestral colorations and an engaging affection for wee definitions of sonority (fluttering strings and a tinkling bell for one, *spiccato* strings and harmonics in another, soft thumps of the timpani and veiled snores—by muted trumpets—in a third). The concluding coda using a double instrumental ensemble à la Ives (with Charles Wilson, who performed the celesta and harpsichord parts, serving as second conductor) did not quite provide the solution of an end. Taken as a whole, it was all as quiet as Colgrass growing. Leinsdorf, who directed the new work skillfully, prefaced it with a too strenuous Beethoven No. 2, and the concert also included Gina Bachauer as soloist in the Second Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto.

TWO cellists of note shared an evening when Jacqueline du Pré, the enormously gifted English virtuosa, made her first appearance with the New York Philharmonic in Lincoln Center, and Mstislav Rostropovich continued his tour of the solo literature with the London Symphony in Carnegie Hall. Miss du Pré's abundant gifts were no less apparent than at her American debut a year ago, but her playing of the Schumann Concerto with Leonard Bernstein suggested that she is, perhaps, taking her press notices too seriously. That is, she indulged in a good deal of weaving and bobbing in the name of "temperament," which more than once disrupted her aim where finger accuracy was concerned. In addition to sponsoring Piston's well-written "Variations," the latest Rostropovich program included Strauss's *Don Quixote.* It was, regrettably, lacking the pith and zest to be expected of a performer of his capacity, perhaps, in the first instance, because the orchestral playing directed by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky was lumpy and without a sure sense of direction. Glynne Adams drew a finer likeness of Sancho Panza on the viola than his famous associate did of Quixote on the cello.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Where the Deer and the Fruit Bats Play

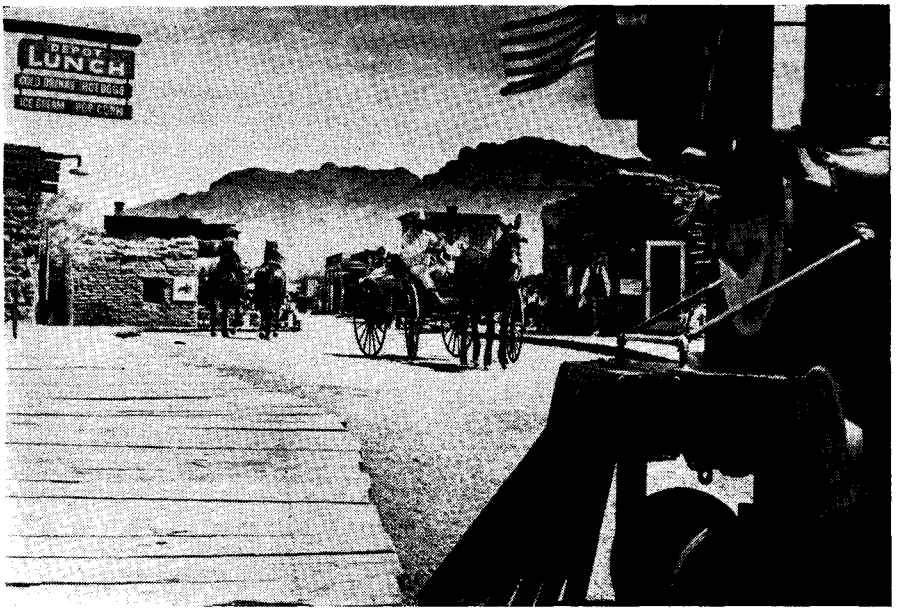
IT IS ONE THING to fly over the Western desert as I was doing the other morning while sipping a cup of coffee, and another thing to be able to walk in it as I found myself doing later the same afternoon. Frankly, if I had realized just what was lurking among the saguaro cactus and the boojum trees, I might never have gotten farther into Tucson, Arizona, which is where my plane set down, than the tarmac. *Puercoespines, zorrillos, coatimundis, javelinas*—a regular psychedelic zoo.

There was scarcely time to do more than claim my bag, find a pad, and have what is so quaintly called out here in Marlboro country a chuck wagon lunch, before I was speeding along West Speedway Boulevard in the general direction of the Papago Indian Reservation. It seemed to me less a boulevard than a hard surface ribbon that had been poured into the middle of the mesquite and now served as a respectable trail for cars bound for an establishment called the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum.

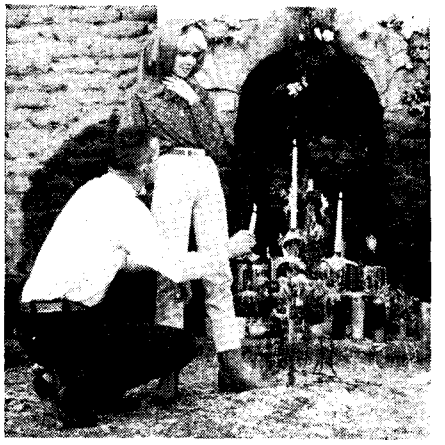
There is, I assure you, nothing faintly resembling a Rembrandt in the Desert Museum, although they have on hand a dandy collection of original fruit bats, some nasty Mexican wolves, a matched set of rattlers, and a few mourning doves who give a long coo followed by three short ones presumably in memory of anyone who has stepped unwittingly into the rattlers' lair.

The Arizona-Sonora exhibition is in effect a living museum, a reservation in which all sorts of beasts enjoy a reasonably exact, albeit controlled, arrangement of their normal lives on the desert. The peregrine falcon, which lives on prey that it seizes in a 160-mile-an-hour Stuka swoop, hasn't much room for a long run here, but it sits in majesty anyway, existing on pretty much the same diet it would get were it free to come screaming down from a high perch. Across the pathway, or more precisely, in the very next cage, dwell two sparrow hawks. On the day I was there they were at table, one clutching a recently deceased white mouse in its claws, the other dipping into *its* mousely morsel with about the same gusto with which the poker club goes after the post-game cold chicken. Otters, who are found on the Colorado River, were frolicking in a man-made pool. Min and Gus, a pair of antelope born in the Mingus Mountains last May, had found a home where they could play in the same compound with a number of resident deer. The skies were not cloudy, and it was difficult to be anything but at home on the range.

The coatimundi, which looks like a raccoon and is called coati for short (or *chulos* in Spanish), live in larger families, dine on eggs, fruit, rodents, and lizards. In the wild of the desert they roam in groups of fifty, rather like teenaged bands on Sunset Boulevard. Similarly, they grow their hair long, in the fashion of Persian cats, and they look like monkeys with a strain of anteater thrown in. Antelope squirrels live in what is called Prairie Dog Village, scurrying about like ladies in the afternoon, occasionally sitting up on their hind legs to see where they are. Much of their time must be spent in housekeeping and home-building. According to antelope squirrel intelligence, which is dispensed on the scene, one prairie dog village—really a city—extended over an enormous area 1,000 miles long and 250 miles wide, holding a population of 400 million. Well, that's what my notes say, although as I reflect on it now, the whole idea sounds incredible.



In Old Tucson—Live actors using blank cartridges act out an open-air playlet several times a day.



The Wishing Shrine, downtown Tucson—"America's upholstered outback."

A *javelina*, in this near-to-Mexico locale, would be known as a wild boar in other parts. Some members of that bristly tribe are in pens on the property. So are coyotes, whose yapping is said to be the song of the West, and mountain lions, or pumas, which weigh more than 200 pounds and can leap forty feet for dinner. Jaguars are the largest cats in the hemisphere, weighing 300 pounds, and inhabiting the crannies of southern Arizona, New Mexico, parts of Texas, and lands south clear to Argentina.

I had the impression that large black bears worked the roads of Yellowstone, wandered north to the precincts of Glacier Park when the tourist season began, and were squatters on the public lands of Alaska, to mention a few habitats that came to mind. I had no idea at all that they, too, were in Arizona, but they are, dwelling in the cool of the mountains.

Oddly enough, none of these large animals struck as much terror in my imaginative heart as the Mexican wolves, which walked relentlessly in a pack, always at double-quick time, nearly at a trot, searching, turning, peering, waiting, the mayhem coiled and ready, the madness to kill held only by the thinnest thread, marching and countermarching—they would have chain-smoked if they had known how—like penned mobsters of three decades ago waiting for the mouthpiece to get them sprung so they could go shoot up the South Side. On the floor of the bare cage were the remain-

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ders of bones that had been gnawed, chawed, and worked until there was no shred of flesh left, only the hard knuckle that had once been some other animal's joint.

There are some walk-in bird enclosures—no falcons or hawks there—and a walk-in turtle enclosure. A sign indicates that the turtles are vegetarians and *usually* (their word) don't bite. But all the rest of the living museum—less, of course, such gentler residents as the deer and the antelope—are rather nettlesome neighbors, and I wonder that the desert ever sold itself as a place of quiet refuge for elderly folks and other fragile types suffering from frostbite.

IN the old days, it took tough pioneers to survive the laws of the open West, to say nothing of the unpenned pumas and the wolves. Some of that life, suitably hoked up, has been fashioned in Old Tucson, a sort of shoot-'em-up open-air funhouse which almost adjoins the living museum. Old Tucson is a replica of a Western town that might have existed in these parts a hundred years ago. It was put together in 1939 by Columbia Pictures as a setting for the celebrated film called *Arizona*, a forerunner for some forty other Westerns and uncounted television shows which were shot here. Besides the old wooden buildings, the general store, and the establishments affixed now with signs of Western whimsy, there are such other attractions as a small train ride for small travelers that constitutes a reasonably exact, if shrunken, edition of the Southern Pacific's line through the West. Beyond the false fronts that look out on the wooden sidewalks are some real interiors—a candle shop, for instance, an emporium that sells "Cactus Creations," and an old-fashioned ice cream parlor.

By far the biggest attraction is a sort of playlet which is acted out several times a day on the streets of Old Tucson using live actors, blank cartridges, and dubbed voices that have been put on tape and are fed back over a public address system. What with the meller-dramer music playing during the sentimental scenes, the antagonists barking at one another, and the guns barking, too, and all of it played on the living stage, it becomes something of a hoss opera version of *Son et Lumière*.

Not all of the Southwest is, as we have come to know, as rigorous as its history and its wildlife suggest. There are almost any number of upholstered oases which have been caused to flower in the mesquite, and not the least of them is the Skyline Country Club. It is by all odds a private club with a golf course that threads its way among the villas, the mansions, and the winter *pieds-à-terre*; but it does allow a number of *Ausländer* to take up temporary residence. There are no fewer than sixty-four cottages and apartments, some of them on the rise of a hill with the view sweeping off into the whole expansive valley clear to the center of Tucson. The nights are cool in the Santa Catalinas foothills where the club is perched, but the days are warm enough for swimming, and certainly for golf. There are tennis courts equipped with a rubberized surface, and riding. Some of the cottages have their own kitchenettes, but the kitchen in the clubhouse, no wellspring of chili beans and *chorizos*, offers such temptations of the Wild West as rack of lamb *flambé*, oysters Rockefeller, and Idaho mountain trout. If you can't bother rolling up to the clubhouse in your own electric golf cart, and you don't want to bother with such built-in appurtenances as a disappearing toaster and an automatic can opener, they'll send dinner down.

I think it ought to be said that all Tucson is not nearly as posh as Skyline. The environs of the city are dotted with guest ranches which are often homey and ranchy and unfettered by trappings of country club elegance. There are also a number of motels which are like motels almost anywhere excepting that they are wont to call—in the local idiom—a plain old buffet a chuck wagon lunch. Chuck wagon covers an awful lot of gastronomic sins in the Southwest, and in many establishments Upchuck Wagon would be a better term.

The first inhabitants of the area now called Tucson were Indians who came in the ninth century and eventually perished, possibly from eating their own version of chuck wagon meals. A hundred years before the Colonies dumped the tea and broke the shackles, Spanish explorers were roaming southern Arizona. Some of the saguaro cactus, with its big, sharplyangled arms, could have been growing as long ago as the American Revolution—or, let's say, since the death of Father Kino, an early Jesuit who started the first missions and expired in 1711. His remains were discovered last spring by a joint team of diggers from Mexico and Arizona, and both Mexico and Arizona are now planning memorials to him.

An elevation of nearly 2,500 feet makes for toasty winter days but teeth-chattering evenings that can dip dangerously near to frostbite. The Old Pueblo, as Tucson is called in quaint talk, is barren of Indians now. The Apaches have long since fled. There are, however, thirteen golf courses and 300,000 other citizens, not counting a number of visiting Japanese and German crews from JAL and Lufthansa who come down here to train in the clear air and lend a curious cosmopolitan air to America's upholstered outback.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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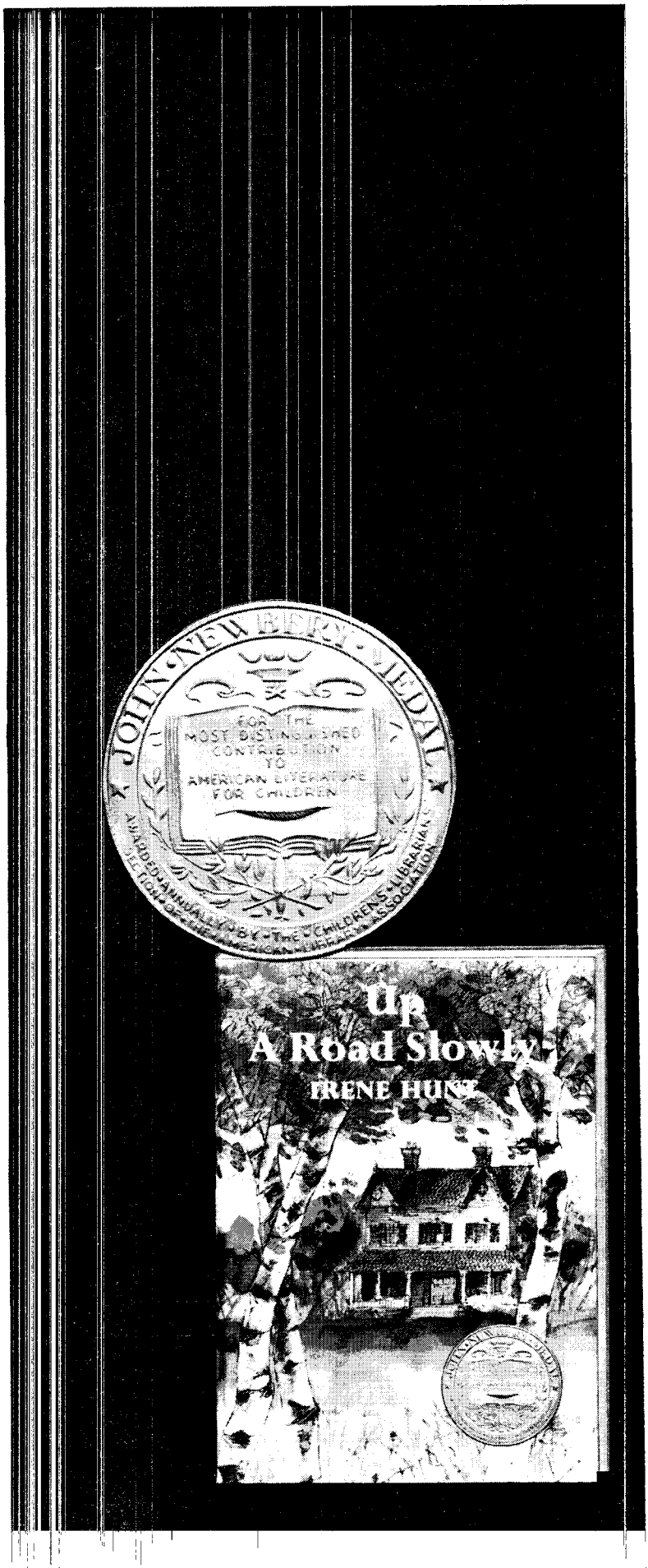
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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

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Who Will Police the Academy?

THE FUROR that followed the disclosure that the Central Intelligence Agency had subsidized the National Student Association and other para-educational groups has touched almost every issue except what may be the most important of all—the responsibility of the academic community to honor its own commitments. The academic freedoms and immunities associated with teaching and scholarship were developed because truth cannot be pursued objectively under duress or under the subtle pressures associated with prior commitments to a special point of view. At the same time, the very nature of learning and research depend on the integrity of the practitioners: A scholar or teacher with secret loyalties and support becomes an apologist rather than a seeker of truth.

No one questions the need for academic talent in government, or for overt, publicly acknowledged governmental support in legitimate research and education. But when academic organizations or individuals make secret arrangements with the government, or with other organizations, the integrity of the whole academic enterprise is endangered. As a result, every time an American student or professor is detained or arrested in the Soviet Union or in Eastern Europe we will be reminded of the CIA's relationship with educational organizations, and every time a research program is questioned overseas we will wonder about the independence of its staff. Most important, the latest CIA affair tends to cloud the reliability and integrity of every piece of scholarship that touches—however remotely—some issue of national interest.

The only effective defense for American education is that it police itself. American teachers and administrators are well represented by national organizations of almost every description—from the American Council on Education and the American Council of Learned Societies through a whole array of professional associations in the major disciplines. Each of them professes to be concerned with matters of academic freedom and professional integrity, and each of them presumably has a stake when such integrity is jeopardized. It is the responsibility of such organizations to make clear what covert association with governmental agencies implies.

The anger and embarrassment of the academic community, which often turns instinctively on agencies like the CIA, might well be turned on itself. It is, in some measure, the CIA's business to be covert and clandestine, and as long as we have it, we can expect it to operate in character; but the very heart of the academic enterprise lies in its candor and reputation for good faith. Any transgression by one element ultimately taints others. It is therefore incumbent on the representative organizations of American education to define the responsibilities of academic freedom, and to censure and discipline the transgressors in their own camp. It is time for them to declare unequivocally where they stand. Anyone—be he a scholar studying agriculture in the Soviet Union or a student representing the United States at an international congress—resigns his right to his academic credentials when he serves as a covert government agent. Education cannot serve two masters.

—P.S.

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Letters to the Editor

"Romantic" Critics

PETER SCHRAG'S article, "Education's 'Romantic' Critics" [*SR*, Feb. 18], seemed to hit the nail on the head. The notions and ideas of Friedenberg, Goodman, Henry, and Holt are already in focus to many of us who aspire to teach. The implementation of same is another tale. The realization of the concept of "what was good enough for us is good enough for them" comes to people as they reach the settled age. The knowledge that their tax dollar may be an innovator frightens many of the generations before mine. They have become accustomed to receiving a product well tested and proven and are wary of those that have not been labeled APPROVED.

We need more of F., G., H., and H., around the country.

F. P. OBERHAMMER.
Unionville, Conn.

IN REGARD TO Peter Schrag's fine but belated acknowledgement of Goodman, Friedenberg, Holt, and Henry, may I point out that these romantic critics have been alive to the evils of the Establishment for a good long time and didn't need to lift ideas from Riesman: 1) because these ideas have been around since at least 400 B.C.; and 2) Goodman's *The Empire City* was written many years before *The Lonely Crowd*. Almost all of the salient criticisms of contemporary urban society are to be found in this early Goodman book.

Mr. Schrag is no doubt correct. Friedenberg is more sophisticated than Goodman only because Mr. Schrag's definition of sophistication tends toward the acceptance of things as they are. Friedenberg accepts fraternities, Goodman does not. In this sense, Friedenberg is sophisticated.

BERNARD MEHL,
Professor of Education,
Ohio State University.
Columbus, O.

Church-State Debate

IN HIS ARTICLE "Church and State: The Absolutist Crusade" [*SR*, Jan. 21], William Ball develops the thesis that "the emphasis of the [absolutist] campaign is fear." There is no better demonstration of Mr. Ball's thesis than Leo Pfeffer's companion article, "What Price Federal Aid?"

Mr. Pfeffer suggests that among other consequences of the Federal Elementary and Secondary Education Act are the following: lawlessness, discrimination, and disintegration. These are a fearful set of consequences, indeed. Regrettably, however, Pfeffer seeks to establish these consequences by impugning the motivation behind a statement of Msgr. Eugene J. Molloy, by offering the most limited evidence of their existence, or simply by asserting that they will come to pass. No proponent of the Federal Education Act defends lawlessness or discrimination or promotes disintegration, and, furthermore, if these consequences materialize to any degree, there are ways to minimize or prevent them without eliminating the act itself.

In the United States, a pluralistic society of some 200 million people, citizens have different ideals and values to which they are committed, including different philosophies of education. Because of this, it is essential that the nonpublic school be made a genuine alternative to the public school; for freedom requires alternatives from which to choose, including an alternative consistent with one's own commitment. Public education is a free choice only if alternative choices are available, and only if these choices are available without economic penalty. Unless the government supports the education of all children, freedom of choice is available only to the rich.

JOHN VANDEN BERG,
Chairman of the Board,
Michigan Federation,
Citizens for Educational Freedom.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I WISH TO TAKE EXCEPTION to the context in which Leo Pfeffer so briefly quotes me in his article.

When the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed by the Congress, those citizens who hailed this consensus legislation as a breakthrough mourned the attempt of other citizens to seek injunctions in the courts to prevent its administration.

The complainants in the lawsuits in New York City referred to by Mr. Pfeffer and represented by him as their chief counselor are seeking an injunction from the court to prevent the Board of Education of New York City from administering the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. This law is also a piece of consensus legislation hailed by many citizens as a breakthrough in the long and torturous effort by American society to lay away its ancient prejudices and establish a truly open society.

Both Pfeffer and those who sought injunctions against the implementation of the Civil Rights Law have the right to proceed as they have proceeded. But if other citizens mourn such actions, they should not be characterized as encouraging lawlessness as Pfeffer has implied in his article.

Or is Pfeffer begging the question he claims he wants the courts to decide?

VERY REVEREND EUGENE J. MOLLOY,
Chairman, Committee Non-Public
School Officials of the City of
New York.
New York, N.Y.

IN HIS ARTICLE, William B. Ball criticizes those who staunchly believe in the separation of church and state as not managing "to get themselves into the mainstream of modern American attitudes."

These staunch separationists know from history that it was possible to develop democratic institutions in our country only by making the church independent of the state. They also know that the survival of American democracy depends upon the mainte-

(*Continued on page 73*)

"In my opinion, Rhodes is just as well off without a Colossus."

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THE THREE Rs IN CALIFORNIA

Reagan, The Regents, And the Right

—*Wide World Photos.*

Governor Reagan with California Superintendent of Instruction Max Rafferty (above): "Like Rafferty, Reagan managed to imply, without ever quite stating, that Kerr was responsible for a 'four-year course in sex, drugs, and treason' on the Berkeley campus." In the lower photo, Kerr (right) is shown with former Governor Brown and Regent Edward W. Carter.

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY, *education writer, Los Angeles Times.*

A WASHINGTON reporter who arrived in Sacramento in mid-February for a first-hand look at the newest California phenomenon, Governor Ronald Reagan, found to his surprise that the action had moved south to the Board of Regents meeting of the University of California on the sunny oceanside campus at Santa Barbara. There, Reagan, who had been expected to slay political demons like crime in the streets and fair housing laws, found himself entangled in talk about student-faculty ratios and academic recruiting. The Regents—with Reagan's support—had already fired Clark Kerr as president of the university and were now the focus of the Governor's determined fight to cut the budgets of the university and the California state colleges, and to impose tuition on both.

Since Reagan was inaugurated in January, higher education has been the biggest political news in California. As the fight moves into the legislature this month, Reagan appears to be winning. The UC Board of Regents has scaled down its request for state support from $278 million to $264 million and has indicated it will be happy to settle for $255 million. The Board also has turned over $19,000,000 in special funds, most of them realized from "overhead payments" on federal research contracts, for use by the state in 1967-68. The total reduction of $42,000,000—15 per cent of the Regents's original request—is by far the biggest cut imposed by any Governor or legislature since World War II.

The State College Board of Trustees still is pressing for its full $213 million request, to operate eighteen colleges with an enrollment of some 185,000 students next year. However, the trustees are prepared to settle for $191 million and are more likely to receive about $172 million. At that level of support the colleges will restrict enrollment by about 20,000 students.

If the university receives only $255 million, it, too, will limit enrollment by 3,500 to 5,000 students below the anticipated level of 97,000 students on nine campuses. Should the UC budget plunge toward the $215.5 million level Reagan is presently supporting, additional thousands of students will be turned away.

At one level the argument is how many students to educate at what standards of quality. However, at a more important level the stake is nothing less than California's ambitious effort to provide a college education for every high school graduate who seeks one. This notion, thought to be as sacred to Californians as the automobile and the pizzaburger, would place 150,000 students in the University of California and 250,000 in the state colleges by 1975. Another half million students would be enrolled in

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100 or more junior colleges by that date.

Now the California plan has been challenged by a new Governor, who insists that higher education join in his cost-cutting campaign, even if this means limiting educational opportunities for some. For the first time in recent history the envied and widely copied California system of higher education will deny entrance to qualified students.

The California Master Plan for Higher Education states that the top 12.5 per cent of graduating high school seniors are eligible for UC, the top 33.3 per cent for the state colleges, but this policy cannot be continued in the face of the Reagan cuts. Theoretically, qualified students who are turned away from the university and the colleges may enroll in one of the state's eighty junior colleges. However, officials in some crowded junior college districts have warned that they cannot accommodate those extra students. Nor is a student who has worked hard to attain at least a B average in "hard-core" subjects in high school, in order to qualify for UC, likely to turn with good grace to a junior college.

Governor Reagan defends his policies on the grounds that California faces a "major fiscal crisis," for which "the answer lies with all of us—there are no exceptions." He told the Board of Regents in early February, "I cannot believe this Board and the academic community want higher education to be some kind of sanctuary" from cost-cutting.

The Democrats deny that a financial crisis exists, but have thus far been ineffective in proving their case. As a result, Reagan has been able to put the

"I DIDN'T REALIZE RONNIE REAGAN WAS WITH US..."

—Chicago Sun-Times, courtesy of Wil-Jo Associates, Inc.

university and colleges on the defensive with his argument that the budget cuts are intended only to solve a "fiscal crisis" in 1967-68. Nevertheless, there appear to be at least two other motivations for his actions.

Many Californians, including even some members of the Board of Regents, regard the state's higher education growth plans as grandiose and unrealistic. Gordon P. Smith, Reagan's finance director, clearly agrees. "We've had a tremendous growth in the university and the colleges in the last decade," Smith says. "Enrollment has gone up three times, operating costs four times, and capital expenditures four times, while the population, and consequently, the ability to pay, has increased only 40 per cent. Maybe now is a time to pause, to see where we are before we move forward again in higher education." Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns has replied that the recent history of California "has been a period of unparalleled, tempestuous change, and the temptation is to stop a while and rest," but "this we cannot do . . . it is necessary to run just to keep up."

If the budget cuts led only to reductions in enrollment that would be serious enough, but the effects are more wide-ranging. Faculty hiring in both the university and state college systems came to a halt during the three-month period, December to February, when the most effective recruiting normally is done. The state colleges already faced recruiting problems because of heavy teaching loads, inadequate research facilities and opportunities, lower salaries than competitor systems such as the City University of New York, and poor sabbatical leave arrangements. The three-month delay in the process of obtaining more than 1,000 new professors needed by next fall has compounded the hiring problem to a degree where very few first-rate people will be interested or available, in the view of most responsible officials in the colleges.

AT the University of California the impact of the hiring freeze was deepened by the firing of President Clark Kerr, a move which most faculty members regard as political in one degree or another. No doubt it is true, as one member of the Board of Regents put it, that Kerr "nudged the issue of his continuance in office up onto the table, where the people who most wanted to get rid of him could grab it." But it is also clear that conservative Regents who had long opposed Kerr, working together with new allies in the Reagan Administration, put together the necessary combination of votes to oust the liberal president.

The only surprise was the timing. The firing was supposed to take place in February, so that Reagan would not be embarrassed by a political lynching at the January meeting, the first he attended as Governor and ex officio president of the Board. But the votes for ouster were there in January, and Kerr's foes, who had seen him slip through their noose several times before, determined to strike then.

The firing was the logical result of a political campaign in which the University of California was a major issue. Reagan effectively attacked the "mess at Berkeley," a mess presumed to consist of equal parts of political protest and sexual orgy. Like Max Rafferty, the right-wing state superintendent of public

(*Continued on page* 68)

—Wide World.

Protest leader Mario Savio directs a sit-in during the 1964 Berkeley demonstrations.

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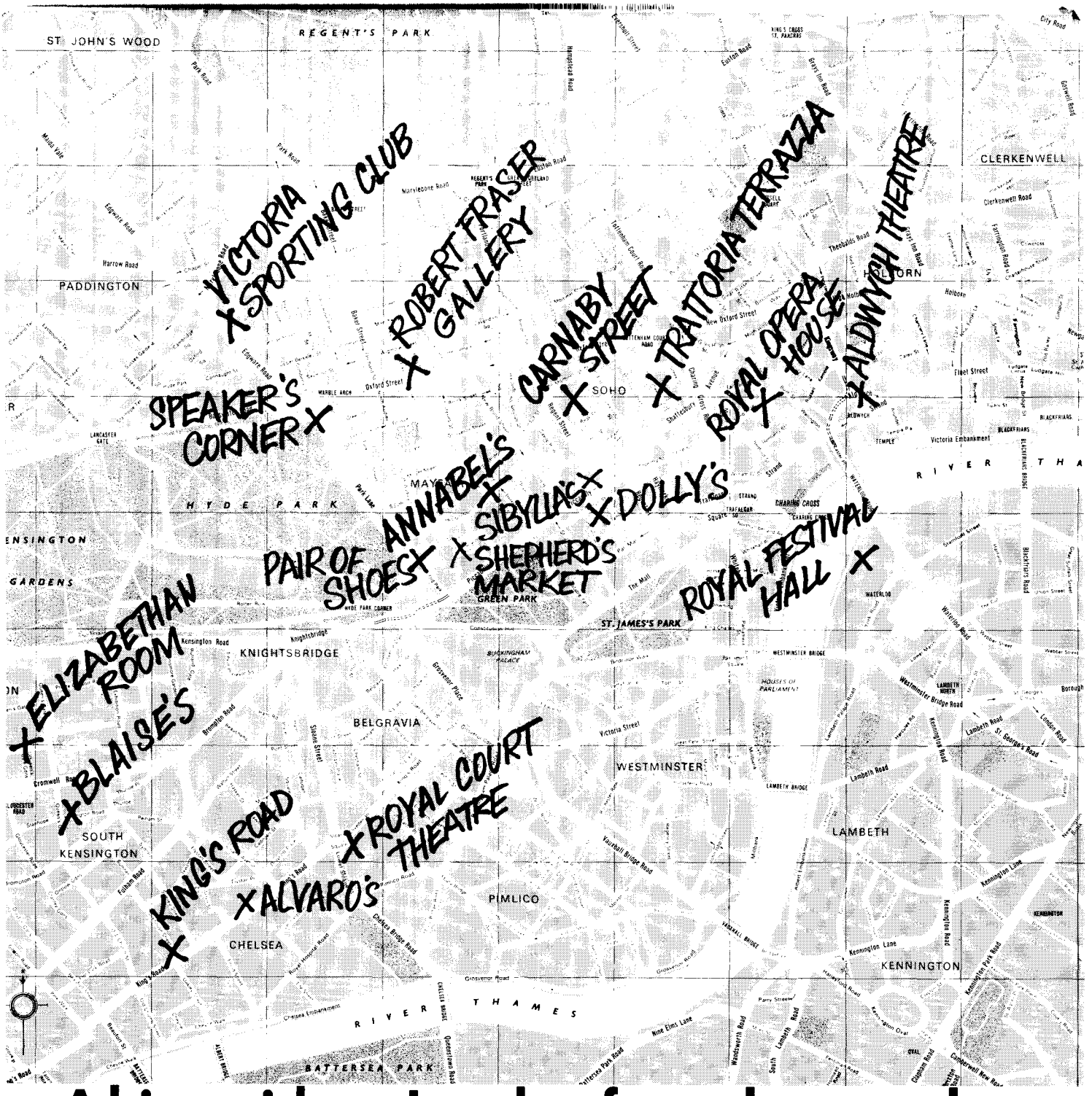

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To make your planning easier, we suggest you see your Travel Agent.

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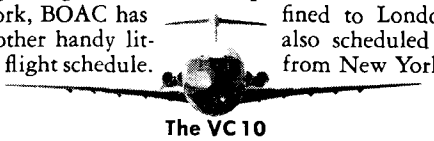

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A SCHOOLMAN'S GUIDE TO MARSHALL McLUHAN

By JOHN M. CULKIN, S.J., *director of the Center for Communications, Fordham University.*

EDUCATION, a seven-year-old assures me, is "how kids learn stuff." Few definitions are as satisfying. It includes all that is essential—a who, a what, and a process. It excludes all the people, places, and things which are only sometimes involved in learning. The economy and accuracy of the definition, however, are more useful in locating the problem than in solving it. We know little enough about *kids,* less about *learning,* and considerably more than we would like to know about *stuff.*

In addition, the whole process of formal schooling *is* now wrapped inside an environment of speeded-up technological change which is constantly influencing kids and learning and stuff. The jet-speed of this technological revolution, especially in the area of communications, has left us with more reactions to it than reflections about it. Meanwhile back at the school, the student, whose psyche is being programed for tempo, information, and relevance by his electronic environment, is still being processed in classrooms operating on the postulates of another day. The cold war existing between these two worlds is upsetting for both the student and the schools. One thing is certain: It is hardly a time for educators to plan with nostalgia, timidity, or old formulas. Enter Marshall McLuhan.

He enters from the North, from the University of Toronto where he teaches English and is director of the Center for Culture and Technology. He enters with the reputation as "the oracle of the electric age" and as "the most provocative and controversial writer of this generation." More importantly for the schools, he enters as a man with fresh eyes, with new ways of looking at old problems. He is a man who gets his ideas first and judges them later. Most of these ideas are summed up in his book, *Understanding Media.* His critics tried him for not delivering these insights in their most lucid and practical form. It isn't always cricket, however, to ask the same man to crush the grapes and serve the wine. Not all of McLu is nu or tru, but then again neither is *all* of anybody else. This article is an attempt to select and order those elements of McLuhanism which are most relevant to the schools and to provide the schoolman with some new ways of thinking about the schools.

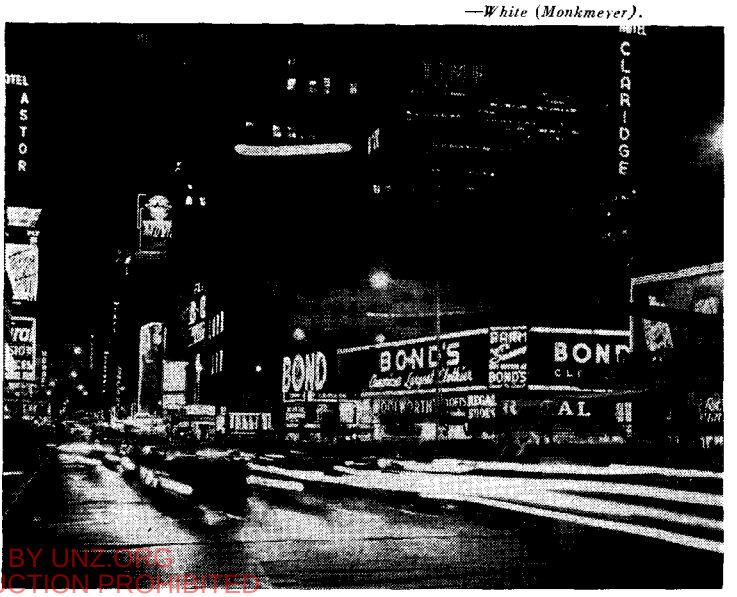
McLuhan's promise is modest enough: "All I have to offer is an enterprise of investigation into a world that's quite unusual and quite unlike any previous world and for which no models of perception will serve." This unexplored world happens to be the present. McLuhan feels that very few men look at the present with a present eye, that they tend to miss the present by translating it into the past, seeing it through a rear-view mirror. The unnoticed fact of our present is the electronic environment created by the new communications media. It is as pervasive as the air we breathe (and some would add that it is just as polluted), yet its full import eludes the judgments of commonsense or content-oriented perception. The environments set up by different media are not just containers for people; they are processes which shape people. Such influence is deterministic only if ignored. There is no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening.

Theorists can keep reality at arm's length for long periods of time. Teachers and administrators can't. They are closeted with reality all day long. In many instances they are co-prisoners with electronic-age students in the old pencil box cell. And it is the best teachers and the best students who are in the most trouble because they are challenging the system constantly. It is the system which has to come under scrutiny. Teachers and students can say, in the words of the Late Late Show, "Baby, this thing is bigger than both of us." It won't be ameliorated by a few dashes of good

"The environments set up by different media are not just containers for people; they are the processes which shape people. There is no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening."

—Fujihira (Monkmeyer).

—White (Monkmeyer).



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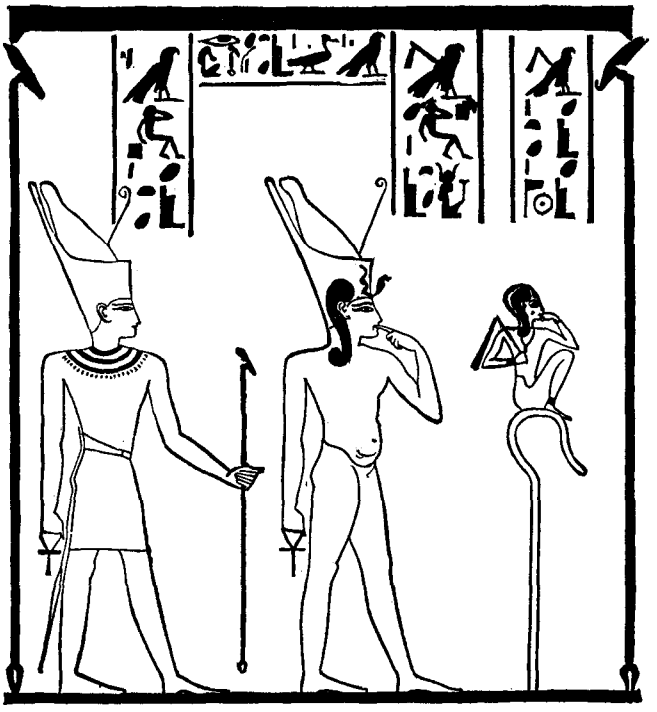

Locut⁹ ē aut ē saul ad yonathan filium suum·et ad oēs seruos suos:ut occiderent dauid.Porro yonathas fili⁹ saul.diligebat dauid valde. Et indicauit yonathas dauid dicens Querit saul p̄r meus occidere te. Quapropt̄ obserua te q̄so mane·⁊ manebis clam et absc̄ōdēris Ego aut ē egrediēs stabo iuxta patrē meū i agro vbicūq; fuerit·et ego loquar de te ad patrē meū· ⁊ q̄dcūq; videro nūciabo tibi. Locut⁹ est ergo yonathas de dauid bona:ad saul patrem suum. Dixitq; ad eū. Ne

—*Culver.*

The changing media: Egyptian hieroglyphics, a page from the Gutenberg Bible, and the television monitor—"The individual's modes of cognition and perception are influenced by the culture he is in, the language he speaks, and the media to which he is exposed. Each culture provides its constituents with a custom-made set of goggles."

will or a little more hard work. It is a question of understanding these new kids and these new media and of getting the schools to deal with the new electronic environment. It's not easy. And the defenders of the old may prove to be the ones least able to defend and preserve the values of the old.

For some people, analysis of these newer technologies automatically implies approbation of them. Their world is so full of *shoulds* that it is hard to squeeze in an *is*. McLuhan suggests a more positive line of exploration:

> At the moment, it is important that we understand cause and process. The aim is to develop an awareness about print and the newer technologies of communication so that we can orchestrate them, minimize their mutual frustrations and clashes, and get the best out of each in the educational process. The present conflict leads to elimination of the motive to learn and to diminution of interest in all previous achievement; It leads to loss of the sense of relevance. Without an understanding of media grammars, we cannot hope to achieve a contemporary awareness of the world in which we live.

We have been told that it is the property of true genius to disturb all settled ideas. McLuhan is disturbing in both his medium and his message. His ideas challenge the normal way in which people perceive reality. They can create a very deep and personal threat since they touch on everything in a person's experience. They are just as threatening to the establishment whose way of life is predicated on the postulates he is questioning. The establishment has no history of organizing parades to greet its disturbers.

His medium is perhaps more disturbing than his message. From his earliest work he has described his enterprise as "explorations in communication." The word he uses most frequently today is "probe." His books demand a high degree of involvement from the reader. They are poetic and intuitive rather than logical and analytic. Structurally, his unit is the sentence. Most of them are topic sentences—which are left undeveloped. The style is oral and breathless and frequently obscure. It's a different kind of medium.

"The medium is the message," announced McLuhan a dozen years ago in a cryptic and uncompromising aphorism whose meaning is still being explored. The title of his latest book, an illustrated popular paperback treatment of his theories, playfully proclaims that *The Medium Is the Massage*—a title calculated to drive typesetters and critics to hashish and beyond. The original dictum can be looked at in four ways, the third of which includes a massage of importance.

THE first meaning would be better communicated orally—"The *medium* is the message." The *medium* is the thing to study. The *medium* is the thing you're missing. Everybody's hooked on content; pay attention to form, structure, framework, *medium*. The play's the thing. The medium's the thing. McLuhan makes the truth stand on its head to attract attention. Why the medium is worthy of attention derives from its other three meanings.

Meaning number two stresses the relation of the medium to the content. The form of communication not only alters the content, but each form also has preferences for certain kinds of messages. Content always exists in some form and is, therefore, to some degree governed by the dynamics of that form. If you don't know the medium, you don't know the message. The insight is neatly summed up by Dr. Edmund Carpenter: "English is a mass medium. All languages are mass media. The new mass media—film, radio, TV—are new languages, their grammars as yet unknown. Each codifies reality differently; each conceals a unique metaphysics. Linguists tell us it's possible to say anything in any language if you use enough words or images, but there's rarely time; the natural course is for a culture to exploit its media biases. . . ."

It is always content-in-form which is mediated. In this sense, the medium is co-message. The third meaning for the M-M formula emphasizes the relation of the medium to the individual psyche. The medium alters the perceptual habits of its users. Independent of the content, the medium itself gets through. Pre-literate, literate, and post-literate cultures see the world through different-colored glasses. In the process of delivering content the medium also works over the sensorium of the consumer. To get

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—Monkmeyer.

this subtle insight across, McLuhan punned on message and came up with massage. The switch is intended to draw attention to the fact that a medium is not something neutral—it does something to people. It takes hold of them, it jostles them, it bumps them around, it massages them. It opens and closes windows in their sensorium. Proof? Look out the window at the TV generation. They are rediscovering texture, movement, color, and sound as they retribalize the race. TV is a real grabber; it really massages those lazy, unused senses.

The fourth meaning underscores the relation of the medium to society. Whitehead said, "The major advances in civilization are processes that all but wreck the societies in which they occur." The media massage the society as well as the individual. The results pass unnoticed for long periods of time because people tend to view the new as just a little bit more of the old. Whitehead again: "The greatest invention of the nineteenth century was the invention of the method of invention. A new method entered into life. In order to understand our epoch, we can neglect all details of change, such as railways, telegraphs, radios, spinning machines, synthetic dyes. We must concentrate on the method in itself: That is the real novelty which has broken up the foundations of the old civilization." Understanding the medium or process involved is the key to control.

The media shape both content and consumer and do so practically undetected. We recall the story of the Russian worker whose wheelbarrow was searched every day as he left the factory grounds. He was, of course, stealing wheelbarrows. When your medium is your message and they're only investigating content, you can get away with a lot of things—like wheelbarrows, for instance. It's not the picture but the frame. Not the contents but the box. The blank page is not neutral; nor is the classroom.

McLuhan's writings abound with aphorisms, insights, for-instances, and irrelevancies which float loosely around recurring themes. They provide the raw materials of a do-it-yourself kit for tidier types who prefer to do their exploring with clearer charts. What follows is one man's McLuhan served up in barbarously brief form. Five postulates, spanning nearly 4,000 years, will serve as the fingers in this endeavor to grasp McLuhan:

1) 1967 B.C.—*All the senses get into the act.* A conveniently symmetrical year for a thesis which is partially cyclic. It gets us back to man before the Phoenician alphabet. We know from our contemporary ancestors in the jungles of New Guinea and the wastes of the Arctic that preliterate man lives in an all-at-once sense world. The reality which bombards him from all directions is picked up with the omni-directional antennae of sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste. Films such as *The Hunters* and *Nanook of the North* depict primitive men tracking game with an across-the-board sensitivity which mystifies Western, literate man. We mystify them too. And it is this cross-mystification which makes inter-cultural abrasions so worthwhile.

Most people presume that their way of perceiving the world is *the* way of perceiving the world. If they hang around with people like themselves, their mode of perception may never be challenged. It is at the poles (literally and figuratively) that the violent contrasts illumine our own unarticulated perceptual prejudices. Toward the North Pole, for example, live Eskimos. A typical Eskimo family consists of a father, a mother, two children, and an anthropologist. When the anthropologist goes into the igloo to study Eskimos, he learns a lot about himself. Eskimos see pictures and maps equally well from all angles. They can draw equally well on top of a table or underneath it. They have phenomenal memories. They travel without visual bearings in their white-on-white world and can sketch cartographically accurate maps of shifting shorelines. They have forty or fifty words for what we call "snow." They live in a world without linearity, a world of acoustic space. They are Eskimos. Their natural way of perceiving the world is different from our natural way of perceiving the world.

Each culture develops its own balance of the senses in response to the demands of its environment. The most generalized formulation of the theory would maintain that the individual's modes of cognition and perception are influenced by the culture he is in, the language he speaks, and the media to which he is exposed. Each culture, as it were, provides its constituents with a custom-made set of goggles. The differences in perception are a question of degree. Some cultures are close enough to each other in perceptual patterns so that the differences pass unnoticed. Other cultural groups, such as the Eskimo and the American teen-ager, are far enough away from us to provide esthetic distance.

2) *Art imitates life.* In *The Silent Language* Edward T. Hall offers the thesis that all art and technology is an extension of some physical or psychic element of man. Today man has developed extensions for practically everything he used to do with his body: stone axe for hand, wheel for foot, glasses for eyes, radio for voice and ears. Money is a way of storing energy. This externalizing of individual, specialized functions is now, by definition, at its most advanced stage. Through the electronic media of telegraph, telephone, radio, and television, man has now equipped his world with a nervous system similar to the one within his own body. President Kennedy is shot and the world instantaneously reels from the impact of the bullets. Space and time dissolve un-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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THERE'LL BE FEWER LITTLE NOSES

By PAUL WOODRING

IN 1972 the number of children in the first grade in all U.S. schools will be 15 per cent smaller than it is today. This is not a guess but a fact, or a projection of a fact, for all the babies have been born and counted. Only a dramatic change in our immigration policy or a catastrophic rise in the infant death rate could change it materially.

The decline in numbers will mean that if the present pupil-teacher ratio is maintained the demand for primary teachers will fall off sharply. Or, preferably, by retaining the present number of classrooms and of teachers, class size in the lower grades can be reduced from thirty to about twenty-five. And, as the children born in the mid-Sixties move up through the grades, there will be a similar reduction in numbers at each level. By the early Eighties the number reaching college age annually will begin to decline and, by that time, the percentage of the age group going to college should have reached a plateau.

These facts have gone all but unnoticed, probably because of the widespread and legitimate alarm over the world-wide population expansion which poses a threat of starvation in underdeveloped nations. But, in the United States the number of births each year has been falling steadily from its high of 4,308,000 in 1957. Between 1960 and 1965 the number dropped from 4,257,850 to 3,767,000. The 1966 estimate is 3,629,000. And this decline is not limited to states with stable populations—the number has declined even in California from 374,428 in 1964 to 352,146 in 1965 and an estimated 345,000 in 1966.

No one knows whether the decline will continue. Predictions of birthrates are so risky a venture that in the past nearly all forecasting has been erroneous. Textbooks written in the Thirties predicted that the low rate of that decade would continue and that the population of the nation would never rise above 150 million. In 1945 demographers rightly predicted that the rate would rise after the war, but they wrongly predicted that after just a few years the rate would decline to the 1936 level. Instead the high rate continued for fifteen years. By 1965, however, it had dropped to the 1940 level.

TODAY many demographers predict another upswing, in numbers if not in birthrates, in just a few years when the post-war babies themselves will become parents. Since 20,000,000 girls were born in the decade of the Fifties compared to only 15,000,000 in the previous decade, we can say with certainty that the number of women of childbearing age will rise during the decade of the Seventies, but it is possible that the drop in the number of births per potential mother will be so great as to offset that fact. (The fertility rate—number of births per 1,000 women aged 15 to 44—declined from 122.7 in 1957 to 90 in 1966.)

Many conflicting theories have been advanced to account for the rise and fall of birthrates. In the Twenties the declining rate was attributed to prosperity—it was pointed out that the birthrate was low in all the more advanced and prosperous nations. But in the Fifties the *high* birthrate was attributed to the affluence of that decade—it was said that parents had more children because they could afford more. Meanwhile, Japan, during a period of prosperity, has had a sharply falling birthrate.

One thing seems certain. Parents who know how to control birth, and have no religious objections to doing so, will have large families only when they want them. And wanting them or not has some of the characteristics of a fad or fashion. In the Fifties it was fashionable for young American parents to want many children as quickly as possible. Today it seems more fashionable to postpone childbearing and plan smaller families.

Obviously the pill has made birth control more effective. Its extended availability, combined with the apparent decrease in the desire for large families, seems likely to result in a continued decline in the number of births per potential parent. And if the "morning after" pill should become available, a still sharper decline may result.

Whatever the causes may be, and whether or not the decline continues, the decrease in the number of children already born during the Sixties will give educators their first opportunity in two decades to catch up on needed classroom space and to bring the teacher shortage to an end. Teachers can be more carefully selected. The available money will go further, and, if it is used wisely, the result can be better education.

In the primary grades, the opportunity is now. In the secondary schools it will come in the Seventies. And, by the end of that decade, the period of rapid expansion should end, for a time, even in the colleges.

—Pinney (Monkmeyer)

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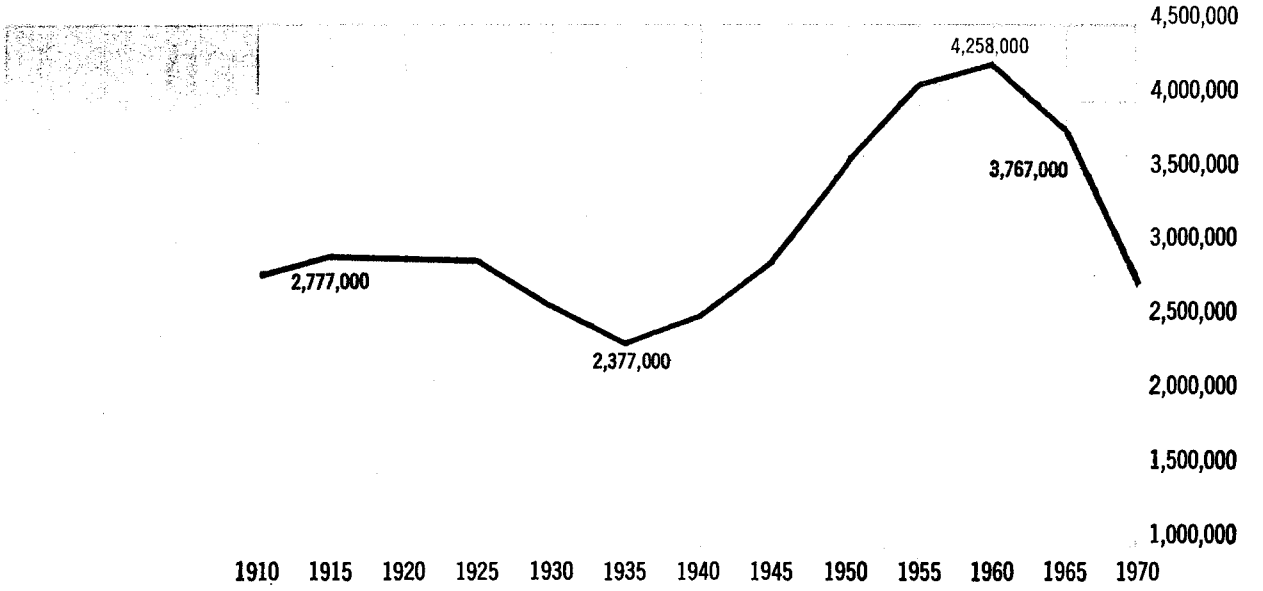

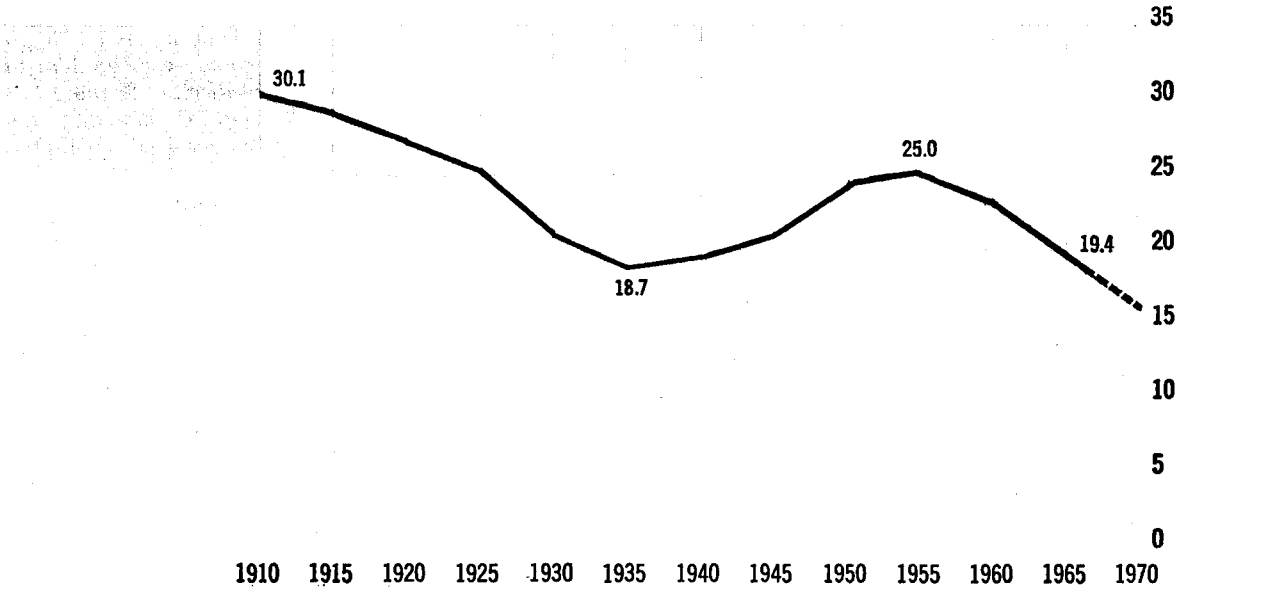

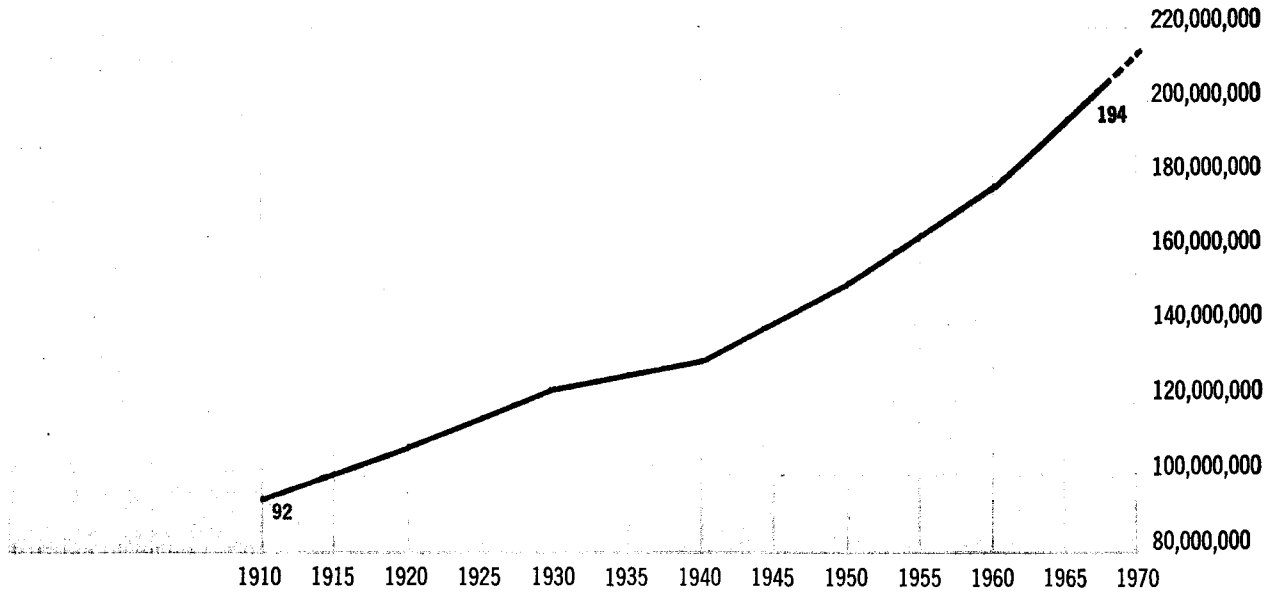

—U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

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CONANT REVISITED

—*Wide World.*

James B. Conant—"The last of the big ones before the Feds."

By TERRY FERRER, *director of the New York editorial office of Science Research Associates, Inc., formerly education editor of the New York Herald Tribune.*

"THE LAST OF the big ones before the Feds," says one educator. But to the acerbic critic Paul Goodman, "he is in fact seeking to mold education merely to bail out an overmature, overcentralized, venal, and conformist status quo in the final epoch of the national states: hurriedly to train 'scientists' to wage the cold war, to man the existing and monstrously growing corporations with apprentices and technicians, and to dampen the 'social dynamite,' as he calls it, of unemployment in the city slums."

Yet to one college president, "he has probably been the greatest force in public education since John Dewey. After he left Harvard, he could have picked any field—graduate education, his own discipline of organic chemistry, continued service to the federal government overseas. Instead he chose to try to better the public schools. Whatever his success, we—and they—should be grateful for his choice."

Divergent as these assessments may be, they are all reasonable evaluations of James Bryant Conant. At seventy-three, he still towers over the country's educators, in school or college, almost fourteen years after his retirement from the university he headed for two decades. The college presidential giants of another era, men like Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins, David Starr Jordan of Stanford, and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, helped to recut the fabric of society as well as of education. Conant is more peer to them than to his contemporaries.

Indeed, as "the last of the big ones" before the Great Society support of education, Conant—more than anyone else—first paved the way for massive federal aid by exposing the startling weaknesses of local school systems at the beginning of the Space Age ten years ago. Yet Conant would never see himself in such a role. He has always been ambivalent about federal aid—pinning his hopes for school financing and, hence, improvement first on the local school board, then on the states, and now recommending, with reservations, general rather than categorical federal help in a period when Washington is spelling out detailed guidelines on how every federal dollar can be spent.

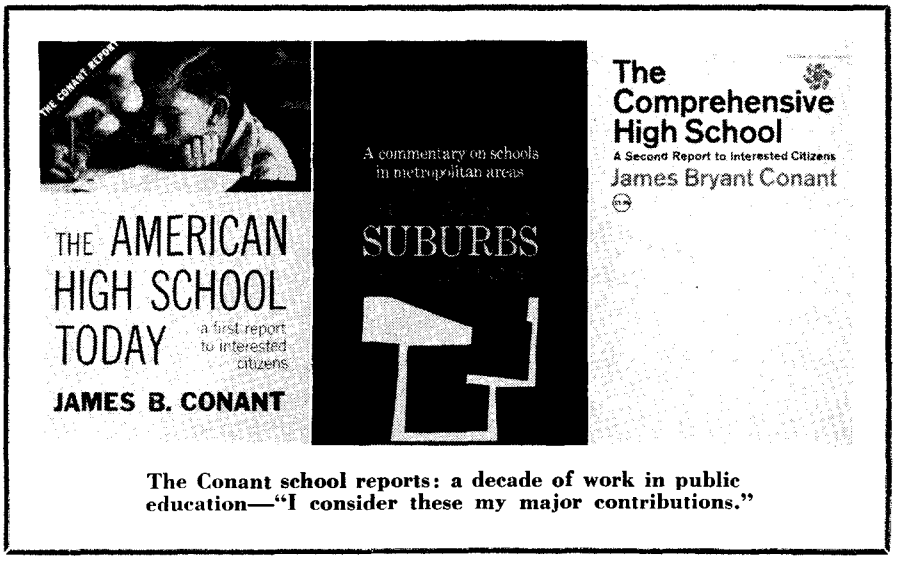
As Goodman has said, Conant has tried to "bail out" the educational status quo, to serve both as self-appointed inspector-general and as mediator. Perhaps Conant's greatest ambiguity has been to work for and with what he himself has bitterly dubbed the educational establishment—the National Education Association and its satellites—while decrying its intransigent conservatism and opposition to change. Thus he has not practiced what he preached; the reformer cannot continue a partnership with those whom he seeks to reform.

In the first edition of *Slums and Suburbs* (1961), he deplored the "social dynamite" building in urban slums—but blandly stated that "satisfactory education can be provided in an all-Negro school." It took three years for him to come around full-wheel, in *Shaping Educational Policy,* and declare that "the greater the number of mixed schools the better."

Despite such vacillations, his name and his efforts in public education have been unequalled. When *The American High School Today: A First Report to Interested Citizens* was published in 1959, schoolmen angrily denied that most boys and girls were "not working hard enough" and that most comprehensive high schools were not good enough. Three years later, an NEA poll of school principals showed that 70 per cent of them had made some changes in their curriculums because of Conant's twenty-one recommendations.

The publication last month of Conant's new educational volume, *The Comprehensive High School: A Second Report to Interested Citizens* (McGraw Hill, $3.95 hard cover, $1.95 paperback) does not bring such precise or heartening results. A study of 2,000 comprehensive high schools by questionnaire, *The Comprehensive High School* once again pinpoints the huge variables in school expenditure and quality that plague the nation's schools. Conant writes: "If one accepts the criteria set forth in my first report, then one must conclude that only a few schools about which we obtained information can be regarded as highly satisfactory. On the other hand, the evidence indicates that the situation regarding academic studies in a great many schools is better than it was ten years ago."

In his first report, Conant found that only eight of fifty-five comprehensive high schools he visited—or less than 15 per cent—were "satisfactorily" meeting his measure of excellence. In the new


THE CONANT REPORT
THE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL TODAY
a first report to interested citizens
JAMES B. CONANT
A commentary on schools in metropolitan areas
SUBURBS
The Comprehensive High School
A Second Report to Interested Citizens
James Bryant Conant

The Conant school reports: a decade of work in public education—"I consider these my major contributions."

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second report, only 11 per cent of the 2,000 schools studied come up to Conant's five principal standards. It is interesting to note these criteria and the percentage of schools that qualify under them: instruction in calculus (40 per cent), four years of a modern foreign language (65 per cent), school organization permitting five academic subjects plus art or music and physical education in one day (74 per cent), advanced placement (30 per cent), and ratio of English teachers to students at one to 120 or less (26 per cent).

"It would have been wonderful if the figure had been 75 per cent instead of 11 per cent," Conant conceded in a recent interview. But, he continued, "I'm very pleased with what the schools have done in connection with my recommendations. On the balance, I'd say I was encouraged—but not as encouraged as I would have hoped to be when I started."

He pointed to data in the book which shows that in addition to a radical improvement in foreign-language instruction, mathematics and the physical sciences have taken a leap forward in embracing the fresh curriculums now available. Almost 65 per cent, or 1,312 schools, are offering the new biology, almost 50 per cent the new physics, almost 48 per cent new chemistry courses, and 23 per cent advanced mathematics other than calculus. More than half of the comprehensive schools studied are teaching auto mechanics or building trades.

But on the debit side, the extremely low number of schools with a reasonable teacher load in English, 26 per cent, and the continuing poor ratio of guidance counselors to students and of professional staff to pupils fill Conant with "dismay." Less than 32 per cent of the surveyed schools have a ratio of counselors to students of one to 349 (in his first report Conant had called for one full-time counselor for each 250 to 300 students). Little more than half of the schools have now reported a professional staff-to-student ratio of 20.4 or less.

"The figures show," Conant writes, "that on a national basis only 51.4 per cent of the widely comprehensive high schools of medium size are adequately staffed, or only just over half the schools under study are as well staffed as 91.2 per cent of the same type of schools in Connecticut. . . . As one examines the returns from different schools and different states, it becomes apparent that the American ideal of educational opportunity is far from being realized."

To Conant, as to many a concerned citizen, the basic problem is money. "It is quite clear," he writes, "that there is something wrong with the way we finance our public schools. A new look at an old problem is required by state legislatures and the Congress of the United States. . . . My prejudices, I am frank to say, are inclining more and more to the belief that the financing of the public schools should be a state and not a local responsibility. As to the role of the federal treasury, I may as well admit that I am an unreconstructed believer in general federal aid to public schools. Not that I would fail to applaud the vast amounts of categorical or earmarked aid that has been supplied by recent acts of Congress. But I believe that a method must be found for apportioning to each of the separate states a share of the funds raised by the federal income tax, to be spent for education as each state sees fit."

But Conant's present endorsement of the tax-return plan of the economist Walter Heller is still not that clear-cut. "The schools should get money from the states with as few strings as possible," he said the other day. But pressed on his views on categorical aid, he conceded that "categorical aid has forced some districts to do what they would not have done. I realize that. Language laboratories, for example, exist in 94 per cent of the 2,000 schools we have just studied, and often they have been provided by federal funds. This is a good, and not a dangerous, way to provide federal support. Still, I must say that I have never really made up my mind on the federal-state relationship in the support of education—but then neither has the American public."

CONANT hangs his hopes for school support on the Compact for Education, which he proposed in his book *Shaping Educational Policy*. Since its inception in 1965, the Educational Commission of the States, as its administrative arm is called, has received grants totalling $725,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Danforth Foundation to bring together in a national forum the states' educational and political leaders to discuss and consider solutions for mutual educational concerns. (Carnegie also supported all the Conant studies, investing close to $1,000,000 for the research.) The Commission still is far from being a viable organization, or from becoming what Conant calls a "good counterweight to get the partnership that everybody from President Johnson down now speaks of." So far in the life of the Commission, educators and politicians have not mixed well, but Conant is still hopeful: "Political action is what is needed for the financing of the schools," he says. "You cannot get the intellectuals in the rich suburbs who send their children to private schools and to the Ivy League to understand these fiscal problems, despite their power."

If Conant looks to general federal aid funneled back to the states, he has no fears that categorical aid will control the curriculum. His only caveat is that "if you're going to have the federal government say *what* social studies program must be taught, then I'd worry. Otherwise not." Concurrently, however, he is concerned with the proliferation of federal educational programs which spread themselves over varying governmental agencies from the Office of Education to the Office of Economic Opportunity to the Department of Labor, and, like many educators, would like to see such projects left to the states' individual discretions.

In the unresolved crisis in school integration, too, Conant looks to the states to provide the answers. "You'd think school district lines had been drawn in the Bible," he says. "Each state must set guidelines for integration; this can no longer be the prerogative of the local district." A "radical redistricting" of school zones, which Conant first proposed in *Shaping Educational Policy*, would provide in each school a percentage quota of Negroes and whites in direct ratio to the racial breakdown of the whole community. "There must be redistricting especially in the cities to create comprehensive high school districts," Conant says. "I'm convinced that you won't get good education in the city as long as its school district is co-terminal with the city." In other words, he still envisions the combination, by state fiat, of city slum districts with white suburban districts to form new racially heterogeneous districts.

Conant fears that the present trend toward ability grouping also may work against meaningful integration. His new study shows that almost 97 per cent of the schools surveyed group students according to ability in at least one course. But, he says, "ability grouping can discriminate against Negroes, because they are unprepared. Nevertheless, such grouping should be continued provided that heterogeneity and racial equality are part of school policy."

How does Conant himself feel about this past decade of his life in public education?

"I consider that *The American High School Today*, *Slums and Suburbs*, and this new book *The Comprehensive High School* are my major contributions," he says. "I have to confess that there was a lot of luck in the timing of *The American High School Today*—the Russians really put Sputnik up right on schedule in 1957 for my purposes. That book was addressed to 20,000 local school boards, all under tremendous pressure from Sputnik.

"I'm not sure that *The Education of American Teachers* (1963) has been successful," he continues. "Maybe the timing was wrong. Maybe I was not wise to delve into teacher-education reform.

(*Continued on page* 73)

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SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE CITY

By JAMES J. MORISSEAU, *editorial associate, Educational Facilities Laboratoires, Inc.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE, as the most numerous of public structures, could stand as a symbol of renewal, a focal point in the battle to reverse the decline of American cities.

Too often, the city schoolhouse is the opposite. Aged, crumbling, ill-equipped, it symbolizes the decay around it. Even if relatively new, most urban schools reject their surroundings, offering the community a forbidding façade of brick, grated windows, fences, and padlocked gates. Many are ill-suited to the educational programs of half a century ago. Even more are inadequate to house what generally is regarded as a modern educational program. And virtually none are equipped to handle the new educational and social programs called for by the War on Poverty, urban blight, and ignorance.

The city schoolhouse is decrepit because the cities for many years did little or nothing to replace an aging and obsolete school plant. The causes of this neglect—depression, war, and postwar competition for public construction funds—in most cases were beyond the control of educators and politicians. But the effects still are being felt.

It was not until the 1950s that the cities undertook anything like a large-scale postwar school construction program. But different school systems had varying success in tapping city coffers for construction funds. Many have made little, if any, real progress, and none can claim to have finished the job. And, as educators are learning, the problem is far greater than the simple need to replace inadequate or unsafe buildings and to house growing numbers of pupils. It is not enough to create more or better classrooms and add more seating capacity. A new type of schoolhouse is required. For, while the urban schoolhouse deteriorated, the city around it was changing. New population patterns posed new social problems and these in turn placed new demands on the educational system.

The implications for school planners are beginning to become clear. Obviously, old and obsolete buildings must be replaced. Overcrowding, created in the cities largely by population shifts rather than net growth, must be eliminated. A new type of teaching space must be provided to house modern educational programs for the culturally disadvantaged. Schools must be planned so as to at least alleviate problems of segregation. And the new schoolhouses must be equipped with or designed to accommodate facilities for the community services that society is beginning to demand of them. But these things must be accomplished in areas where both real estate and construction costs are highest and, barring a massive federal aid program for school construction, where funds are squeezed from increasingly hard-pressed city treasuries.

The task obviously is formidable, but there are signs that it is not impossible. Promising new approaches have been taken in a number of cities, and there now is hope that the urban schoolhouse, once a proud prototype for American school design, will undergo a renaissance.

The trend was underscored recently by the publication of a report, *The Schoolhouse in the City*, by Educational Facilities Laboratories (EFL). An offspring of the Ford Foundation, EFL has helped finance a number of the design efforts involved in developing the new urban schoolhouses. The accompanying illustrations represent some of the new approaches—joint occupancy schemes; the use of air rights over highways, railroad yards, even water, and education parks.

And there are other departures:

► Some cities, notably Cleveland and Chicago, are turning to existing commercial and industrial buildings—a great, hitherto untapped resource for educational space without the usual high costs of sites and new construction in the central city.

► Increasingly, cities are turning to the use of relocatable structures to offset the problems imposed by shifting city populations and resulting fluctuations in school enrollments.

► A number of urban school systems are turning to a new organization built around the "middle school." These new 4-4-4 or 5-3-4 organizations are billed as better educational patterns than the old 6-3-3 organization. But in the cities the prime impetus behind the middle school is integration at an earlier grade level.

► Miami will remove kindergarten, first, and second grades from its inner-city elementary schools to relieve overcrowding. These grades will be transferred to new neighborhood units, housed initially in specially-designed relocatable buildings that also will accommodate new nursery programs for four-year-olds.

But perhaps nowhere has the city schoolhouse come closer to meeting its new role as a center of community services than in New Haven. Some years ago, an enlighted city administration concluded that New Haven's ambitious urban renewal program could not succeed unless it was linked to an equally ambitious program of human renewal. It was not enough to raze or rehabilitate blighted neighborhoods and replace them with new commercial or residential developments. Families had to be relocated. Jobs had to be found for the unemployed, and, often, the unemployed had to be recruited to fill them. Where necessary, the unemployable had to be retrained, even re-educated. And other human problems, such as health, mental health, and family relations, had to be tackled before many of the city's residents could become productive citizens. It soon became apparent that the schools, while they could not be asked to take responsibility for these human renewal programs, could and should play a central role and become the focal point of the revitalized neighborhoods emerging from the urban renewal effort.

As it turned out, the schools also became a fiscal lever in the urban renewal program. The city allocated $9,300,000 of its own funds for a school construction program. These funds, matched by an equal sum from the state, were put up as New Haven's contribution, qualifying it for $37,500,000 in federal urban renewal grants. The new schools were to be sprinkled through the city to serve neighborhood areas and include

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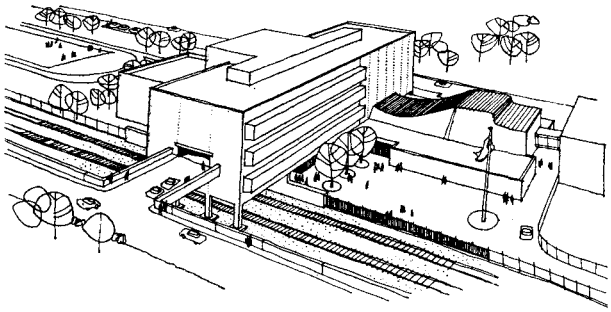
community facilities. A new 4-4-4 grade organization was adopted and the ten proposed middle schools were designated as community schools. The Conte School, opened in 1962, was a prototype for the new community schools as well as a key element in the rehabilitation of the city's Wooster Square neighborhood.

The campus-plan school includes separate structures housing a senior citizens' center, a combined school and public library, and a small theater/auditorium. The city's community action agency has offices in the senior citizens' center, and the school's health suite is designed and staffed to serve both school and neighborhood. At Conte and at six other community schools now in operation, other community services—employment, social and psychiatric help, and legal aid—are offered but housed separately in rented storefronts or office space.

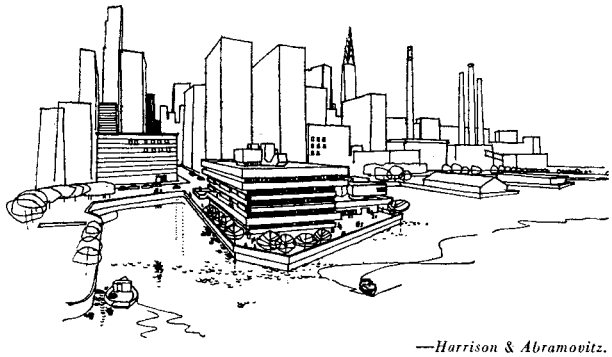
Conte and the even more elaborate community schools still to be built in New Haven are not likely to represent the ultimate in urban school design; nor are Pittsburgh's education park-community renewal concept or New York's dramatic joint occupancy and air rights schemes. But all point in the direction the planners must take if the schools are to help save the cities. As the EFL report concludes:

"The schoolhouse in the city cannot by itself become the dominant element in urban social planning. But the schools, as reflected by the buildings in which they operate, can be a magnet to hold or attract those who have the choice. Or they can speed the exodus and compound the urban social issues with which the nation is grappling."



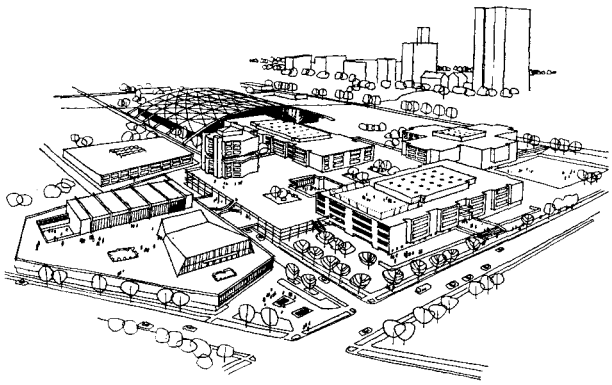
—*Kiff, Voss & Franklin.*

Land in the air—Part of the proposed John F. Kennedy High School in New York City will straddle a railroad right-of-way in northern Manhattan. New York also contemplates building a new Bronx Community College campus over a subway-car yard and two public school complexes over railroad yards. And the city's new Northeast Bronx High School will straddle the Hutchinson River Parkway. The use of air rights is expected to result in savings over the high cost of land condemnation and clearance.



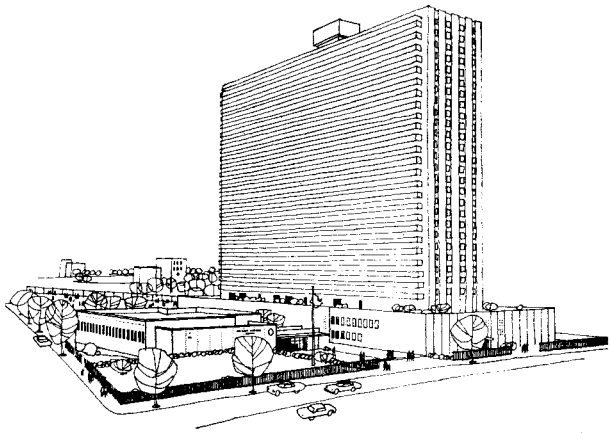
—*Harrison & Abramovitz.*

Land over water—The new United Nations School will be built on a renovated pier on the East River, not far from U.N. headquarters. A different approach to "water rights" will be taken by New York City's Board of Education, which plans to fill in forty acres of Jamaica Bay to create a site for a new South Queens High School. School officials estimate "tremendous savings" over the cost of purchasing or condemning a conventional site, relocating residents, and clearing the site.



—*Emil A. Schmidlin.*

Education park—East Orange, New Jersey, plans the eventual abandonment of its existing—and obsolete—school system in favor of the single education park shown above. But the education park, frequently proposed as a solution to school integration problems, has become different things to different cities. Syracuse, for example, plans to replace only its neighborhood elementary schools with four huge parks. And in Pittsburgh, only high schools and technical institutes will be built in parks; the lower schools will be scattered along greenbelts running through rehabilitated city neighborhoods.



—*Brown & Guenther.*

Joint occupancy—New York City's proposed new Public School 126 will be built into the lower floors of a Bronx apartment complex. Other proposed joint occupancy schemes in both New York and Chicago involve the use of air rights over school buildings or the sharing of a site with school buildings by both commercial and apartment buildings. Income to the school system from the sale or lease of air rights or other joint occupancy privileges helps defray the costs of site acquisition and school construction. In New York, such agreements will be run by a new Education Construction Fund.

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Voices in the Classroom

Who Controls Education?

OF ALL the big stories in American education, perhaps the biggest concerns the changes in power, influence, and structure that are reshaping the academic landscape. Americans are accustomed to relatively simple distinctions between public and private institutions, between religious and secular colleges, between local and national control. Not long ago we could draw uncomplicated organization charts culminating in a school committee or a board of trustees and say with some assurance that it was here, at the top, that the ultimate decisions were made.

But the events of the past decade have changed all that. The increasing secularization of the major Catholic colleges, the impact of federal programs, the militancy of the teacher's unions and the civil rights organizations, and our growing appetite for research exemplify developments that are blurring the lines so thoroughly that no one can say with any certainty where the ultimate power lies or who controls a particular institution or set of institutions. To be sure, many schools and colleges remain relatively autonomous, and their administrators maintain—or feel they maintain—considerable freedom of movement in making decisions. But among the major institutions and organizations, be they the public schools of Chicago or the University of California, the options have become increasingly complex and circumscribed—so circumscribed, indeed, that one school superintendent recently pointed out that he controlled a bare 5 per cent of the budget of his system; the rest was politically beyond his reach.

Clark Kerr, who was himself a victim of the uncertainties of power, described part of the situation in *The Uses of the University*, where he defined the function of the multiversity president as that of mediator between conflicting pressures and responsibilities. But Kerr's problem, dramatic as it was, only reflects some even more pervasive tensions and changes in American education. It is not simply that influence is shifting from local to national institutions, from the school board to the desegregation machinery of Title VI of the Civil Rights Act, or from the states to the federal government; the changes involve, rather, an increasingly complicated set of demands associated with innumerable new organizations, interest groups, and social commitments.

The growing interest of Americans in education manifests itself not only in a willingness to pay higher school taxes or to establish community colleges, but also in the form of new institutional devices, mergers, and programs, and in tough organizations pressing their demands on trustees and school committees that are supposedly free to implement their decisions. The list of such organizations is virtually endless: the American Federation of Teachers, the various civil rights groups, the Office of Education, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Department of Labor, the military, the various legislatures, and the vast and still growing research establishment supported by the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the American Cancer Society—not to mention the dubious and apparently ubiquitous presence of the CIA.

CLEARLY, legislative restrictions, alumni pressure, and periodic elections always checked the executives of educational power, but never have the checks been as complex or numerous as they are now. As a consequence, the modern university and the modern school system bear a growing resemblance to a corporation responsible not only to stockholders, but to labor unions, regulatory agencies (the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Securities and Exchange Commission), and the general considerations of public relations. All these responsibilities affect the decisions and the freedom of the organization. As described by A. A. Berle, Jr., in *Power Without Property:*

> The power system emerging in response to public wants is at long last governed by public consensus. In creating, maintaining, and expending that consensus all of us have a part. It is a sort of continuing election in which there are no non-voters.

Increasingly, as an educational institution is beset by conflicting and countervailing concentrations of power, its own characteristics and structure begin to change. Is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where 75 per cent of the budget comes from the federal government, really a private institution? Could its trustees choose to close down all those research projects? Could they suddenly decide to convert MIT into a liberal arts college, or into a home for wayward girls? Similarly, could Ronald Reagan, all by himself, really "ruin" Berkeley? Who "owns" or controls the quasi-independent research organizations that operate on major university campuses? How does one influence the policies and research expenditures of the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, or the Atomic Energy Commission?

American education is increasingly becoming, not a network of distinctly private or distinctly public institutions, but a mélange of hybrid organizations supported—and, in a sense, controlled—by a combination of public and private individuals and agencies, federal, industrial, and philanthropic. As new demands have arisen, and as new organizations have grown to articulate them, new institutional devices have been developed: a regional busing program for deprived children supported by federal and foundation funds and directed by a board representing a variety of constituencies but not responsible to any single one; a research organization within a university, but sustained entirely by federal money and responsible to no one except the government accountants; a semi-independent demonstration program within a public school system wholly supported by federal funds; a corporation formed by public and private universities to seek funds for collaborative ventures. When the corporations that have recently entered the learning field (General Learning, IBM, Raytheon, Xerox) become active in the market, the distinctions will be blurred even further. It is difficult even now to determine where the National Aeronautics and Space Administration ends and the corporate aerospace industry begins; chances are that, in some sectors of education, that pattern will become increasingly prevalent.

The development of these new structures and relationships demands a drastic overhaul of our classic notions of institutional independence and our belief in the "nonpolitical" nature of education. The criticisms of federal influence are already vehement. Yet it is not only the federal presence that is altering the traditional relationships. The new demands, and the organizations growing from them, reflect the simple fact that we are now all involved. The development and financing of educational programs adequate to the complexities of the modern world seems to require organizational relations of equal complexity. If we want the education, we are going to have to confront the uncertainties and ambiguity that make it possible.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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The Generation Gap

By GERALD GRANT, *education editor, the Washington Post.*

WASHINGTON.

THERE HAVE BEEN few exchanges as interesting or revealing about what's on the mind of the current college generation as the gathering here last month of nearly 500 campus newspaper editors to discuss the "generation gap."

Facing the bright young editors across the gap were some of the most luminous names in the Washington establishment: Walter Lippmann, the columnist; top White House aides Walt W. Rostow and John P. Roche; and Charles Frankel and Sol Linowitz of the State Department. From the world of the arts and journalism outside the capital came the critic Alfred Kazin, economist Robert Lekachman, author Michael Harrington, and journalist James Wechsler.

Predictably, a few on both sides of the gap denied it existed. Some triumphantly reaffirmed it, many others renamed it and reinterpreted it. It became the "sensitivity gap" (the students claimed they have feeling but the over-thirty generation doesn't), the "communications gap" (the generations don't communicate), or the "relevance gap" (too much of academic life is irrelevant).

A blond, nineteen-year-old editor of the Mount Holyoke College *News* said the gap was most searing to her when she went home to Davenport, Iowa. "It just bothers me to go home when I have to lie so much. I'm just sitting there and wishing I could tell them I'm an atheist, but I can't yet. My mother clips out all these articles about smoking and sex and sends them to me. My thirteen-year-old sister can't go through this ignorance-is-bliss sort of life I had. When I'm home I try to tell her what it's like but I can't."

That the gap is not just chronological was evident when the student editors booed fifty-year-old Presidential assistant Rostow but warmly applauded seventy-seven-year-old columnist Walter Lippmann. Lippmann probably bridged the gap better than any other speaker when he appealed to the students' sensitivity. They are obsessed with what Lippmann called "the imaginative feeling for what really matters to human beings, whether they travel in jet planes or walk on foot."

The students put lack of sensitivity and "humaneness" at the top of their list of what's wrong with the older generation. They are almost arrogant, even pompous at times, as they accuse the older generation of having sold out. "The reason you can't trust anybody over thirty is that they lie, they can't be trusted," said a red-haired girl editor from the Midwest. "You hear what they say drugs are like and you take drugs and you find out it isn't true. And about sex. It just isn't true that sex is bad unless you're married. Once you've had the experience you can't accept the old standard."

Bob Terrell, a lanky Morehouse College student, whose disarming smile concealed an aggressively keen intellect, feels the gap arises out of a "disillusionment with the older group who have given up and traveled the middle of the road despite its ruts and the crap that falls on them. . . .People in the older generation, even someone like Ambassador [to the United Nations Arthur J.] Goldberg, are prone to accept a compromise."

RESPONDING on the final day of the conference, Assistant Secretary of State Charles Frankel told the students that one of the "simplest differences between the generations is that each looks at the other in a way the other doesn't want to be looked at." Another difference, he went on, is that students today receive a lot more attention in the mass media: "My one fear is that with all the publicity you get, you'll get frozen into postures and you'll no longer be young but busts of yourselves."

Inevitably, the conference turned also into a discussion of the widening campus use of the new psychedelic drugs such as LSD. A few years ago, said a Colorado editor, "we were the children of Kennedy" – referring to the Peace Corps brand of idealism fostered by the late President. "But now we are the children of Leary"—Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor and high priest of the LSD cult. Harvey Wasserman, an editor at the University of Michigan, explained that many students are laying down the weapons of protest so popular a few years ago because they are frustrated at how little has been accomplished. "Having failed to create beauty in society, they are using drugs to turn inward to create beauty within themselves," he said.

Replying indirectly at another panel session, critic Alfred Kazin told the students that it didn't matter how they felt, it mattered what they made. The road to art is paved with people who feel like geniuses and turn out trash, Kazin said.

It is easy to dismiss the student discontent, like one fortyish suburban housewife did in a letter to a Washington newspaper, as "something that has been going on since Noah's sons covered their father with a blanket." The gap, she declared, "is between those who are bearing the responsibilities and cares of this world and those who are not!" But the feeling persists that there's a qualitative difference between what's happening now and what traditionally have been the impatient utterances of youth.

As the flyer announcing the conference asked, "Why do so many college

youths want to 'opt out of the system' their parents created?" Or, as Paul Potter, former president of Students for a Democratic Society, demanded, "There has to be some alternative to climbing the middle class success ladder and becoming the most prestigious individual in your community in traditional terms." A large part of the difference may be traced to the experiences of Potter's generation in exposing the shams of democracy in the civil rights movement.

"Nothing is more disturbing than the defection of so many of the young from the purposes and institutions of a society which they claim to find stifling and absurd and which unquestionably gives them a profound feeling of impotence and meaninglessness," said Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in a recent speech. "While much of the rhetoric of contemporary youth seems to me . . . overwrought and even hysterical, those over thirty would be foolish not to see in it the symptoms of deep and alarming disquietude."

More important, perhaps, is that college today has become the major socializing experience for youth. Forty years ago, only a sliver of young Americans went to college, and it didn't seem to matter too much whether they swallowed goldfish or wrote for *New Masses*, they could be dismissed as oddballs. Today, the campus attitudes are the attitudes of the generation.

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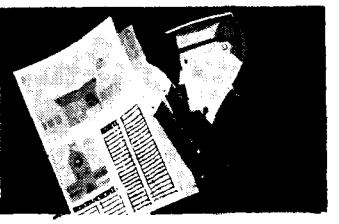
Schools Make News



Loyalty Oath Struck Down

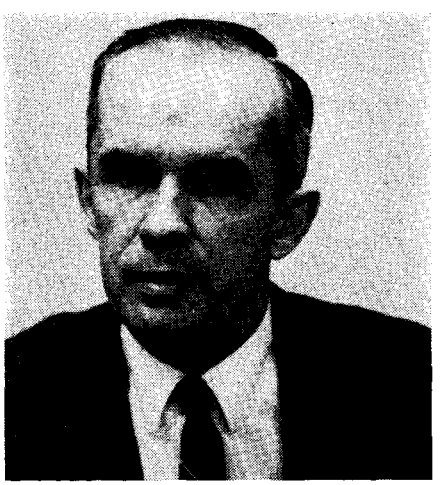
THE RIPPLES from the Supreme Court's decision voiding teacher loyalty oaths have only begun to flow. Although the 5 to 4 verdict last January ruled against only New York State laws, the principles clearly apply to similar laws in more than thirty other states. A case in Maryland will be reviewed by the Court shortly.

The decision knocked out a requirement that teachers and professors in public schools and universities sign a certificate saying they were not Communists, a provision that members of the Communist party could not be employed in the educational system, and a requirement that teachers must be removed for "the utterance of any treasonable or seditious word." The opinion found the laws too vague, with an "overbroad sweep," thus endangering academic freedom as sanctioned by the First Amendment, and casting "a pall of orthodoxy over the classroom."

Although deeply split—the minority opinion charged the ruling struck at society's "right to self-preservation"—the Court has come a long way from its position of fifteen years ago when it upheld some of the New York statutes it now regards as unconstitutional.

Judging from editorial opinion around the nation, the country at large has also traveled far since the dark days of McCarthy. There is confidence that the sheer vitality of a free society is its best protection. Said the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*:

> Most school systems . . . do not need the panoply of loyalty oaths and disclaimers and special inquisitorial procedures that frightened legislatures sometimes dream up. The schools are safer without them, not only from subversion but from political meddling.



Thomas F. Pettigrew—Harvard educator who headed the research panel on racial isolation.

And the Louisville *Courier-Journal* acclaimed the decision as a "ringing affirmation of academic freedom."

On the other hand, the Chicago *Tribune* declared, "The Court majority encourages a conspiratorial activity which seeks to stultify the liberties of all Americans by reducing them to cowed and faceless cogs in a totalitarian machine." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* suggested the Court might welcome Benedict Arnold as a dean of faculty. And even the *Wall Street Journal* bemoaned, "Plainly the Court somehow never has grasped the nature of the Communist party," and declared, "If those laws are as bad as the Court majority found . . . the remedy lies with the legislatures. It is no remedy to ease the teaching of subversion."

The legislatures are alert. Moves are already afoot in the New York State Senate to improve the offending laws.

Racial Isolation in the Schools

RACIAL SEGREGATION must end in Northern schools as well as Southern, and Congress should give immediate attention to legislation to help eliminate it. This was the substance of a report to the President last month by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

Basing its conclusion on arguments similar to the Supreme Court's 1954 decision and the recent Coleman study on Equal Educational Opportunity, the report—"Racial Isolation in the Public Schools"—found that the education of Negro Americans is generally inferior to that of whites, and this can be remedied in large part by ending segregated conditions that exist throughout the country. Northern schools, the report said, are segregated through a subtle combination of assignment patterns, school board decisions, and the selection of school sites.

Without making specific recommendations, the Commission urged Congressional action to end segregation in schooling and in housing, which are "inseparable."

Urban Corps

COLLEGE WORK-STUDY programs generally have been designed to help scholarship students make ends meet through menial tasks in the campus kitchen or working the night shift in the library. Pay is minimum; relevance to studies or career ambitions nil.

A different kind of work-study arrangement is the New York City Urban Corps—a program which brings college and graduate students into city agencies, gives them meaningful work, and pays them between $2 and $3 an hour. An art major may be working in the prints department of the Brooklyn Museum. A political science major may be working on a study of gangs in the community relations department of the Police Department.

The program is administered by students, thus making overhead negligible and allowing a large project to operate on a minimal budget. With 90 per cent of the expenses paid by federal funds under the work-study program provision of the Higher Education Act of 1965, the cost to the city has been well within its operating budget.

The idea, initiated by the Mayor's office, got underway last summer on a full-time basis with 1,200 students from all over the country. Some were residents of other states attending colleges in the New York area. Others were residents of New York who attend college elsewhere. Sixty-six institutions across the country were cooperating. During the school year, the program was reduced to 500 students attending New York institutions and working part-time.

Obtaining talented aid for city government by offering an opportunity to serve for students looking for involvement is mutually beneficial. Other cities have shown interest in the idea, and a few have tentatively begun small programs with individual colleges; none have considered a large-scale consortium like New York's.

The New York Urban Corps is planning to double in size in the coming year, accommodating 2,500 students this summer and 1,000 next school year. Students interested should contact the work-study coordinator on campus; colleges wishing further information should write Michael Goldstein at the Urban Corps, Office of the Mayor, 250 Broadway, New York 10007.

Brain Drain

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is promoting the "brain drain" of scientific talent from other countries, causing resentment abroad, charged Henry S. Reuss, Democratic Congressman from Wisconsin [see "How Poor Nations Give to the Rich," *SR*, Mar. 11]. "This practice not only produces friction with those countries losing their scientists. It conflicts with the whole purpose of our science exchange program—to help friendly countries develop more effective science personnel," he said.

To prevent exchange programs from becoming channels for immigration, ex-

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change scholars are required to return home for two years before applying for immigration. This requirement, however, can be waived "in the public interest" upon request of a federal agency and the recommendation of the Secretary of State. The waiver has become standard procedure for the Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Committee, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, claimed Reuss. Reuss called for a "full-scale investigation" of the practice to determine: 1) "whether federal research and development programs are being used as a cover for the recruitment of foreign scientists and engineers"; and 2) "what action is required to remove the conflict between current agency waiver practice and the purpose of the U.S. cultural and educational exchange program."

Help for Underachievers

METHODS AND MATERIALS to combat underachievement are currently being tested in public schools throughout North Carolina. They are disseminated by the North Carolina Advancement School, which, since its founding two years ago, has been exploring the causes and cures for underachievement.

Supported by federal, state, and foundation funds, the school is a residential educational research center which has enrolled nearly 2,000 eighth-grade boys from all over the state. These boys, identified as having good potential but not working up to capacity in class, come to the Advancement School for an eleven-week session. There they are taught with special methods and materials designed to improve their attitudes toward specific subjects, their abilities to observe and evaluate information, and consequently their overall performance.

While the school's program has been successful in the residential setting, the larger aim is to prepare programs that will achieve similar results in the public school setting. This winter units in mathematics, English, reading, physical education, and science are being tested in 100 classrooms. In addition, the program seeks to train teachers to meet the special needs of underachievers.

Evaluation of the field-test program is expected to be completed by June.

Reagan's Own

RONALD REAGAN has campaigned with apparent success against the "beatnik" students on the Berkeley campus, but perhaps he hasn't seen what is in his own backyard. A group called Young Americans for Reagan ("a nationwide youth movement to help draft Ronald Reagan for President in 1968") has issued a position paper calling for the legalization of narcotics, marijuana, and psychedelic drugs.

"The illegalization of all these drugs, the bitter splenetics and brutal, feudal tyrannizing of youth in America is nothing more than a criminal attempt by moral collectivists to initiate violence on others who wish to behave differently," the statement concludes. "Young Americans for Reagan opposes collectivism in all forms. Moral collectivism—the coercing of moral conformity through the use of force—is an attempt to tie happiness and freedom to guilt and depravity. We urge Governor Reagan to refute moral collectivism, and take specific steps to insure the individual's right to live his life for his own sake, and not for the sake of others."

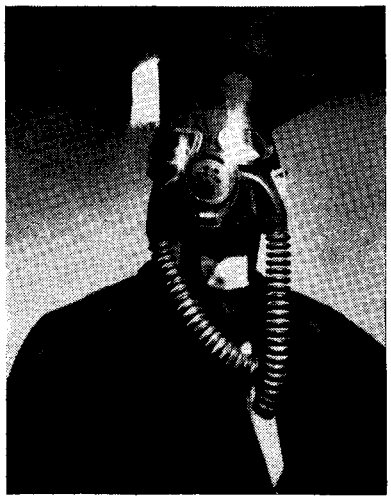
Notes

A NATIONAL COMMITTEE has been formed to raise money for an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court of the conviction of an Amish father, Leroy Garber of Yoder, Kansas, for refusing to send his daughter to regular school. Called the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom, the group is headed by the Reverend William C. Lindholm of Grace Lutheran Church in East Tawas, Michigan. . . .

The Gallup Poll has surveyed school board members across the country and found them willing to accept change and innovation in the schools. The board members, according to the poll, were particularly interested in improving vocational training. When asked who would be "hardest to sell" on innovation —parents, school administrators, or themselves—board members placed parents at the top of the list, themselves last. Parents, in an earlier poll, had named school boards as the greatest obstacle to change, and themselves the least. Both groups agreed that the "general public" was a major obstacle. . . .

"Just a housewife" isn't enough for the Vassar grad, apparently. A recent canvass of the class of '66 found its members scattered around the world, in graduate schools, the Peace Corps, VISTA, or in commercial jobs. The college's news office reported there were only five girls who said they were "just housewives." . . .

The teacher-shortage problem may be solved by a new computer system called the "locator and referral" service. The system is being installed by the National Education Association under the name NEA-SEARCH, for use in time to help staff schools across the country next fall. It will match candidates with job openings. The applicant fills out a form, giving biographical information, the grade he wants to teach, and the salary he will accept. He can also indicate choice of geographic areas; preference for urban, suburban, or rural areas; and special work such as ungraded classes or team teaching. This information is fed to the computer. A school superintendent submits a vacancy form for each type of job open, and within two weeks receives the names of likely candidates.



Cap and Gas Mask

A group of faculty members at the University of Pennsylvania have threatened to appear at spring commencement in gas masks "to protest the continuation of chemical and biological warfare research at the University of Pennsylvania despite world-wide criticism; to demonstrate our opposition to University involvement in the illegality and immorality of C-B warfare; to express our grave concern at the resulting damage to the reputation of this University; and to emphasize the incongruity between this secret military research and traditional academic ideals and pursuits." They are demanding that the University "sever all affiliation" with such projects.

They Said It

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY at Friends' Seminary in New York City, on the question of sex education: "I'm against it. They'll only turn it over to some social worker or guidance counselor who'll just mess it up."

BENJAMIN ALEXANDER, Washington, D.C., school board member, addressing the District of Columbia Teachers Council: "You've been doing nothing for so long that you're used to doing nothing. It's your fault that some of our educational programs are so backward . . . fight for textbooks in every classroom. . . . Use your militancy to get more teacher aides. It would be ideal if you would if you would fight for libraries in every school."

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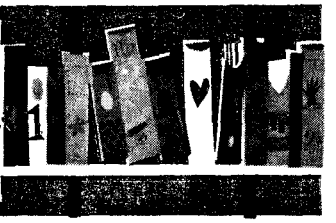
the Editor's Bookshelf



THE NEVER-ENDING battle for academic freedom is waged at all academic levels, in schools as well as in colleges, in small towns as well as in the great cities. And the public school teacher who engages in the battle faces a far greater risk, and hence needs greater courage, than does the professor in a famous university. The professor who defends the right of his students to learn the truth knows that he can count on the support of his colleagues and of the academic community throughout the Western world. But the public school teacher who demands the same right for his students rarely can count on such support. For him it is often a lonely battle, judged by an audience unable to grasp the significance of the issues at stake.

The experience of John T. Scopes was an exception. Scopes was an obscure high school teacher in a small town when he volunteered to be the defendant in a test case of Tennessee's "Anti-Evolution" law. But in the gaudy carnival that H. L. Mencken dubbed the "Monkey Trial" he had the support of some of the best legal talent in the nation. When he was convicted the American Civil Liberties Union paid his $100 fine and Scopes was given a scholarship to pursue his graduate studies at any university that he might choose.

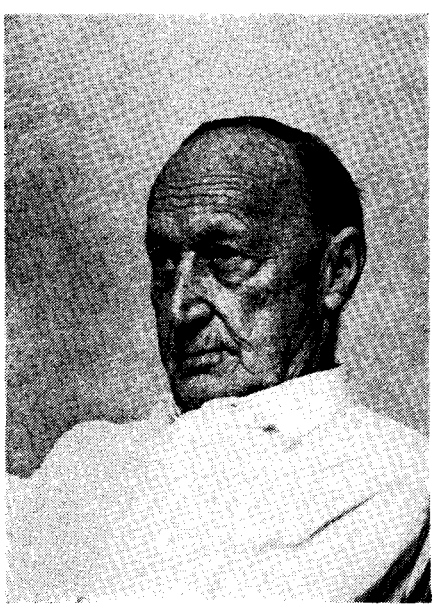
Though he believed strongly in the principle at stake, Scopes was little more than a pawn in the legal battle between William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow. He did not seek publicity for himself; after the trial he turned down offers that would have made him rich because he was unwilling to be a part of a vaudeville show which would have obscured the principles for which he stood. But in the recently published memoirs, ***Center of the Storm,*** which was written in collaboration with James Presley (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 277 pp., $5.95), Scopes emerges as an interesting and significant personality.

Scopes was not an alienated youth nor one given to protest for the sake of protest. He has happy memories of his first and only year of teaching and is not critical of the little town which his trial made notorious. Though the publicity resulting from the trial made Dayton seem a backward town inhabited by bigots, Scopes makes it clear that the community included reasonable, thoughtful, and enlightened men. One of these was Fred Robinson, chairman of the school board, who asked Scopes to be the defendant in order to test the law to which Robinson was opposed. The local judge who presided over the trial was a bit overwhelmed by the fame of the attorneys on both sides but he appears to have made every effort to conduct a fair trial, and when it was over he assessed only the minimum fine.

Even though the story has been told before in print, on the stage, and in a motion picture, Scopes's account of the trial makes fascinating reading. From his ringside seat the defendant had a clearer view than did the reporters who converged upon the Dayton Court House in that hot summer of 1925. He came to know the actors well.

His evaluation of the man who assisted in his prosecution is remarkably compassionate. He reminds us that Bryan, in addition to his fight for free silver, campaigned for many liberal causes, including women's suffrage and independence for the Philippines. He does not accept the view that Bryan was a demagogue. "He seemed to be a basically honest man who was handicapped by narrow views. He had ceased to grow with the years and in the burgeoning progress of the twentieth century he was a relic." But he adds, "No fair man would judge Bryan's place in history by his actions at Dayton alone; he deserves better."

After the trial, when Scopes was a graduate student in geology at the University of Chicago, he continued his friendship with Darrow, whom he saw nearly every week. He says, "Our relationship was one of the true gains of my Dayton experience." Scopes also has praise for Dudley Field Malone, whose part in the defense, he says, has not been given the credit it deserves. "As an orator Malone was in a class with Bryan; he was a Bryan with more substance to his words."



—*H. D. Wiseman, Shreveport.*

John T. Scopes—a pawn among the legal giants.

Even today, after forty-two years, it is not entirely clear which side won at Dayton. No one denied that Scopes had broken the law; it was the law that was on trial. Because the defense was unsuccessful in its attempt to test the law's constitutionality in higher courts, that issue remains unsettled. However, a similar law in Arkansas was declared unconstitutional by a Chancery Court only last May as a result of a suit filed by a high school biology teacher, Mrs. Susan Epperson.

Though the law remains on the books in Tennessee, most teachers feel safe in ignoring it, partly due to the success of Darrow and Malone in making Bryan's views seem ridiculous to educated people. But, says Scopes, "The mere presence of such a law is a club over the heads of the timid. Legislation that tampers with academic freedom is not protecting society, as its authors piously proclaim. By limiting freedom they are helping to make robot factories out of the schools. . . .

"Now that the Arkansas law has been challenged successfully," adds Scopes, "it will be interesting to see what effect this will have on Mississippi and Tennessee, the only remaining states with similar legislation. In Tennessee, there has been a movement every year since 1925 to repeal the law I was convicted of violating. Perhaps now someone in Tennessee will follow Mrs. Epperson's example and file suit. If the statute is ever struck from the books, it will be because of the initiative of some person —an individual—who is willing to pursue the matter all the way through to the end. As a bystander who has seen his share of such action from the defendant's chair, I await the individual's appearance with interest, and I offer him my moral support."

—PAUL WOODRING.

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The Schaefer Memorandum

The School as a Center of Inquiry, *by Robert J. Schaefer (Harper & Row. 77 pp. $3.95), opens a new approach to improving the quality of teaching and learning in our schools. The reviewer is education consultant to the New World Foundation and an SR editor-at-large.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

Q: *When is the school like a supermarket?*
A: *When it deals with prepackaged goods and simplified services, is moderately responsive to consumer demand, and can maintain itself with a staff of clerks and stockkeepers who need not be encouraged to be venturesome or imaginative.*

THIS ANALOGY results in a harsh caricature, but, says Robert J. Schaefer, dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, we have got to stop thinking of the school as a dispensary; " . . . the very moment in history when society seems finally to be taking education seriously hardly seems the time to be satisfied with ancient arrangements for tending school."

The School as a Center of Inquiry is a very large and potent book tightly wound into seventy-seven pages. It contains enough intellectual energy to reconstruct the process of the making of teachers. It moves the whole educational debate out of the emergency ward and places it back in the classroom, where real students and actual teachers must live and work with each other.

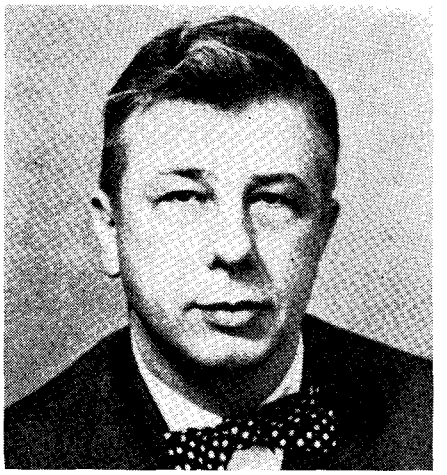
If the schools where children are taught are to work as well as we know they must (for a decent life for all depends upon this), they must be producers as well as distributors of knowledge. Why should not the high school teacher and the kindergarten teacher be able to give professional attention to themselves as they teach and to the children as they learn? Why should they have to depend so heavily even upon "clinical" professors of education and the scholars and research workers in the universities, who are, after all, only indirectly concerned with the living classroom? We worry constantly and with cause about the poor estimate so many of these teachers have of themselves, a view too readily shared by the community and their "betters" in the more honored professions.

Finally, and, perhaps most important, why should not the classroom teacher enjoy full participation in the life of learning as he goes about his daily work? Schaefer begins to answer these questions by joining his colleague Professor Lawrence A. Cremin in demanding "a new tough-minded progressivism that is at the same time consonant with the best in our tradition and appropriate to our contemporary needs."

We expect mousetrap makers to think always about making better mousetraps, and we make their thinking time a tax-deductible expense. But, says Dean Schaefer, "Society has not expected the school to be systematically reflective about its work." We leave that to sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, and the builders of submarines and computers. When anything goes wrong in the classroom, it is assumed that its methods are wrong, the materials are inadequate, and the teachers come from the wrong side of the academic tracks. It follows, of course, that "teacher-proof" materials and procedures are needed. Consequently, much of the current innovation in education is like a riot sale in an audio-visual supply shop: cut-rate computers, "his" and "hers" talking typewriters, teaching strategies, simulation techniques, wet and dry carrels, "responsive environments," everything but a "reconstituted" child, purged of hostility and reinforced with learning pills. There must be more to the schools than the proper mixture of "hardware and software."

YET when we do think of schools at all, we think of them as fact factories or vending machines or supermarkets—as producers and dispensers of prepackaged goods. Seen in this way, the ideal school, like the ideal supermarket or vending machine, turns out the packaged goods untouched by humane hands. Teachers are not expected to reason why, but to know how . . . how to keep the kids quiet, how to get the test scores up, how to keep the absences low (and the income high), how to make nonreaders into readers, how to convert dull poor children into eager-eyed Horatio Alger characters who seize the brooms and get the jobs.

It is about time, Schaefer declares, that we give up the notion of the school as a dispensary, disgorging information-



Robert J. Schaefer—"Inquiry is fundamental to the effective use of knowledge."

cluttered candidates for increasingly specialized job markets.

> The complexities of teaching and learning in formal classrooms have become so formidable and the intellectual demands upon the system so enormous that the school must be much more than a place of instruction. It must also be a center of inquiry—a producer as well as a transmitter of knowledge.

The idea of teaching and learning as complementary aspects of one's life work stands in brutal contrast to the image of the prefabricated teacher, correctly assembled in some school of education and legally certified as operational by the state department of education, functioning in a standardized public school through which pupils are processed like cheap tape records, "guaranteed to give satisfactory performance when used as directed."

Schaefer wants something different and better than this. He is convinced that it is desirable and possible for teachers in high schools and even (save the mark!) in elementary schools to enjoy careers in which scholarship and professional inquiry are encouraged and prized equally with classroom management and effective teaching. Even more important, Dean Schaefer asks how significant teaching and learning can proceed unless the teacher has " . . . time to meditate upon his successes or . . . his failures."

There is a healthy and welcome urgency in his indictment of much of the persistent educational debate which turns on "product" and ignores "process." He says, "Typical school procedures are in large part based upon the assumption that teachers cannot function as free scholars but must be carefully standardized and controlled." However, "The school as an institution is primarily concerned with the efficiency, as opposed to the effectiveness, of its operation. . . . As schools are oper-

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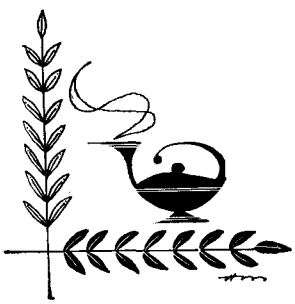
ated more and more on a mass basis, everything is done to standardize procedures and, hopefully, to ensure that the children learn something, whatever the intellectual power of the particular teacher." So, we have "teacher-proof" materials that will work even if a moron turns the crank. We have "responsive environments" to put the child in when the classroom's is too harsh.

We must have scholars in the classrooms, people who love and understand what they do well. The effective teacher is always engaged in learning and by that continuing act makes all teaching an adventure in mutual discovery. Such a teacher is rarely found, but always treasured by his students and colleagues, whether his forum is a kindergarten or a graduate seminar.

Scholarship in the classroom is a powerful teaching resource, but not enough to take the place of understanding children and of knowing what kind of adults they may become. Inquiry is fundamental to the effective use of knowledge. It breeds intellectual courage. It begins with hospitality for the strange, the novel, and even the dangerous idea. It waxes strong as it leads to testable action, even when the results may prove that the starting point was pointless. For both failure and success are the fruits of inquiry and its noblest goal is a better question.

It is Dean Schaefer's audacious insistence that this attitude of committed scholarship must be fostered in every school, with children, with adolescents, and with young adults. Only thus is the true professional maintained. Only thus is the sense of style developed which makes the teacher creatively self-aware.

It is tempting to retitle this book "The Schaefer Memorandum" and address it to all who take education seriously. The public schools must become places where both children and teachers find learning useful and attractive; where intellectual, social, and moral courage are cherished; where no administrator is a buck passer; and where no educator, whatever his station, pleads that he cannot be expected to cure what society has sickened. Our schools must be our primary sources of social health. We must begin by encouraging them to become centers of inquiry, where teachers are proud of their name.



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California's 3Rs

Continued from page 48

instruction, Reagan managed to imply, without ever quite stating, that Kerr was responsible for what Rafferty called a four-year course in "sex, drugs, and treason" on the Berkeley campus. Reagan said that paying tuition might help to keep "undesirables" away from Berkeley and other California campuses. "Those there to agitate and not to study might think twice before they pay tuition," he told a press conference. "They might think twice how much they want to pay to carry a picket sign." The accomplishments at Berkeley—such as its ranking by an American Council on Education study as the best-balanced graduate school in the country—and the other eight campuses in the system, were ignored in favor of attacks which linked student demonstrations at Berkeley with all of higher education.

Finding that his audiences responded warmly to this fare, Reagan, it is said, came to believe that "the people" wanted Kerr replaced as part of cleaning up the "mess." Thus, Reagan's election by a million-vote plurality meant the end for Kerr, who in his eight-year presidency led the university through a period of the greatest growth of any university in the history of the United States.

Recently a group of UC Santa Barbara professors, meeting at dinner, discussed the effects of budget-cutting and Kerr's dismissal on that rapidly growing campus. Ellis Englesberg, chairman of the biology department, said that an able young biologist at the Rockefeller Institute "lost his enthusiasm for the university and asked to be relieved of a contract he had already signed." Mathematician Max Weiss reported that his department's first choice for a vacant assistant professorship "turned us down specifically because of this uncertainty." Professors of English told of at least three people who had refused offers because of the budget cuts and the Kerr firing, and one said, "We're looking at people now we never would have considered before."

Professor Thomas C. Bruice said he had been invited to take over the biochemistry department at another California campus. "I thought I might like to do it," Bruice said. "I knew a lot of very good people in the East and I called them to see if they would join me. I couldn't get a single one to come out here because of these events."

"Then the disaster has already happened," said Alan Stephens, professor of English.

"Ninety per cent of it has already happened, yes," a colleague said.

Conversations like these can be heard on any University of California or state college campus. Chancellor Heyns told the Berkeley faculty, "We have already had several offers declined where political uncertainty of the state was cited as a reason." President John A. Greenlee of California State College at Los Angeles warned that "the work of the last twenty years is going to pot." In addition, educational reform, so badly needed in the UC system, is threatened by the budget cuts. "The running operation is pushed to the limits," says Neil J. Smelser, a young sociology professor who oversees educational experiments at Berkeley. "If you want to do something new, you have to have a 100 per cent new investment. If the campus is cut back, professors will be more and more involved in running the shop and will have little time for new projects." Professor Marvin Mudrick, provost of a new College of Creative Studies at UC Santa Barbara, commented, "now we have to devote all our energy to defending the system against Reagan, just at a time when it looked like the existing system was ready to reform itself."

So far there has not been a mass exodus of tenured faculty members. As one Santa Barbara professor put it, "I came here to help build a great department and a great university. I won't leave until I know that is no longer possible." But offers are pouring in from universities in other parts of the country. "I've heard from universities that never would have dared to call the University of California before," says a professor of English at Berkeley.

When able men do leave they are not likely to go with ringing denunciations but are more likely to slip away quietly, over a period of months or even years. One by one, their departure might not be crucial, but cumulatively it could be ruinous.

WHO are the defenders of California higher education in this fight? The State College Board of Trustees is only five years old. Since most of its members were appointed by former Democratic Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, they can hardly be expected to have great influence with Reagan. Nevertheless, the trustees have adopted a firm policy to limit enrollment rather than see the proposed spending reductions eat into the somewhat shaky foundations of educational quality on which the colleges now rest.

Kerr's departure leaves the University of California without strong leadership at a time when it is most needed. Acting President Harry R. Wellman was Kerr's closest aide, knows the university well from forty years' experience, and is respected by the chancellors of the nine campuses. But Wellman, at sixty-eight, has neither the vigor nor the political skill of Kerr.

The Board of Regents is so badly divided by political, ideological, and personal squabbles that it provides a very thin line of defense against outside intrusion—as the dismissal of Kerr and its capitulation on the budget indicate. So far the Regents's only victory has been to resist tuition for the 1967-68 academic year. (California is one of only five states which do not charge resident students tuition—though UC's nonresident tuition rate of $980 is second highest in the country—but fees paid by UC students average $275, including parking, a figure not far below the national average for total fee-tuition charges at public universities.)

If the Regents, who have the sole authority to do so, will not vote tuition for the university, then the legislature surely will not impose it in the state colleges, so Reagan will have to do without $38,000,000 of tuition revenue he has said is essential to balance the 1967-68 state budget. However, the Regents still must decide permanent tuition policy, and the Governor has warned that if they vote to retain the tuition-free principle when the issue comes up again April 20 he will be even stingier about next year's budget.

One of the problems the Board of Regents has faced in dealing with the

Meteora

By Ted Olson

THEY used to winch you up like a sack of barley,
Thessaly carouselling crazily under you.
You might have expected a reception committee of eagles.
Instead there were monks, crow-habited, bearded, benignant.
They fed and wined and bedded you, proudly displayed
their moldering treasures. Now the tour bus clambers
most of the way; you lodge at a motel in the village.
In the dusk we were serenaded, a fugue in contrabass,
pizzicato. "Frogs?" my wife suggested.
I scoffed—I, aficionado of frogs,
lullabied how many hundred nights of spring
by their gutteral antiphony, said "Nonsense!"
Next morning they were still at it. I looked out
on marshland, suddenly knew my wife was right.
They were saying, plain as anything,
"Brekekkekex . . . koax-koax!"
Stupid of me
to forget that Greek frogs would be speaking
not Wyoming, but Aristophanes.

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budget crisis is deciding whether it should operate as a policy-making board or as a political broker between the Governor and the university. At the February meeting Regent William M. Roth, who is U.S. Deputy Special Representative for Trade Negotiations, criticized the Regents for "thinking of themselves partly in terms of a negotiating body with the state administration . . . it is not up to the Regents to say what the state can afford to pay for higher education. It *is* up to the Regents to say what it takes to run a quality university." But the prevailing view was that of Regent Edward W. Carter, a Los Angeles department store executive, who said the university should seek "potential sources of savings to help with the budget problem we do have in the state this year" and then "hope that the Governor and his staff might be willing to revise upward their original request."

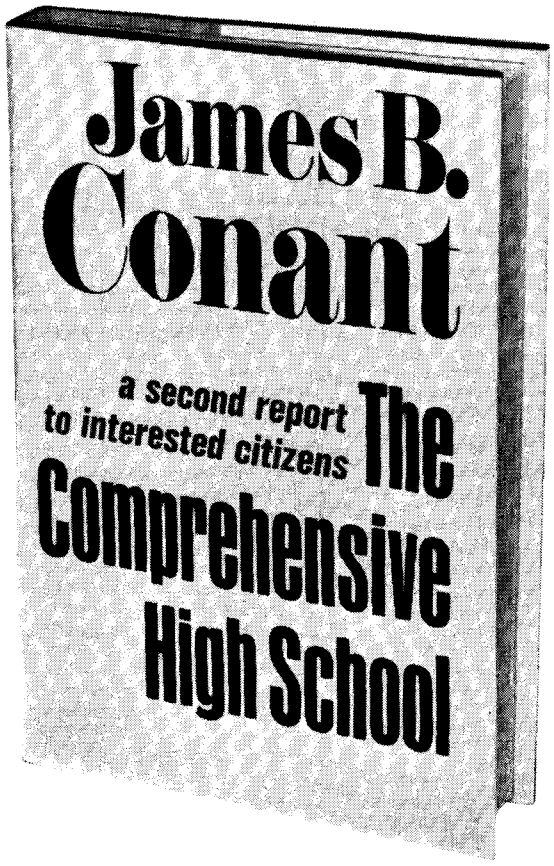
Carter and some other Regents believe Reagan has national political ambitions and that to realize them he must remove the anti-intellectual stain which the budget battle with higher education has placed on his image. In time, they say, he will agree to substantial budget increases. But there is little evidence to support this view. Reagan appears to be, to use one of his favorite expressions, "cast in concrete" on his recommended budget cuts. He seems to regard public higher education as part of the "big brother" government he so often deplores.

A more important problem within the Board of Regents is the frail commitment some of its members have displayed toward academic freedom. Reagan has said that teachers and professors have an obligation to teach "morality" as well as subject matter. Some Regents agree, and in their attempts to determine what is moral and what is not in the past two years they have come perilously close to plunging the university into a major academic-freedom controversy. Only an incurable optimist would contend that UC could survive such a conflict, on top of its fiscal problems.

For help in the immediate financial fight the university and the colleges must look to the rough-and-tumble legislative figures of Jesse M. Unruh, Speaker of the Assembly, and George Miller, Jr., chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Unruh, who is an ex officio Regent and trustee, and Miller, who is not, have not yet indicated how strongly they will support higher education.

Unruh, who would like to be governor, is circling the higher education issue, sniffing it for votes. So far he has confined himself to sniping at Reagan's tactics and shaking his head in sorrow that the university "is on the point of demoralization inside the state and is

Who's responsible for this book?



1,800 high school principals.

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McGRAW-HILL

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the object of ridicule and fear outside the state's borders." It appears likely, however, that Unruh and Miller will persuade the legislature to vote higher appropriations for the university and the state colleges, but if Reagan decides to blue-pencil those increases there seems to be only a slim chance that a two-thirds vote can be mustered to override his veto. The outcome is not likely to be known before June.

Figures provided by the State Coordinating Council for Higher Education indicate that California's "public higher education tax effort" ranks behind that of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and other states. Clark Kerr often argued that California ranked twelfth among the thirteen Western states in percentage of per capita income devoted to support of public colleges and universities. Since the state apparently can afford to continue its "college for everyone" policy, it may be that such a policy does not fit within the framework of Reagan's conservative Republican political philosophy.

Reagan denied a report by James Reston of *The New York Times* that he favors private higher education, at the expense of public institutions, but there is some evidence that this is so. Most of his advisers are from the private University of Southern California. USC administrators and faculty members surely are wise enough to realize that holding back public higher education means holding back all of higher education, but this perception may not extend to the university's alumni and trustees, some of whom are vigorous Reagan supporters.

Academic people who have talked to Reagan report that he resents the "free ride" he believes California students enjoy (though it costs about $2,000 to finance a year on a UC campus) and attaches great importance to the virtues of working one's way through college. "I went the dishwashing route myself," he told the Board of Regents recently, referring to his experience at Eureka College in Illinois. So far there have been only these tantalizing hints of a conservative's approach to public higher education, but they help to explain why Governor Reagan can contemplate reducing the rolls of the university and the state colleges by several thousand students without noticeably flinching.

The problem, said a faculty member at Santa Barbara, is whether the public will support higher education: "Do we degrade the university and the state colleges or don't we? Do we believe in maximum fulfillment of talent and ability for those members of the society who have proven themselves capable or don't we? Do we believe that society has the potential to transcend the mundane or not? It isn't a question of money, it's a question of values."

McLuhan

Continued from page 53

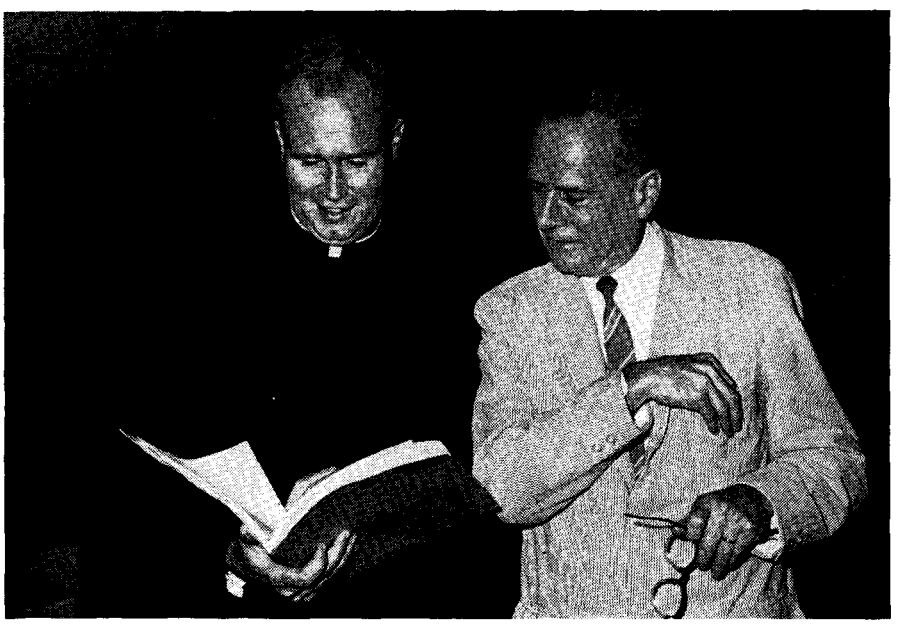
der electronic conditions. Current concern for the United Nations, the Common Market, ecumenism, reflects this organic thrust toward the new convergence and unity which is "blowing in the wind." Now in the electric age, our extended faculties and senses constitute a single instantaneous and coexistent field of experience. It's all-at-once. It's shared-by-all. McLuhan calls the world "a global village."

3) *Life imitates art.* We shape our tools and thereafter they shape us. These extensions of our senses begin to interact with our senses. These media become a massage. The new change in the environment creates a new balance among the senses. No sense operates in isolation. The full sensorium seeks fulfillment in almost every sense experience. And since there is a limited quantum of energy available for any sensory experience, the sense-ratio will differ for different media.

The nature of the sensory effect will be determined by the medium used. McLuhan divides the media according to the quality or definition of their physical signal. The content is not relevant in this kind of analysis. The same picture from the same camera can appear as a glossy photograph or as a newspaper wirephoto. The photograph is well-defined, of excellent pictorial quality, hi-fi within its own medium. McLuhan calls this kind of medium "hot." The newspaper photo is grainy, made up of little dots, low definition. McLuhan calls this kind of medium "cool." Film is hot; television is cool. Radio is hot; telephone is cool. The cool medium or person invites participation and involvement. It leaves room for the response of the consumer. A lecture is hot; all the work is done. A seminar is cool; it gets everyone into the game. Whether all the connections are causal may be debated, but it's interesting that the kids of the cool TV generation want to be so involved and so much a part of what's happening.

4) *We shaped the alphabet and it shaped us.* In keeping with the McLuhan postulate that "the medium is the message," a literate culture should be more than mildly eager to know what books do to people. Everyone is familiar enough with all the enrichment to living mediated through fine books to allow us to pass on to the subtler effects which might be attributed to the print medium, independent of the content involved. Whether one uses the medium to say that *God is dead* or that *God is love* (--- -- ----), the structure of the medium itself remains unchanged. Nine little black marks with no intrinsic meaning of their own are strung along a line with spaces left after the third and fifth marks. It is this stripping away of meaning which allows us to X-ray the form itself.

As an example, while lecturing to a large audience in a modern hotel in Chicago, a distinguished professor is bitten in the leg by a cobra. The whole experience takes three seconds. He is affected through the touch of the reptile, the gasp of the crowd, the swimming sights before his eyes. His memory, imagination, and emotions come into emergency action. A lot of things happen in three seconds. Two weeks later he is fully recovered and wants to write up the experience in a letter to a colleague. To communicate this experience through print means that it must first be broken down into parts



The medium and the message—author John Culkin and subject McLuhan.

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and then mediated, eyedropper fashion, one thing at a time, in an abstract, linear, fragmented, sequential way. That is the essential structure of print. And once a culture uses such a medium for a few centuries, it begins to perceive the world in a one-thing-at-a-time, abstract, linear, fragmented, sequential way. And it shapes its organizations and schools according to the same premises. The form of print has become the form of thought. The medium has become the message.

For centuries now, according to McLuhan, the straight line has been the hidden metaphor of literate man. It was unconsciously but inexorably used as the measure of things. It went unnoticed, unquestioned. It was presumed as natural and universal. It is neither. Like everything else it is good for the things it is good for. To say that it is not everything is not to say that it is nothing. The electronic media have broken the monopoly of print; they have altered our sensory profiles by heightening our awareness of aural, tactile, and kinetic values.

5) 1967 A.D.—*All the senses want to get into the act.* Print repressed most sense-life in favor of the visual. The end of print's monopoly also marks the end of a visual monopoly. As the early warning system of art and popular culture indicates, all the senses want to get into the act. Some of the excesses in the current excursions into aural, oral, tactile, and kinetic experience may in fact be directly responsive to the sensory deprivation of the print culture. Nature abhors a vacuum. No one glories in the sight of kids totally out of control in reaction to the Beatles. Some say, "What are the Beatles doing to these kids?" Others say, "What have we done to these kids?" All the data isn't in on what it means to be a balanced human being.

Kids are what the game is all about. Given an honest game with enough equipment to go around, it is the mental, emotional, and volitional capacity of the student which most determines the outcome. The whole complicated system of formal education is in business to get through to kids, to motivate kids, to help kids learn stuff. Schools are not in business to label kids, to grade them for the job market or to babysit. They are there to communicate with them.

Communication is a funny business. There isn't as much of it going on as most people think. Many feel that it consists in saying things in the presence of others. Not so. It consists not in saying things but in having things heard. Beautiful English speeches delivered to monolingual Arabs are not beautiful speeches. You have to speak the language of the audience—of the *whom* in the "who-says - what - to - whom" communications diagram. Sometimes the language is lexical (Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese), sometimes it is regional or personal (125th Street-ese, Holden Caulfield-ese, anybody-ese). It has little to do with words and much to do with understanding the audience. The word for good communication is "Whom-ese"—the language of the audience, of the "whom."

All good communicators use Whom-ese. The best writers, film-makers, advertising men, lovers, preachers, and teachers all have the knack for thinking about the hopes, fears, and capacity of the other person and of being able to translate their communication into terms which are *relevant* for that person. Whitehead called "inert ideas" the bane of education. Relevance, however, is one of those subjective words. It doesn't pertain to the object in itself but to the object as perceived by someone. The school may decide that history is *important for* the student, but the role of the teacher is to make history *relevant to* the student.

If *what* has to be tailored to the *whom*, the teacher has to be constantly engaged in audience research. It's not a question of keeping up with the latest slang or of selling out to the current mores of the kids. Neither of these tactics helps either learning or kids. But it is a question of knowing what values are strong in their world, of understanding the obstacles to communication, of sensing their style of life. Communication doesn't have to end there, but it can start nowhere else. If they are tuned in to FM and you are broadcasting on AM, there's no communication. Communication forces you to pay a lot of attention to other people.

McLuhan has been paying a great deal of attention to modern kids. Of necessity they live in the present since they have no theories to diffract or reflect what is happening. They are also the first generation to be born into a world in which there was always television. McLuhan finds them a great deal different from their counterparts at the turn of the century when the electric age was just getting up steam.

A lot of things have happened since 1900 and most of them plug into walls. Today's six-year-old has already learned a lot of stuff by the time he shows up for the first day of school. Soon after his umbilical cord was cut he was planted in front of a TV set "to keep him quiet." He liked it enough there to stay for some 3,000 to 4,000 hours before he started the first grade. By the time he graduates from high school he has clocked 15,000 hours of TV time and 10,800 hours of school time. He lives in a world which

McLuhan Migrates South

IN SEPTEMBER Dr. Marshall McLuhan will go to Fordham University in New York to assume the Albert Schweitzer chair in the humanities. He will be working with a team of media researchers, including the author of this article, who has been studying and interpreting McLuhan for more than ten years. McLuhan's theories will be analyzed in depth by media specialists at Fordham's two summer film study conferences in New York, July 5-8, and in Los Angeles, August 16-19.

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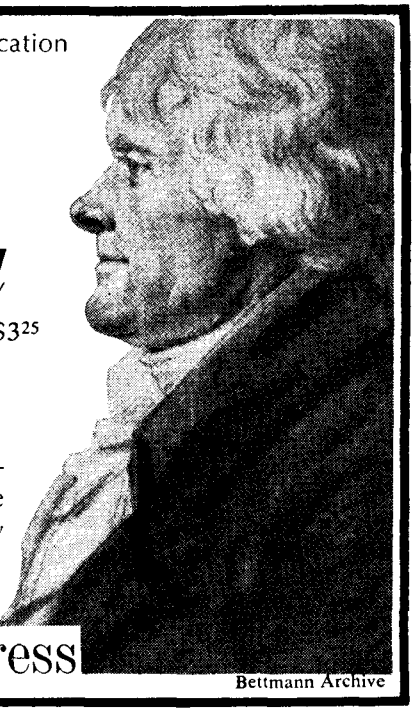

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bombards him from all sides with information from radios, films, telephones, magazines, recordings, and people. He learns more things from the windows of cars, trains, and even planes. Through travel and communications he has experienced the war in Vietnam, the wide world of sports, the civil rights movement, the death of a President, thousands of commercials, a walk in space, a thousand innocuous shows, and, one may hope, plenty of Captain Kangaroo.

This is all merely descriptive, an effort to lay out what *is*, not what should be. Today's student can hardly be described by any of the old educational analogies comparing him to an empty bucket or a blank page. He comes to the information machine called school and he is already brimming over with information. As he grows his standards for relevance are determined more by what he receives outside the school than what he receives inside. A recent Canadian film tells the story of a bright, articulate middle class teen-ager who leaves school because there's "no reason to stay." He daydreams about Vietnam while his teacher drones on about the four reasons for the spread of Christianity and the five points such information is worth on the exam. Only the need for a diploma was holding him in school; learning wasn't, and he left. He decided the union ticket wasn't worth the gaff. He left. Some call him a dropout. Some call him a pushout.

The kids have one foot on the dock and one foot on the ferryboat. Living in two centuries makes for that kind of tension. The gap between the classroom and the outside world and the gap between the generations is wider than it has ever been. Those tedious people who quote Socrates on the conduct of the young are trying vainly to reassure themselves that this is just the perennial problem of communication between generations. 'Tain't so. "Today's child is growing up absurd, because he lives in two worlds, and neither of them inclines him to grow up." Says McLuhan in *The Medium is the Massage*. "Growing up—that is our new work, and it is *total*. Mere instruction will not suffice."

Learning is something that people do for themselves. People, places, and things can facilitate or impede learning; they can't make it happen without some cooperation from the learner. The learner these days comes to school with a vast reservoir of vicarious experiences and loosely related facts; he wants to use all his senses in his learning as an active agent in the process of discovery; he knows that all the answers aren't in. The new learner is the result of the new media, says McLuhan. And a new learner calls for a new kind of learning.

Leo Irrera said, "If God had anticipated the eventual structure of the school system, surely he would have shaped man differently." Kids are being tailored to fit the Procrustean forms of schedules, classrooms, memorizing, testing, etc., which are frequently relics from an obsolete approach to learning. It is the total environment which contains the philosophy of education, not the title page in the school catalogue. And it is the total environment which is invincible because it is invisible to most people. They tend to move things around within the old boxes or to build new and cleaner boxes. They should be asking whether or not there should be a box in the first place.

THE new learner, who is the product of the all-at-once electronic environment, often feels out of it in a linear, one-thing-at-a-time school environment. The total environment is now the great teacher; the student has competence models against which to measure the effectiveness of his teachers. Nuclear students in linear schools make for some tense times in education. Students with well developed interests in science, the arts and humanities, or current events need assistance to suit their pace, not that of the state syllabus. The straight line theory of development and the uniformity of performance which it so frequently encourages just don't fit many needs of the new learner. Interestingly, the one thing which most of the current educational innovations share is their break with linear or print-oriented patterns: team teaching, nongraded schools, audio-lingual language training, multimedia learning situations, seminars, student research at all levels of education, individualized learning, and the whole shift of responsibility for learning from the teacher to the student. Needless to say, these are not as widespread as they should be, nor were they brought about through any conscious attention to the premises put forward by McLuhan. Like the print-oriented and linear mentality they now modify, these premises were plagiarized from the atmosphere. McLuhan's value is in the power he gives us to predict and control these changes.

There is too much stuff to learn today. McLuhan calls it an age of "information overload." And the information levels outside the classroom are now higher than those in the classroom. Schools used to have a virtual monopoly on information; now they are part-time competitors in the electronic informational surround. And all human knowledge is expanding at computer speed.

Every choice involves a rejection. If we can't do everything, what priorities will govern our educational policies? "The medium is the message" may not be bad for openers. We can no longer teach kids all about a subject; we can teach them what a subject is all about. We have to introduce them to the form, structure, gestalt, grammar, and process of the knowledge involved. What does a math man do when a math man does do math? This approach to the formal element of a discipline can provide a channel of communication between specialists. Its focus is not on content or detail but on the postulates, ground rules, frames of reference, and premises of each discipline. It stresses the modes of cognition and perception proper to each field. Most failures in communication are based on disagreement about items which are only corollaries of a larger thesis. It happens between disciplines, individuals, media, and cultures.

The arts play a new role in education because they are explorations in perception. Formerly conceived as a curricular luxury item, they now become a dynamic way of tuning up the sensorium and of providing fresh ways of looking at familiar things. When exploration and discovery become the themes, the old lines between art and science begin to fade. We have to guide students to becoming their own data processors to operate through pattern recognition. The media themselves serve as both aids to learning and as proper objects of study in this search for an all-media literacy. Current interest in film criticism will expand to include all art and communication forms.

And since the knowledge explosion has blown out the walls between subjects, there will be a continued move toward interdisciplinary swapping and understanding. Many of the categorical walls between things are artifacts left over from the packaging days of print. The specialist's life will be even lonelier as we move further from the Gutenberg era. The trends are all toward wholeness and convergence.

These things aren't true just because Marshall McLuhan says they are. They work. They explain problems in education that nobody else is laying a glove on. When presented clearly and with all the necessary examples and footnotes added, they have proven to be a liberating force for hundreds of teachers who were living through the tension of this cultural fission without realizing that the causes for the tension lay outside themselves. McLuhan's relevance for education demands the work of teams of simultaneous translators and researchers who can both shape and substantiate the insights which are scattered through his work. McLuhan didn't invent electricity or put kids in front of TV sets; he is merely trying to describe what's happening out there so that it can be dealt with intelligently. When someone warns you of an oncoming truck, it's frightfully impolite to accuse him of driving the thing. McLuhan can help kids to learn stuff better.

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Conant Revisited

Continued from page 57

I was reluctant. If I had not spent the time in writing this book and in traveling around the country preaching teacher-education revision, then I would have had more time to spend on the problems of the slums and their schools."

The Education of American Teachers called present teacher education "shocking . . . appalling . . . bankrupt . . . pathetic." The book proposed throwing away most of the present teacher-education programs, concentrating on practice teaching and making colleges and universities rather than the states responsible for certification of teachers. Only half-a-dozen institutions are pledged to Conant's new program, so he has probably judged the impact of this volume correctly. "You don't have the political base for such a change in teacher education," he admits. "Even a dozen people won't put any pressure on the vested schools of education to change their unnecessary restrictions. I'm just as dissatisfied and annoyed as I was when the teacher-education book was finished; here I'm discouraged.

"I still feel just as strongly about the establishment, too," Conant continues. This means that he still considers the 960,000-member NEA, the regional accrediting associations, local school boards, state departments of education, and professors of education as having neither "the interest" nor the "competence" to deal with the current problems of education. (Again, paradoxically, his latest book was written as a committee chairman of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, a division of the NEA.) He is also concerned about the growing number of teacher strikes and the spread of collective bargaining in the relations between teachers and superintendents and school boards, and he predicts that "it will take a generation for this issue to settle down." He refuses to take a stand in the current controversy over national assessment, still preferring "some kind of academic inventory such as I proposed in *The American High School Today*, an inventory that would say what high schools offer and what courses students take."

Looking to the future, Conant sees wide vistas in technology, "the new production of teaching materials and the new ways to teach." In *The Comprehensive High School*, he expresses surprise that only 11 per cent of the schools surveyed are using television "as a major teaching device," and that just over 16 per cent are using programed instruction. However, he concedes that these results may be due to the fact that we are at "the beginning of a revolutionary era." Conant himself sees the possibility that "before too long a classroom teacher can have at his disposal the equivalent of a library of instructional material. From such a library, he can choose to show on a television receiver or receivers either portions of a sequential course or supplementary material."

As for himself, Conant remarked, "if I were twenty years younger, and had the ideas that I have now, I would go up and sit in Albany as a lobbyist, and see to it that the bills to support public schools and reform teacher education got through the legislature. Political action is what's needed."

Organic chemist, outstanding college president, one of the prime coordinators of atomic-bomb development, former American Ambassador to West Germany —Conant has been all of these. Yet in the history of education, it will be his attempted reforms of public schools and his efforts to better their teachers that will mark him as one of the big ones.

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Education Letters

Continued from page 46

nance of the separation principle. They are therefore not easily duped by "modern" propaganda that would persuade them otherwise.

Is it not time that religious school interests put an end to their "shrill" cry for government support of their schools, and join the real mainstream of the American tradition of the separation of church and state?

MRS. DOREEN TAYLOR,
Executive Director,
Americans for Public Schools.
New York, N.Y.

WE ENJOYED the debate on Church and State. However, some of Mr. Ball's remarks border on the comic. We in Chicago are well aware of the pressure brought to bear by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in many areas of urban life.

We have grown a little weary of the halos that some members of the press and of the church itself tend to place upon the bishops of the Church of Rome. To cite one instance of greed and power and pressure: Over sixty-five acres of government land were turned over to the Roman Catholic Archdiocese in Hines, Illinois, without charge.

This is prime land on the site of a veterans hospital. It was sought as a site for a proposed public junior college but the GSA gave it all to the church instead. With a little effort we were able to save fifteen acres for use as a state hospital.

Once we start giving aid to religious institutions, their supporters within the government will make every effort to see that their religious bias pays off. The whole situation already amounts to a national scandal.

Many Unitarian-Universalists who have fought the good fight against racial bias can see no point in substituting it with tax supported religious-segregated schools.

R. W. MOSTEK,
Chairman,
Church and State Committee,
Third Unitarian Church of Chicago.
Chicago, Ill.

AS AN EPISCOPALIAN, a member of the Board of Governors of the National Cathedral School here, and a political neutral (and so registered in Maryland), I think my comments on the article by William B. Ball may be of some interest.

My feeling is that the sending of children to private schools is a choice made by parents, who should then be willing to forego all the direct benefits coming from the power of public authorities to tax them to support such schools.

Nonpublic schools should be private in every sense—as the name implies. Citizen "X" should not be taxed to support them with public funds.

PAT MUNROE.
Washington, D.C.

The Importance of Neill

I SHOULD LIKE to congratulate Paul Woodring for his analysis of the Summerhill cult in his review of A. S. Neill's *Freedom—Not*

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License! [THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF, *SR*, Feb. 18]. One cannot but wonder, however, if much of the so-called academic rigor practiced in the comprehensive school of today is as repressive as it was in the age of the Victorian approval of the tawse as a pedagogical device (weapon?). As Neill himself has pointed out, much of the traditional map of learning has bypassed the common man, at least his emotional life. It is this emotional side of man, rather than the intellectual side, to which Neill has dedicated some forty years of educational improvement at Leiston, Suffolk.

Finally, Woodring's choice of the term "Summerhill cult" is unfortunate. Neill has believed quite firmly in the idea that a band of disciples represents a group of inferiors. The plethora of educational problems we face today demands individual creativity, not the cult. This, if anything, is the legacy of Summerhill.

MALCOLM B. CAMPBELL,
Assistant Professor,
Department of Education,
Bowling Green State University.
Bowling Green, O.

A. S. NEILL does *not* operate from the premise that children are adults—merely that they *are* children. Nor does he claim that they differ greatly from his ancestors of the late stone age. He merely believes that children learn to behave as civilized adults in a complex society by natural selection, by responding to needs, and by intelligent observation, among other things, and not by adult coercion and moral admonitions. He has never claimed that every child doesn't have to learn some of the things that the adults have to teach him. Nor does he claim that the schools and home should reject this responsibility. He merely disagrees with the methods adults have used in teaching children.

MRS. AMELIA MILLER.
Nederland, Colo.

Clusters Again

THE CLUSTER of articles by Messrs. Woodring, Martin, and Jarrett on the cluster college concept, "The Small College on the Big Campus" [*SR*, Jan. 21], pinpoints some important difficulties and trends in undergraduate education today. But I hope the problem will not be distorted by the preponderant emphasis which these otherwise excellent articles put on physical arrangements. Education by architecture?

ALLEN AUSTILL,
Dean,
New School for Social Research.
New York, N.Y.

WHY ALL THIS sudden craving for small colleges? I thought, and was hoping, that we had finally outgrown them. As for combining the virtues of the small college with those of the university, I cannot think of one single feature to recommend the small college. On the other hand, I went through Ohio State University when it was the largest university in the nation on one campus and loved every minute of it.

J. ALEXANDER THORBURN,
Instructor in English,
Louisiana State University.
Baton Rouge, La.

For Young People

Continued from page 36

The constitution of the new Republican government was approved in 1931, but "the removal of Church influence and local government in Spanish life proved easier to decree than to carry out." Reaction was in the air, and by 1936 a bitter struggle had begun between the government and the Fascist rebels led by Franco. The valiant fighting of the liberals and of the International Brigade was no match for the massive support given the future dictator by the Fascist countries. The book is lucid, meticulously detailed, and well documented; the material is dramatic, the style dry. Both index and bibliography are imposing. Ages 13 up.

Benjamin Franklin: Envoy Extraordinary. *By Roger Burlingame. Coward-McCann.* 255 *pp.* $5.75. This is not a full biography, but—as the book's jacket alluringly states—an account of "The Secret Missions and Open Pleasures of Benjamin Franklin in London and Paris." The book gives a full and dramatic picture of the intrigues and counter-intrigues of politicians and statesmen with whom Franklin negotiated or battled on three continents. Especially interesting is the chapter entitled "World War," which describes the intricate power struggle in Europe that revolved around the peace treaty between England and America, a struggle partially based on the secret treaty between France and Spain concerning the restitution of Gibraltar to Spain. For young adults.

Black Is Best: The Riddle of Cassius Clay. *By Jack Olsen. Putnam.* 256 *pp.* $4.95. In a truly absorbing biography, Jack Olsen has managed to be explicit, detailed, colloquial, and objective about the self-styled "Greatest." Adored by his family, surrounded by sycophants, king of the hill, Cassius Clay is a man whose inordinate vanity and garrulity have irritated—or amused—thousands; his financial ineptness has been the despair of his backers, and his zealous conversion to the Black Muslim faith a blow to his devoutly Methodist father. Mr. Olsen is candid about Clay's intelligence, his draft record, his hostility toward white people, and his rejection of his wife. Despite this, a deprecatory but fascinated friendliness permeates the book. For young adults.

Surtsey: The New Island in the North Atlantic. *By Sigurdur Thorarinsson. Translated by Sölvi Eysteinsson. Viking.* 101 *pp.* $6. One November day in 1963 the crew of an Icelandic fishing vessel noticed a strange smell and saw what appeared to be smoke rising from the water. It was smoke. A submarine eruption had begun; the sea was clearly breaking on a new obstacle. The next night an island was born. The further eruption and the growth of Surtsey are described by a geologist who combines scientific competence with a vigorous style and some humor. His story is interesting, but the many photographs are more than interesting, some of the color pictures being stunningly dramatic. For young adults.

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(Continued from page 75)

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(Continued from page 77)

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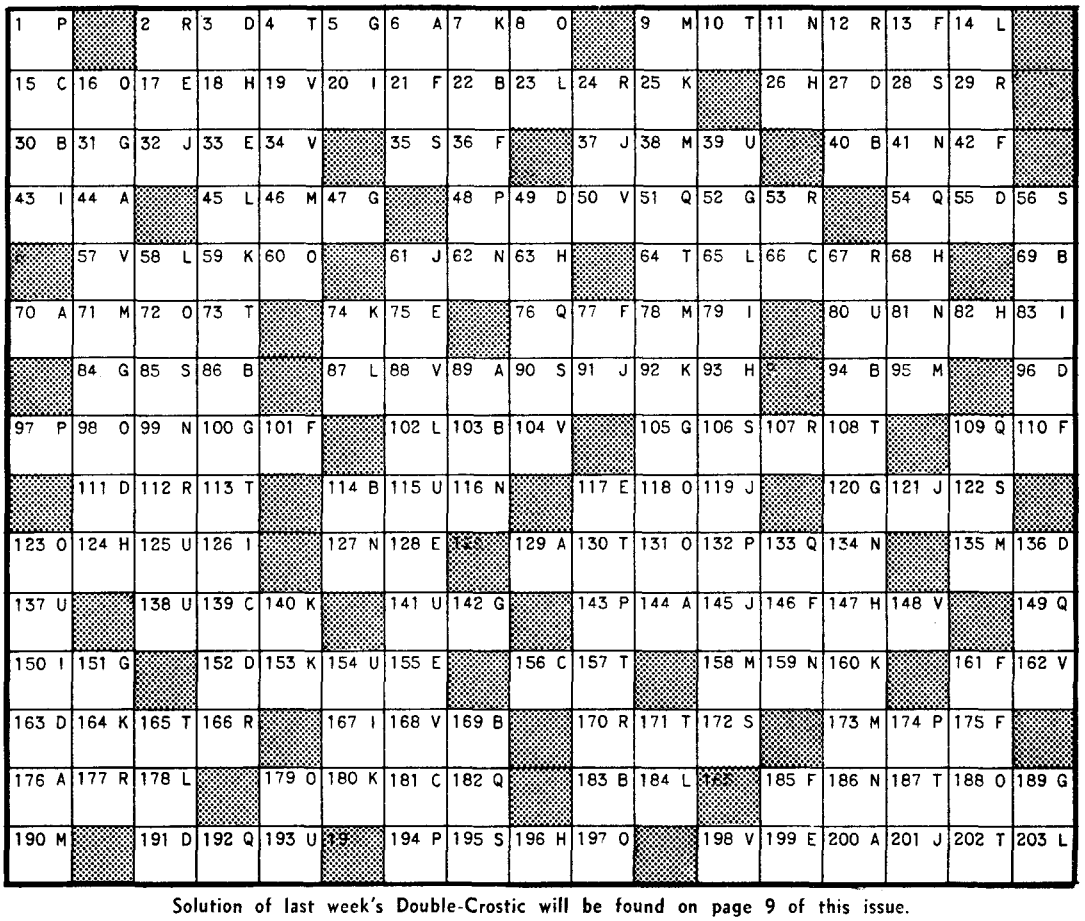
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To become milky.	176 89 129 200 6 44 144 70
B. One who resides permanently in a place.	22 86 183 114 69 103 94 40 169 30
C. Sayings of a religious teacher.	66 156 15 139 181
D. Downy.	163 96 55 191 111 27 152 49 136 3
E. Chanted.	199 17 117 75 33 128 155
F. Later result.	77 161 101 42 13 175 110 36 146 185 21
G. Loving the forest.	105 47 84 142 100 31 5 120 189 52 151
H. The soapwort *Saponaria officinalis*.	68 124 82 18 147 26 196 63 93
I. Relating to morning.	167 43 126 150 83 20 79
J. To initiate.	32 91 145 201 37 121 61 119
K. Emphatically and objectively those people.	74 180 153 140 25 59 164 7 92 160
L. With unbroken courage; undismayed (comp.).	102 14 65 203 45 178 58 23 87 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Considerate.	173 46 95 135 71 158 190 9 38 78
N. Treated snobbishly (slang; comp.).	62 159 41 81 127 186 134 11 99 116
O. Fascination; witchery.	8 188 98 118 72 131 179 197 16 60 123
P. Tawny.	48 143 97 1 132 194 174
Q. A descendant.	133 76 51 192 149 54 109 182
R. Improper; forbidden.	12 24 170 53 67 112 166 177 2 29 107
S. The axis on which a spur wheel turns.	90 35 122 106 28 195 56 85 172
T. A very large dog of a breed native to North America.	171 202 64 157 165 10 187 113 4 130 73 108
U. To envelop.	193 115 80 39 154 125 141 138 137
V. The hebdomad last past (poetic).	50 168 104 148 198 19 57 162 88 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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